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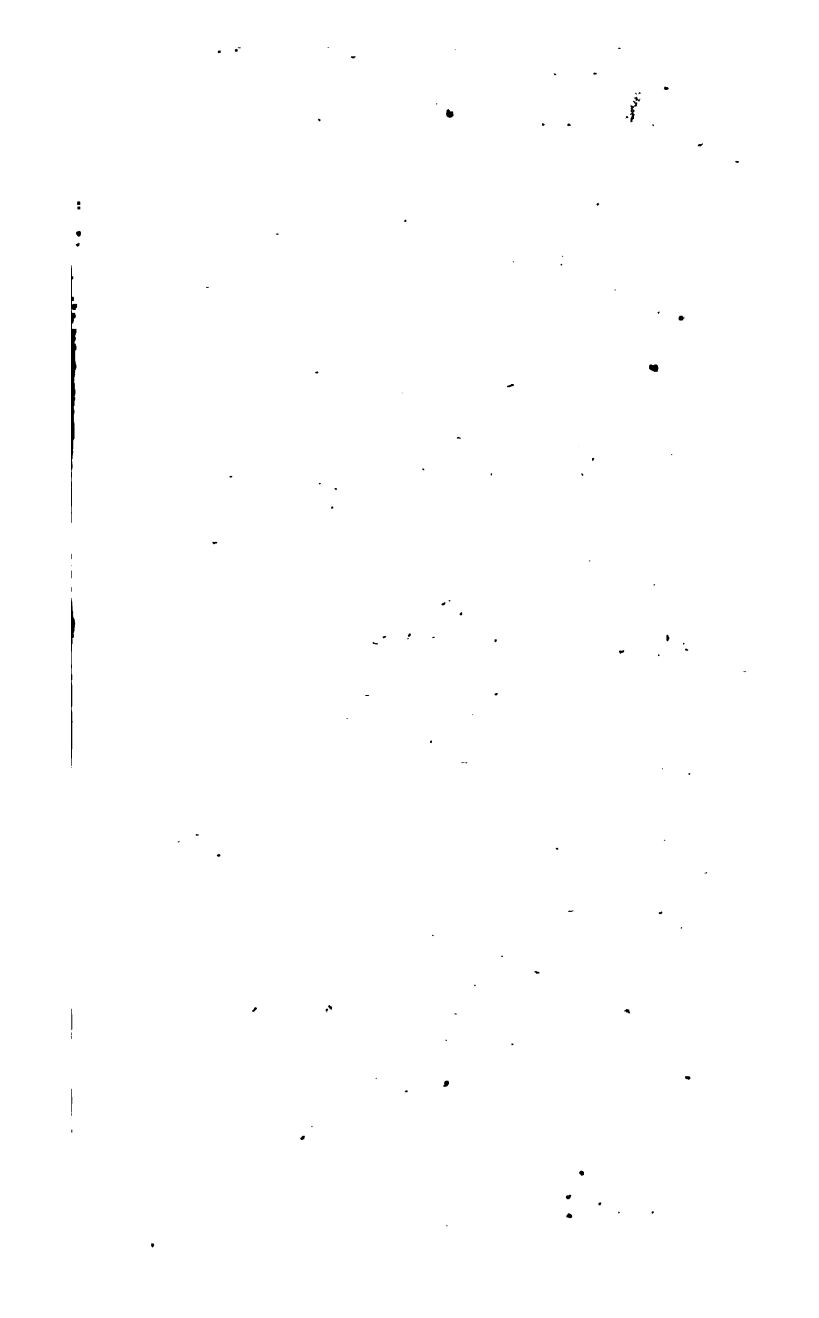
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J. V. Gucht Scul.

M.^r SAMUEL BUTLER.

H U D I B R A S,

IN THREE PARTS.

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF THE

L A T E W A R S.

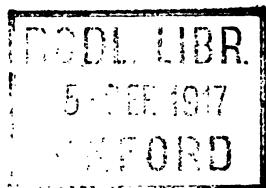
By *SAMUEL BUTLER*, Esq;

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

ADORNED WITH CUTS.

G L A S G O W:

Printed by R. U R I E. M D C C L I I I.



T O T H E
R E A D E R.

POETA nascitur non fit, *is a sentence of as great truth as antiquity ; it being most certain, that all the acquired learning imaginable is insufficient to complete a poet, without a natural genius and propensity to so noble and sublime an art. And we may, without offence, observe, that many very learned men, who have been thought ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satirical inspiration, our author wittily invokes :*

Which made them, though it were in spite
Of nature, and their stars to write.

On the other side, some who have had very little human learning †, but were endued with a large share of natural wit and parts, have become the most celebrated poets of the age they lived in. But as these last are, raræ-aves in terris ; so when the muses have not disdained the assistances of other arts and sciences, we are

A 2

† Shakespear, D'Avenant, etc.

4 T O T H E R E A D E R.

then blessed with those lasting monuments of wisdom and learning, which may justly claim a kind of eternity upon earth. And our author, had his modesty permitted him, might, with HORACE, have said,

Exegi monumentum aere perennius ;

Or, with OVID,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,

Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

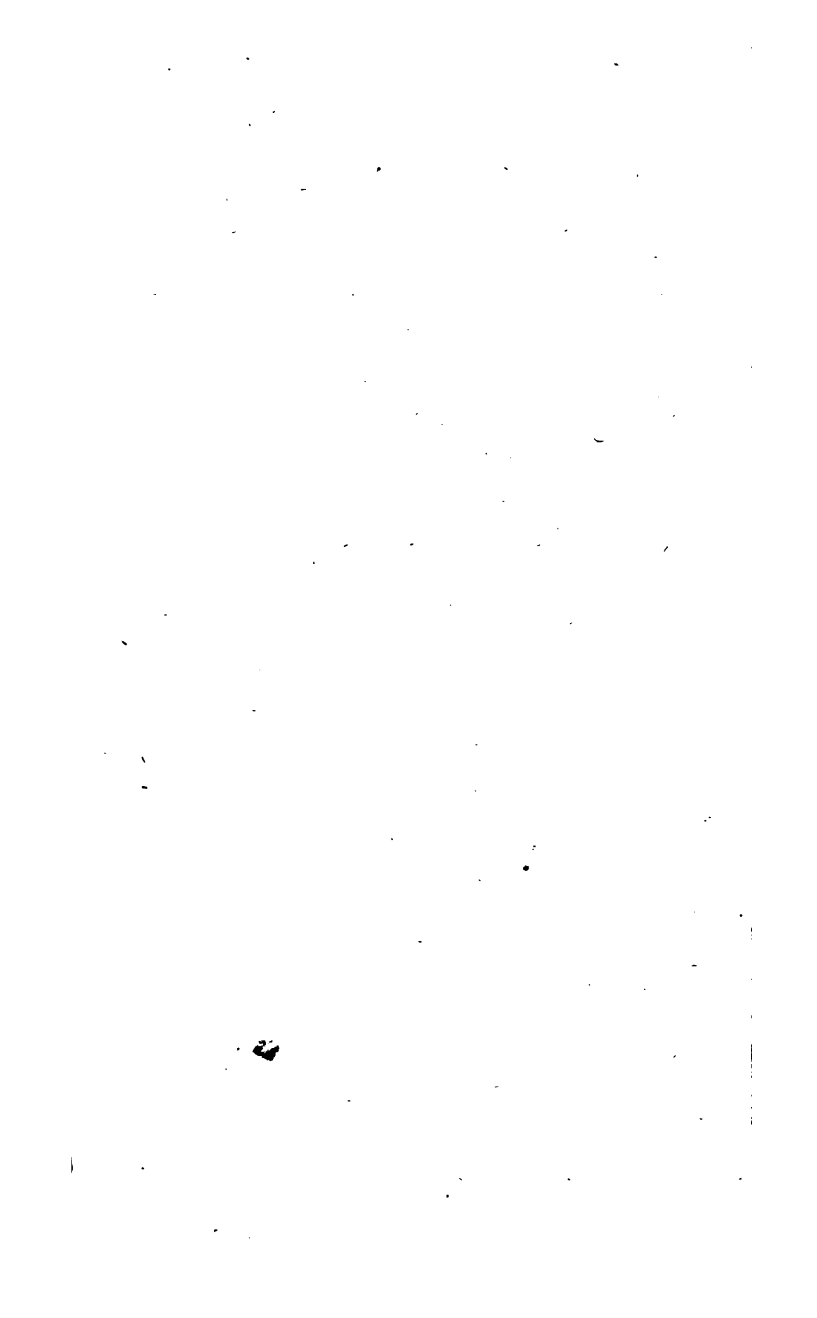
The author of this celebrated poem was of this last composition ; for, although he had not the happiness of an academical education, as some affirm, it may be perceived, throughout his whole poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

RAPIN, in his reflections, speaking of the necessary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us, he must have a genius extraordinary ; great natural gifts ; a wit, just, fruitful, piercing, solid, and universal ; an understanding, clear and distinct ; an imagination, neat and pleasant ; an elevation of soul, that depends not only on art or study, but is purely a gift of heaven, which must be sustained by a lively sense and vivacity ; judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them, etc.

Now how justly this character is due to our author, I leave to the impartial reader, and those

of nicer judgments, who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable poem is so thoroughly established in the world, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyric upon it. King CHARLES II. whom the judicious part of mankind will readily acknowledge to be a sovereign judge of wit, was so great an admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his conversation: however, since most men have a curiosity to have some account of such anonymous authors, whose compositions have been eminent for wit or learning; I have been desired to oblige them with such informations, as I could receive from those who had the happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectify the mistakes of the Oxford antiquary, in his Athenae Oxonienses, concerning him.



A U T H O R ' s L I F E .

SAMUEL BUTLER, the author of this excellent poem, was born in the parish of Strensham, in the county of Worcester, and baptized there the 13th of February 1612. His father, who was of the same name, was an honest country farmer, who had some small estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the lord of the manor where he lived. However, perceiving in this son an early inclination to learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the free-school at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright ; where, having past the usual time, and being become an excellent school-scholar, he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that university, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education ; so that our author returned soon into his native country, and became clerk to one Mr. Jefferys of Earls-Croom, an eminent justice of the peace for that county, with whom he lived some years, in an easy and no contemptible service. Here, by the indulgence of a kind master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatever learning his inclinations led him, which were chiefly history and poetry ; to which, for his diversion he joined music and painting ; and I have seen some pictures, said to be of his drawing, which remained in that

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family; which I mention, not for the excellency of them, but to satisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that noble art; for which also he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most eminent painters of his time.

He was, after this, recommended to that great encourager of learning, Elizabeth countess of Kent, where he had not only the opportunity to consult all manner of learned books, but to converse also with that living library of learning, the great Mr. Selden.

Our author lived some time also with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient family in Bedfordshire; but, to his dishonour, an eminent commander under the usurper Oliver Cromwell; and then it was, as I am informed, he composed this loyal poem. For though fate, more than choice, seems to have placed him in the service of a knight so notorious, both in his person and politics, yet, by the rule of contraries, one may observe throughout his whole poem, that he was most orthodox, both in his religion and loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that time, because he had then the opportunity to converse with those living characters of rebellion, nonsense, and hypocrisy, which he so lively and pathetically exposes throughout the whole work.

After the restoration of king Charles II. those who were at the helm, minding money more than merit, our author found those verses of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself:

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*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat,
Res angusta domi :———*

And being endued with that innate modesty, which rarely finds promotion in princes courts ; he became secretary to Richard earl of Carbury, lord president of the principality of Wales, who made him steward of Ludlow-castle, when the court there was revived. About this time, he married one Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family, but no widow, as our Oxford antiquary has reported : she had a competent fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill securities, so that it was little advantage to him. He is reported, by our antiquary, to have been secretary to his grace George duke of Buckingham, when he was chancellor to the university of Cambridge ; but whether that be true or no, it is certain, the duke had a great kindness for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him, than that Mecaenas of all learned and witty men, Charles lord Buckhurst, the late earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who, being himself an excellent poet, knew how to set a just value upon the ingenious performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the necessities of those, whose modesty would endeavour to conceal them ; of which our author was a signal instance, as several others have been, who are now living. In fine, the integrity of his life, the acuteness of his wit, and easiness of his conversation, had rendered him most acceptable to all men ; yet he prudently a-

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voided multiplicity of acquaintance, and wisely chose such only whom his discerning judgment could distinguish, as Mr. Cowley expresses it,

From the great vulgar or the small.

And having thus lived to a good old age, admired by all, though personally known to few, he departed this life in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his good friend Mr. L--vil of the T---ple, in the yard belonging to the church of St. Paul, Covent-Garden, at the West-end of the said yard, on the North-side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway. And since he has no monument yet set up for him, give me leave to borrow his epitaph from that of Michael Drayton the poet, as the author of Mr. Cowley's has partly done before me.

And though no monument can claim

To be the treasurer' of thy name ;

This work, which ne'er will die, shall be

An everlasting monument to thee.

The characters of this poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest pretenders to learning or history ; nor can scarce any one be so ignorant, as not to know, that the chief design thereof is a satire against those incendiaries of church and state, who, in the late rebellion, under pretence of religion, murdered the best of kings, to introduce the worst of governments ; destroyed the best of churches, that hypocrisy, novelty, and nonsense, might be predominant among us ; and overthrew our wholesome laws

and constitutions, to make way for their blessed anarchy and confusion, which at last ended in tyranny. But since, according to the proverb, *None are so blind as they that will not see*; so those who are not resolved to be invincibly ignorant, I refer, for their farther satisfaction, to the histories of Mr. Fowles of Presbytery, and Mr. Walker of Independency; but more especially to that incomparable history lately published, wrote by Edward earl of Clarendon, which are sufficient to satisfy any unbiassed person, that his general characters are not fictitious: and I could heartily wish these times were so reformed, that they were not applicable to some even now living. However, there being several particular persons reflected on, which are not commonly known, and some old stories and uncouth words which want explanation, we have thought fit to do that right to their memories, and for the better information of the less learned readers, to explain them in some additional annotations at the end of this edition.

How often the imitation of this poem has been attempted, and with how little success, I leave the readers to judge: in the year 1663, there came out a spurious book, called, *The second part of Hudibras*; which is reflected upon by our author, under the character of Whacum, towards the latter end of his second part. Afterwards came out the Dutch and Scots Hudibras, Butler's Ghost, the Occasional Hypocrite, and some others of the same nature, which,

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compared with this, (Virgil's Travesty excepted) deserve only to be condemned *ad ficum et piperem*; or, if you please, to more base and servile offices.

Some vain attempts have been likewise made to translate some parts of it into Latin, but how far they fall short of that spirit of the English wit, I leave the meanest capacity, that understands them, to judge. The following Similes I have heard were done by the learned Dr. Harmer, once Greek professor at Oxon.

So learned Taliacotius from, etc.

*Sic adscititios nasos de clune torosi
Vectoris, docta secuit Taliacotius arte :
Qui potuere parem durando aequare parentem
At postquam fato clunis computruit, ipsum
Una sympathicum caepit tabescere rostrum.*

So wind in the Hypochondres pent, etc.

*Sic Hypochondriacis inclusa meatibus aura
Definet in crepitum, si fertur prona per alvum,
Sed si summa petat, montisque invaserit arcem
Divinus furor est, et conscia flamma futuri.*

So lawyers, lest the Bear Defendant, etc.

*Sic legum mystae, ne forsan pax foret, ursam
Inter furantem sese, actoremque molossum ;
Faucibus injiciunt clavos dentisque refigunt,
Luctantesque canes coxis, femorisque revellunt.
Errores justasque moras obtendere certis,
Judiciumque prius revocare ut prorsus iniquum.*

*Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen utrinque,
Ut pugnas iterent, crebres hortatibus urgent.
Eja! agite o cives, iterumque in praelia tradunt.*

There are some verses, which, for reasons of state, easy to be guessed at, were thought fit to be omitted in the first impression; as these which follow:

*Did not the learned Glyn and Maynard,
To make good subjects traitors, strain hard?
Was not the king, by proclamation,
Declar'd a traitor through the nation?*

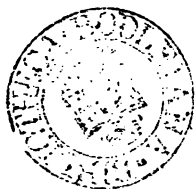
And now I heartily wish I could gratify your farther curiosity with some of those *golden remains* which are in the custody of Mr. L---vil; but not having the happiness to be very well acquainted with him, nor interest to procure them, I desire you will be content with the following copy, which the ingenious Mr. Aubrey assures me he had from the author himself.

*No Jesuit e'er took in hand
To plant a church in barren land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A Swede or Rus to reconcile.
For where there is no store of wealth,
Souls are not worth the charge of health;
Spain in America had two designs,
To sell their gospel for their mines.
For had the Mexicans been poor,
No Spaniard twice had landed on their shore.*

*'Twas gold the catholic religion planted,
Which, had they wanted gold, they still had wanted.*

The Oxford antiquary ascribes to our author two pamphlets, supposed falsely, as he says, to be William Pryn's; the one intitled, *Mola Asinaria: Or, The unreasonable and insupportable burthen, pressed upon the shoulders of this groaning nation*, etc. London, 1659. in one sheet quarto. The other, two Letters, one from John Audland, a Quaker, to Will. Pryn; the other Pryn's answer; in three sheets in folio, 1672.

I have also seen a small poem, of one sheet in quarto, on Du Vall, a notorious highwayman, said to be wrote by our author; but how truly, I know not.





R. Martin scul.

H U D I B R A S.

The ARGUMENT of

The F I R S T C A N T O.

*Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
 The manner how he sally'd forth;
 His arms and equipage are shown;
 His horse's virtues, and his own.
 Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
 Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

C A N T O I.

WHEN *civil dudgeon* first grew high,
 And men fell out they knew not why;
 When hard words, *jealousies* and *fears*,
 Set folks together by the ears,

[*When civil dudgeon, etc.*] *Dudgeon*. Who made the alterations in the last edition of this poem, I know not, but they are certainly sometimes for the worse; and I cannot believe the author would have changed a word so proper in that place, as *dudgeon* is, for that of *fury*, as it is in the last editions: *to take in-dudgeon*, is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, a sort of grumbling in the gizzard, and what is previous to actual fury.

- 5 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
 For dame *religion* as for punk ;
 Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore :
 When *gospel-trumpeter*, surrounded
- 10 With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick :
 Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a colonelling,
- 15 A wight he was, whose very fight wou'd
 Entitle him, *mirrour of knighthood* ;
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee
 To any thing but chivalry ;
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
- 20 Right-worshipful on shoulder-blade :
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant :
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle ;
- 25 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And stil'd of *war* as well as *peace*.
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water.)
 But here our authors make a doubt,
- 30 Whether he were more wise or stout ;
 Some hold the one, and some the other :
 But howsoe'er they make a pother,

24 *That could as well, etc.*] Bind over to the sessions, as being a justice of the peace in his country, as well as colonel of a regiment of foot in the parliament's army, and a committee-man.

- The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
35 Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As *Montaigne*, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
45 Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*,
(For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such ;
45 We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it ;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about ;
Unless on holy-days, or so,
50 As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak *Greek*
As naturally as pigs squeak ;
That *Latin* was no more difficile,
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle :
55 B'ing rich in both, he never scant'd
His bounty unto such as wanted ;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
For *Hebrew* roots, although they're found
60 To flourish most in barren ground,

38 *As Montaigne, etc.*] *Montaigne*, in his essays, supposes his cat thought him a fool, for losing his time in playing with her.

He had such plenty, as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd :
 And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a profelyte, but for claps.

65 He was in *Logic* a great critic,
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt *south* and *south-west* side ;

62 To make some, etc.] Here again is an alteration without any amendment ; for the following lines,

*And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a profelyte, but for claps,*

Are thus changed :

*And truly so perhaps he was,
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case.*

The heathens had an odd opinion, and gave a strange reason why Moses imposed the law of circumcision on the Jews, which how untrue soever, I will give the learned reader an account of, without translation, as I find it in the annotations upon Horace, wrote by my worthy and learned friend Mr. William Baxter, the great restorer of the ancient, and promoter of modern learning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon. Lib. I.

Curis, quia pellicula immixti sunt ; quia Moses rex Judaeorum, cujus legibus reguntur, negligentia φημῶδες medicinaliter exsectus est et ne solus esset notabilis, omnes circumcidi voluit. Vot. Schol. Vocem φημῶδες quae inscitia librarii exciderat reposuimus ex conjectura, uti et medicinaliter exsectus pro medicinalis effectus quae nihil erant. Quis miretur ejusmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque Pagano excidisse ? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano diaboli organum videtur. Etiam satyra quinta haec habet ; Constat omnia miracula certa ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudentissime disputant.

66 Profoundly skill'd, etc.] *Analytic* is a part of *Logic*, that teaches to decline and construe *reason*, as *grammar* does *words*.

- On either which he would dispute,
70 Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse ;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an *Owl*,
75 A calf an *Alderman*, a goose a *Justice*,
And rooks *Committee-men* and *Trustees*.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination :
All this by syllogism, true
80 In mood and figure he would do.
For *Rhetoric*, he could not ope
His mouth, but out their flew a trope ;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
85 H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by :
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
For all a *Rhetorician's* rules
90 Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich ;
A *Babylonish* dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect :
95 It was a party-colour'd drefs
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages ;
'Twas *English* cut of *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like fustian heretofore on fatten.

93 *A Babylonish, etc.*] A confusion of languages, such as
some of our modern *Virtuosi* used to express themselves in.

- It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 100 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of *Babel* ;
 Or *Cerberus* himself pronounce
 A lash of languages at once.
- 105 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large :
 For he could coin or counterfeit
- 110 New words, with little or no wit ;
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on :
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em ;
- 115 That had the orator, who once
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangu'd, but knew his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.

103 *Or Cerberus himself, etc.*] *Cerberus* ; a name which poets give a dog with three heads, which they feigned door-keeper of hell, that caressed the unfortunate souls sent thither, and devoured them that would get out again ; yet Hercules tied him up, and made him follow. This dog, with three heads, denotes the past, the present, and the time to come ; which receive, and, as it were, devour all things. Hercules got the better of him, which shews that heroic actions are always victorious over time, because they are present in the memory of posterity.

115 *That had the, etc.*] Demosthenes, who is said to have a defect in his pronunciation, which he cured by using to speak with little stones in his mouth.

- In *Mathematics* he was greater
 120 Than *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater* :
 For he, by *geometric* scale,
 Could take the size of *pots of ale* :
 Resolve by lines and tangents, straight ;
 If *bread* and *butter* wanted weight ;
 125 And wisely tell what hour o'th' day
 The clock does strike, by *algebra*.
 Beside, he was a shrewd *Philosopher*,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 130 He understood b' implicit faith ;
 Whatever *Sceptic* could enquire for,
 For ev'ry *why*, he had a *wherefore* :

120 Than Tycho Brahe, etc.] Tycho Brahe was an eminent Danish mathematician. Quer. in Collier's dictionary, or elsewhere.

131 Whatever Sceptic, etc.] Sceptic; Pyrrho was the chief of the Sceptic philosophers, and was at first, as Apollodorus saith, a painter, then became the hearer of Driso, and at last the disciple of Anaxagoras whom he followed into India, to see the Gymnosophists. He pretended that men did nothing but by custom ; that there was neither honesty nor dishonesty, justice nor injustice, good nor evil. He was very solitary, lived to be 90 years old, was highly esteemed in his country, and created chief priest. He lived in the time of Epicurus and Theophrastus, about the 120th Olympiad. His followers were called Pyrrhonians ; besides which, they were named the Ephectics and Aporetics, but more generally Sceptics. This sect made their chief good to consist in a sedateness of mind, exempt from all passions ; in regulating their opinions, and moderating their passions, which they called *Ataxia* and *Metriopatheia*, and in suspending their judgment in regard to good and evil, truth or falsehood, which they called *Epochi*. Sextus Empiricus, who lived in the second century, under the emperor Antoninus Pius, writ ten books against the mathematicians or astrologers, and three

- Knew more than forty of them do
 As far as words and terms could go.
 135 All which he understood by rote,
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote :
 No matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said, or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 140 That which was which he could nor tell ;
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th'other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts ;
 145 Where entity and quiddity,
 The ghosts of defunct bodies fly ;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.
 He knew *what's what*, and that's as high
 150 As *Metaphysic* wit can fly.

of the Pyrrhonian opinion. The word is derived from the Greek *ἐνίπρισθαι*, quod est, *considerare*, *speculari*.

143 *He could reduce*, etc.] The old philosophers thought to extract notions out of natural things, as chymists do spirits and essences; and when they had refined them into the nicest subtilties, gave them as insignificant names, as those operators do their extractions: but, as Seneca says, the subtiler things are rendered, they are but the nearer to nothing. So are all their definitions of things by acts, the nearer to nonsense.

147 *Where truth*, etc.] Some authors have mistaken truth for a real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting those notions or images of things, in the understanding of man, into the same state and order, that their originals hold in nature; and therefore Aristotle says, *Unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem*. Met. l. 2.

148 *Like words congeal'd*, etc.] Some report, that in Nova Zembla, and Greenland, men's words are wont to be frozen in the air, and at the thaw may be heard.

151 In *School-divinity* as able
 As he that hight *Irrefragable*;
 A second *Thomas*, or at once,
 To name them all, another *Duns* :

141 *In School-divinity as able,*
As he that hight Irrefragable, etc.]

Here again is another alteration of three or four lines, as I think for the worse.

Some specific epithets were added to the title of some famous doctors, as Angelicus, Seraphicus, Irrefragabilis, Subtilis, etc. Vide Vossii Etymolog. Baillet Jugemens de Scavans, and Possévin's Apparatus.

153 *A second Thomas, or at once,*
 To name them all, another *Duns*.

Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in 1224, studied at Cologne and Paris. He new modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called the Angelic Doctor, and Eagle of Divines. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishoprics, which he refused with as much ardor as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by pope John XXII. We have his works in 18 volumes, several times printed.

Johannes Duns Scotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scots strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Duns in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called Duns Scotus: Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scots historians, are of this opinion, and for proof cite his epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, Novemb. 8. 1308. In the supplement to Dr. Cave's *Historia Literaria*, he is said to be ex

- 155 Profound in all the nominal
 And real ways beyond them all ;
 For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned *Sorbonist* ;
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
- 160 That's empty when the moon is full ;
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice,
- 165 As if divinity had catch'd
 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;

traordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy ; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures : that when at Paris his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the blessed virgin ; so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees, but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine, and, for being a very acute logician, was called Doctor Subtilis, which was the reason also, that an old punster always called him the Lathy Doctor.

158 *As tough as, etc.*] *Sorbon* was the first and most considerable college of the university of Paris ; founded in the reign of St. Lewis by Robert Sorbon, which name is sometimes given the whole university of Paris, which was founded about the year 741, by Charlemagne, at the persuasion of the learned Alcuin, who was one of the first professors there ; since which time it has been very famous. This college has been rebuilt with an extraordinary magnificence, at the charge of cardinal Richlieu, and contains lodgings for 36 doctors, who are called the Society of Sorbon. Those which are received among them, before they have received their doctor's degree, are only said to be of the Hospitality of Sorbon. Claud. Hemeraus de Acad. Paris. Spond. in Annal.

- Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to shew with how small pain
 170 The fores of faith are cur'd again ;
 Although by woful proof we find,
 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies ;
 175 And, as he was dispos'd could prove it,
 Below the moon, or else above it,
 What *Adam* dreamt of, when his bride.
 Came from her closet in his side :
 Whether the devil tempted her
 180 By a *High-Dutch* interpreter :
 If either of them had a navel :
 Who first made music malleable :
 Whether the serpent, at the fall,
 Had cloven feet, or none at all.
 185 All this without a gloss or comment,
 He could unriddle in a moment,

173 *He knew, etc.*] There is nothing more ridiculous than the various opinions of authors about the seat of paradise: Sir Walter Raleigh has taken a great deal of pains to collect them, in the beginning of his History of the World; where those who are unsatisfied may be fully informed.

180 *By a High-Dutch, etc.*] Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove, that High-Dutch was the language that Adam and Eve spoke in paradise.

181 *If either of, etc.*] Adam and Eve being made, and not conceived and formed in the womb, had no navels, as some learned men have supposed, because they had no need of them.

182 *Who first made, etc.*] Music is said to be invented by Pythagoras, who first found out the proportion of notes, from the sounds of hammers upon an anvil.

In proper terms such as men smatter,
When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his *religion* it was fit

190 To match his learning and his wit :

'Twas *Presbyterian* true blue,

For he was of that stubborn crew

Of errant saints, whom all men grant

To be the true church *militant* :

195 Such as do build their faith upon

The holy text of *pike* and *gun* ;

Decide all controversies by

Infallible *artillery* ;

And prove their doctrine orthodox

200 By apostolic *blows* and *knocks* ;

Call fire, and sword, and desolation,

A *godly thorough reformation*,

Which always must be carry'd on,

And still be doing, never done :

205 As if religion were intended

For nothing else but to be mended,

A sect whose chief devotion lies

In odd perverse antipathies :

In falling out with that or this,

210 And finding somewhat still amiss :

More peevish, cross, and splenetic,

Than dog distract, or monkey sick.

That with more care keep holy-day

The wrong, than others the right way :

215 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,

By damning those they have no mind to,

Still so perverse and opposite,

As if they worshipp'd God for spite.

- The self-same thing they will abhor
 220 One way, and long another for.
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin.
 225 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with *minc'd pies*, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend *plumb-porridge*;
 Fat *pig* and *goose* itself oppose,
 230 And blaspheme *custard* through the *nose*.
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like *Mahomet's*, were as and widgeon.
 To whom our knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
 235 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
 Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward.
 That next of all we shall discuss ;
 240 Then listen, Sirs, it follows, thus :
 His tawny *beard* was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face ;
 In cut and dye so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile :
 245 The upper part thereof was whey,
 The nether orange mixt with grey.

231 *Like Mahomet's, etc.*] *Mahomet* had a tame dove that used to pick seeds out of his ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His ass was so intimate with him, that the Mahometans believed it carried him to heaven, and stays there with him to bring him back again.

- This hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns :
 With grizzly type did represent
 250 Declining age of government ;
 And tell with hieroglyphic spade,
 Its own grave and the state's were made.
 Like *Samson's* heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a nation rue ;
 255 Though it contributed its own fall,
 To wait upon the public downfal.
 It was monastic, and did grow
 In holy orders by strict vow ;
 Of rules as sullen and severe,
 260 As that of rigid *Cordeliere* :
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
 And martyrdom with resolution ;
 T' oppose itself against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incensed state :
 265 In whose defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
 With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
 Mangre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
 270 As long as monarchy should last,
 But when the state should hap to rect,
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,

257 *It was monastic, and did grow
 In holy orders by strict vow.*

He made a vow never to cut his beard, until the parlia-
 ment had subdued the king; of which order of fanatique
 votaries, there were many in those times.

- And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A sacrifice to fall of state ;
 275 Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
 Did twilt together with its whiskers,
 And twine so close, that time should never,
 In life or death, their fortunes sever ;
 But with his rusty-fickle mow
 280 Both down together at a blow.
 So learned *Taliacotius*, from
 The brawny part of porter's bum,
 Cut supplemental noses, which
 Would last as long as parent breech ;
 285 But when the date of *Nock* was out,
 Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
 His back, or rather burden, show'd,
 As if it stoop'd with its own load.
 For as *Æneas* bore his fire
 290 Upon his shoulders through the fire ;

281 *So learned Taliacotius, etc.*] *Taliacotius* was an Italian surgeon, that found out a way to repair lost and decayed noses.

This *Taliacotius* was chief surgeon to the great duke of Tuscany, and wrote a treatise, *De Curtis Membris*, which he dedicates to this great master ; wherein he not only declares the models of his wonderful operations in restoring of lost members, but gives you cuts of the very instruments and ligatures he made use of therein ; from hence our author, *cum poetica licentia*, has taken his simile.

289 *For as Æneas, etc.*] *Æneas* was the son of Anchises and Venus ; a Trojan, who, after long travels, came into Italy, and after the death of his father-in-law, Latinus, was made king of Latium, and reigned three years ; his story is too long to insert here, and therefore I refer you to Virgil's *Æneids*. Troy being laid in ashes, he took his aged father Anchises upon his back, and rescued him from his enemies.

- Our knight did bear no less a pack
 Of his own buttocks on his back :
 Which now had almost got the upper-
 Mand of his head, for want of crupper.
- 295 To poise this equally he bore
 A *paunch* of the same bulk before :
 Which still he had a special care
 To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare ;
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
- 300 Such as a country-house affords ;
 With other victual, which anon
 We farther shall dilate upon,
 When of his hose we come to treat,
 The cup-board where he kept his meat.
- 305 His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword yet cudgel-proof
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
 His *breeches* were of rugged woollen,
- 310 And had been at the siege of *Bullen* ;
 To old king *Harry* so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own.
 Through they were lin'd with many a piece
 Of ammunition bread and cheese.

But being too solicitous for his son and household gods, he
 lost his wife *Crensa* ; which Mr. Dryden, in his excellent
 translation, thus expresseth :

*Hast, my dear father, 'tis no time to wait,
 And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
 What'er befalls, your life shall be my care,
 One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.
 My hand shall lead our little son, and you
 My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.*

- 315 And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood.
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
- 320 The ammunition to surprise :
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood.
- 335 And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt ;
And though knights errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough desarts vast
- 330 And regions desolate they pass,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record :
- 335 Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs, but to fight.
'Tis false : for *Arthur* wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which with shirt pull'd out behind,
- 340 And eke before, his good knights din'd.

337 *For Arthur, etc.*] Who this *Arthur* was, and whether any ever reigned in Britain, has been doubted heretofore, and is by some to this very day. However, the history of him, which makes him one of the nine worthies of the world, is a subject sufficient for the poet to be pleasant upon.

- Though 'twas no table some suppose,
 But a huge pair of round trunk hose:
 In which he carry'd as much meat
 As he and all the knights could eat,
 345 When laying by their swords and truncheons,
 They took their breakfasts or their nunchcons
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We should forget where we digress.
 As learned authors use, to whom
 350 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
 His puissant *sword* unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd:
 With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both.
 355 In it he melted lead for bullets,
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
 The trenchant blade, *Toledo* trusty,
 360 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of some body to hew and hack.
 The peaceful *scabbard* where it dwelt,
 The rancour of its edge had felt:
 365 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not shew its face.

359 — *Toledo trusty*, etc.] The capital city of New
 Castile in Spain, with an archbishopric and primacy: it was
 very famous, amongst other things, for tempering the best
 metal for swords, as Damascus was, and perhaps may be
 still.

- In many desperate attempts,
 370 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
 It had appear'd with courage bolder
 Than serjeant *Bum* invading shoulder.
 Oft had he ta'en possession,
 And pris'ners too, or made them run.
 375 This sword a dagger had his page,
 That was but little for his age :
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As dwarfs upon knights errant do.
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 380 Either for fighting or for drudging.
 When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
 It would scrap trenchers, or chip bread.
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
 385 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where this and more it did endure ;
 But left the trade, as many more
 390 Have lately done on the same score.
 In th' holsters at his saddle-bow
 Two aged pistols he did stow,
 Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his hose he could not get.
 395 These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
 To forage when the cocks were bent ;

387 *But left the trade, as many more
 Have lately done, etc.*

Oliver Cromwell and colonel Pride had been both brew-
 ers.

And sometimes catch them with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
They were upon hard duty still,
400 And ev'ry night stood centinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hofe
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home set forth to fight.
405 But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his *horse*,
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T^r his saddle, on the farther side,
It was so short he had much ado
410 To reach it with his desp'rate toe.
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
415 That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and main ;
Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now, we talk of mounting steed,
420 Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant *Bumpkin*.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall ;
425 I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gate
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.

At spur or switch no more he skipt,
 430 Or mended pace, than *Spaniard* whipt :
 And yet so fiery, he would bound,
 As if he griev'd to touch the ground :
 That *Caesar's* horse, who, as fame goes,
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,
 435 Was not by half so tender hooft,
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
 And as that beast would kneel and stoop
 (Some write) to take his rider up :
 So *Hudibras* his, 'tis well known,
 440 Would often do to set him down.
 We shall not need to say what lack
 Of leather was upon his back :
 For that was hidden under pad,
 And breech of knight gall'd full as bad.
 440 His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
 Like furrows he himself had plow'd :
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,
 'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
 His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
 450 Which on his rider he would flurt,
 Still as his tender side he prickt,
 With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt ;
 For *Hudibras* wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir

433 *That Caesar's horse, who, as fame goes,*
Had corns upon his feet and toes.

Julius Caesar had a horse with feet like a man's. *Ute-*
latur equo insigni ; pedibus prope humanis, et in modum digi-
turum ungulis fissis. Suct. in Jul. cap. 61.

- 455 To active trot one side of's horse,
The other would not hang an arse.
A *Squire* he had, whose name was *Ralph*,
That in th' adventure went his half.
Though writers, for more stately tone,
460 Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all *one* :
And when we can with metre safe,
We'll call him so ; if not, plain *Ralph* ;
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
465 An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* queen, that gain'd
With subtil shreds a tract of land,
Did leave it with a castle fair
470 To his great ancestor, her heir ;
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights
Against the bloody cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
475 This sturdy squire, he had, as well
As the bold *Trojan* knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.

467 *The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
With subtle shreds a tract of land.*

Dido, queen of Carthage, who bought as much land as she could compass with an ox's hyde, which she cut into small thongs, and cheated the owner of so much ground as served her to build Carthage upon.

476 *As the bold, etc.] Aeneas, whom Virgil reports to use a golden bough for a pass to hell ; and taylor's call that place hell, where they put all they steal.*

- His *knowledge* was not far behind
480 The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't :
Some call it *gifts*, and some *new-light*.
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
485 His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crackt and broken.
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With—To and from my love—it lookt.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
490 To look a gift-horse in the mouth :
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too.
495 For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this with *hem* and *cough*,
Prolongers to enlighten stuff,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
500 As easily as thread a needle.
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way ;
Whate'er men speak by this *new-light*,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
505 'Tis a *dark-lanthorn* of the spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it :
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by ;
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
510 And leads men into pools and ditches,

- To make them *dip* themselves, and found
 For *Christendom*, in dirty pond :
 To dive like wild-fowl, for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration.
- 515 This light inspires and plays upon
 The nose of saint, like bag-pipe drone,
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,
 As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
- 520 But spirit'al eaves-droppers can hear,
 So *Phoebus*, or some friendly muse,
 Into small poets song infuse ;
 Which they at second hand rehearse
 Through reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.
- 525 Thus *Ralph* became infallible.
 As three or four-legg'd oracle,
 The antient cup, or modern chair ;
 Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.
 For mystic learning, wondrous able
- 530 In magic *Talisman* and *Cabal*,

526 *As three*, etc.] Read the great Geographical Dictionary, under that word.

530 *In magic*, etc.] *Talisman* is a device to destroy any sort of vermin, by casting their images in metal, in a precise minute, when the stars are perfectly inclined to do them all the mischief they can. This has been experimented by some modern virtuosi upon rats, mice, and fleas; and found, as they affirm, to produce the effect with admirable success.

Raymund Lully interprets *Cabal*, out of the Arabic, to signify *scientia superabundans* ; which his commentator, Cornelius Agrippa, by over-magnifying, has rendered a very superfluous foppery.

- Whose primitive tradition reaches
 As far as *Adam's* first green Breeches :
 Deep sighted in intelligences,
 Ideas, atoms, influences ;
 535 And much of *terra incognita*,
 Th' intelligible world, could say,
 A deep occult philosopher,
 As learn'd as the *wild Irish* are,
 Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
 540 And solid lying much renown'd :
 He *Anthroposophus*, and *Floud*,
 And *Jacob Behmen* understood :

531 *As far as*, etc.] The author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the learning of the ancient Magi to be derived from that knowledge which God himself taught Adam in Paradise, before the fall.

535 *And much of terra incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, could say,

The intelligible world is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Psittacorum regio*, discovered only by the philosophers ; of which they talk, like parrots, what they do not understand.

538 *As learn'd*, etc.] No nation in the world is more addicted to this occult philosophy, than the *wild Irish* are, as appears by the whole practice of their lives ; of which see Camden in his description of Ireland.

539 *Or Sir Agrippa*, etc.] They who would know more of Sir *Cornelius Agrippa* here meant, may consult the great Dictionary.

541 *He Anthroposophus and Floud*,
And Jacob Behmen understood.

Anthroposophus is only a compound Greek word, which signifies a man that is wise in the knowledge of men, and is used by some anonymous author to conceal his true name.

Dr. *Floud* was a sort of an English Rosy-Crucian, whose works are extant, and as intelligible as those of *Jacob Behmen*.

- Knew many an amulet and charm,
 That would do neither good nor harm :
 545 In *Rosy-Crucian* lore as learned,
 As he that *Vere adeptus* earned :
 He understood the speech of birds
 As well as they themselves do words :
 Could tell what subtlest *parrots* mean,
 550 That speak and think contrary clean :
 What *member* 'tis of whom they talk
 When they cry *rope*, and *walk*, *knave*, *walk*.
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,
 And keep them in a glass, like water ;
 555 Of sov'reign power to make men wise ;
 For dropt in blear, thick-sighted eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest night,
 Like owls, though purblind in the light.
 By help of these, as he profess,
 560 He had *first matter* seen undrest :
 He took her naked all alone,
 Before one *rag* of *form* was on.
 The *chaos* too he had descry'd,
 And seen quite through, or else he ly'd :
 565 Not that of paste-board, which men shew
 For groats, at fair of *Barthol'mew* ;

545 In *Rosy-Crucian* lore as learned,
 As he that *Vere adeptus* earned.

The fraternity of the *Rosy-Crucians* is very like the sect of the ancient Gnostick, who called themselves so from the excellent learning they pretended to, although they were really the most ridiculous sots of mankind.

Vere adeptus is one that has commenced in their fanatical extravagance.

- But its great grandfire, first o' th' name,
 Whence that and *reformation* came,
 Both cousin-germans, and right able
 570 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble.
 But *reformation* was, some say,
 O' th' younger house to *puppet-play*.
 He could foretel whats'ever was
 By consequence to come to pass :
 575 As death of great men, alterations,
 Diseases, battles, inundations ;
 All this without th' eclipse o' th' sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done,
 By inward light, a way as good,
 580 And easy to be understood.
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,
 Like knights o' th' post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge :
 585 As if they were consenting to
 All mischiefs in the world men do :
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a planet's house, to know
 590 Who broke and robb'd a house below.
 Examine *Venus* and the *Moon*,
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon :
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 595 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods ;
 They'll question *Mars*, and, by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke ;
 Make *Mercury* confess, and 'peach
 600 Those thieves which he himself did teach.

- They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies.
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' *pill*.
 605 Cast the nativity o' th' question,
 And from positions to be quest on,
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 610 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
 And tell what *crisis* does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
 In men, what gives or curts the itch,
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich :
 615 What gains or loses, hangs or saves ;
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves.
 But not what wise, for only of those
 The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
 No more than can the astrologians.
 620 There they say right, and like true *Trojans*.
 This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke.
 Thus was th' accomplish'd squire endu'd
 With gifts and knowlege, per'lous shrewd.
 625 Never did trusty squire with knight,
 Or knight with squire e'er jump more right.
 Their arms and equipage did fit,
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit :
 Their valours too were of a rate,
 630 And out they sally'd at the gate :
 Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
 But fortune unto them turn'd dogged,

- For they a sad adventure met,
 Of which anon we mean to treat ;
 635 But ere we venture to unfold
 Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should, as learned poets use,
 Invoke th' assistance of some *Muse* ;
 However critics count it sillier
 640 Than jugglers talking to familiar :
 We think 'tis no great matter which,
 They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our purpose most ;
 Whom therefore thus do we accost.
 645 Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
 Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickers*,
 And force them, though it was in spite
 Of nature, and their stars, to write ;
 Who, as we find in sullen writs,
 650 And cross-grain'd works of modern wits,
 With vanity, opinion, want,
 The wonder of the ignorant,
 The praises of the author, penn'd
 B' himself, or wit-insuring friend ;
 655 The itch of picture in the front,
 With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

645 *Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,*
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickers.

This *Vickers* was a man of as great interest and authority in the late reformation, as *Pryn*, or *Withers*, and as able a poet : He translated Virgil's *Æneids* into as horrible Travesty, in earnest, as the French *Scaroon* did in burlesque, and was only out-done in his way by the politique author of *Oceana*.

- All that is left o' th' forked hill,
To make men scribble without skill;
Canst make a poet, spite of fate,
660 And teach all people to translate;
Though out of languages, in which
They understand no part of speech;
Assist me but this once, I'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.
- 665 In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader:
For brevity is very good,
- 670 When w' are or are not understood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market, or of fair;
And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour:
- 675 But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call *bear-beating*.
A bold advent'rous exercise,
- 680 With ancient *heroes* in high prize:
For authors do affirm it came
From *Isthmian* or *Nemean* game.
Others derive it from the *bear*
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
- 685 And round about the pole does make
A circle like a bear at stake:
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And over-turns the rabble-rout;
For after solemn proclamation
- 690 In the bear's name, (as is the fashion

- According to the law of arms,
 To keep men from inglorious harms)
 That none presume to come so near
 As forty foot of stake of bear ;
- 695 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy ;
 If they come wounded off, and lame,
 No honour's got by such a maim,
 Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound
- 700 In honour to make good his ground,
 When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis ;
 But lets them know, at their own cost,
 That he intends to keep his post.
- 705 This to prevent, and other harms,
 Which always wait on seats of arms,
 (For in the hurry of a fray,
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
 Thither the *Knight* his course did steer,
- 710 To keep the peace 'twixt *dog* and *bear* ;
 As he believ'd he was bound to do
 In conscience and commission too.
 And therefore thus bespoke the squire ;
 We that are wisely mounted higher
- 715 Than constables in curule wit,
 When on tribunal bench we sit,

714 *We that are, etc.*] This speech is set down, as it was delivered by the knight, in his own words : but since it is below the gravity of heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent ; the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed, in other words, unless in some few places, where his own words could not be so well avoided.

- Like speculators should foresee,
 From *Pharos* of authority,
 Portended mischiefs farther than
 720 Low *Proletarian* tything-men.
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit
 That *dog* and *bear* are to dispute ;
 For so of late men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same :
 725 (For where the first does hap to be,
 The last does *coincidere* ;) *Quantum in nobis*, have thought good,
 To save th' expence of *Christian* blood,
 And try if we by mediation
 730 Of treaty and accommodation,
 Can end the quarrel, and compose
 The bloody duel, without blows.
 Are not our liberties, our lives,
 The laws, religion, and our wives,
 735 Enough at once to lie at stake
 For *cov'nant* and the *cause's* sake ?
 But in that quarrel *dogs* and *bears*,
 As well as we, must venture theirs ?
 This feud by *Jesuites* invented,
 740 By *evil counsel*, is fomented ;
 There is a *Machiavilian* plot,
 (Though ev'ry *Nare olfact* it not)
 A deep design in't to divide
 The well-affected that confide,
 745 By setting brother against brother,
 To claw and curry one another.
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*,
 That *cane et angus pejus* hate us ?

- And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 750 Upon our own selves without cause ?
 That some occult design doth lie
 In bloody *cynarstomachy*,
 Is plain enough to him that knows,
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.
 755 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
 But sure some mischief will come of it ;
 Unless by providential wit,
 Or force, we averruncate it.
 For what design, what interest
 760 Can beast have to encounter beast ?
 They fight for no espoused *cause*,
 Frail *privilege*, *fundamental laws*,
 Nor for a *thorough reformation*,
 Nor *covenant*, nor *protestation*,
 765 Nor *liberty of consciences*,
 Nor lords and common *ordinances* ;
 Nor for the *church*, nor for *church-lands*,
 To get them in their own no hands ;
 Nor *evil counsellors* to bring
 770 To justice, that seduce the king ;
 Nor for the worship of us men,
 Though we have done as much for them.

752 *In bloody, etc.*] *Cynarstomachy* signifies nothing in the world, but a fight between *dogs* and *bears*, though both the learned and ignorant agree, that in such words very great knowledge is contained : and our knight, as one, or both of those, was of the same opinion.

758 *Or force, etc.*] Another of the same kind, which, though it appear even so learned and profound, means nothing else but the weeding of corn.

- Th' *Egyptians* worship *dogs*, and for
 Their faith made internecine war.
- 775 Others ador'd a *rat*, and some
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
 The *Indians* fought for the truth
 Of th' *elephant* and *monkey's* tooth:
 And many, to defend that faith,
- 780 Fought it out *mordicus* to death:
 But no beast ever was so slight,
 For man, as for his God, to fight.
 They have more wit, alas! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
- 785 But we, who only do infuse
 The rage in them like *boute-feus*;
 'Tis our example that instils
 In them th' infection of our ills.
 For, as some late philosophers
- 790 Have well observ'd, beasts, that converse

777 *The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth.*

The history of the white elephant and the monkey's tooth, which the Indians adored, is written by monf. le Blanc. This monkey's tooth was taken by the Portuguese from those that worshipped it, and though they offered a vast ransom for it, yet the Christians were persuaded by their priests rather to burn it. But as soon as the fire was kindled, all the people present were not able to endure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the fire had been made of the same ingredients with which seamen use to compose that kind of granados which they call *Stinkards*.

786 *The rage, etc.*] *Boute-feus* is a French word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English person, especially of quality, ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need any explication.

With man, take after him, as hogs
 Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
 Just so, by our example, cattle
 Learn to give one another battle.

795 We read in *Nero's* time, the heathen,
 When they destroyed the *Christian brethren*,
 They sew'd them in the skins of *bears*,
 And then set dogs about their ears :
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
 800 Of this lewd antichristian game.

To this, quoth *Ralpho*, verily,
 The point seems very plain to me.
 It is an antichristian game,
 Unlawful both in thing and name.

805 First for the name, the word *bear-beating*
 Is carnal, and of man's creating :
 For certainly there's no such word,
 In all the *scripture* on record,
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin ;

810 And so is (secondly) the *thing*.
 A vile *assembly* 'tis, that can
 No more be prov'd by scripture, than
Provincial, classic, national,
 Mere human creature-cobwebs all.

815 Thirdly, It is idolatrous ;
 For when men run a whoring thus
 With their inventions, whatsoe'er
 The thing be, whether *dog* or *bear*,
 It is idolatrous and *Pagan*,

820 No less than worshipping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a rat ;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate,

- For though the *thesis* which thou lay'st
 Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st,
 825 (For that *bear-beating* should appear
Jure divino lawfuller
 Than *synods* are, thou dost deny,
Totidem verbis; so do I :)
 Yet there's a fallacy in this,
- 830 For if by fly *homaeosis*,
Tussis pro crepitu, an art
 Under a cough to slur a f—t,
 Thou wouldst sophistically imply,
 Both are unlawful, I deny.
- 835 And I, quoth *Ralpho*, do not doubt
 But *bear-beating* may be made out
 In gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial, or *parochial classis* :
 And that both are so near of kin,
- 840 And like in all, as well as sin,
 That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
 And not know which is which, unless
 You measure by their wickedness :
- 845 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
 O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, thou offer'st much,
 But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
- 850 *Id est*, to make a leek a cabbage ;
 Thou wilt at best but *suck a bull*,
 Or shear-swine, all cry and no wool ;
 For what can *synods* have at all,
 With *bear* that's analogical ?

- 855 Or what relation has debating
 Of church-affairs with *bear-beating* ?
 A just comparison still is
 Of things *ejusdem generis*.
 And then what *genus* rightly doth
 860 Include and comprehend them both ;
 If *animal*, both of us may
 As justly pass for *bears* as they ;
 For we are animals no less,
 Although of diff'rent *specieses*.
 865 But, *Ralpho*, this is not fit place,
 Nor time to argue out the case ;
 For now the field is not far off,
 Where we must give the world a proof
 Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
 870 Another manner of dispute.
 A controversy that affords
 Actions for arguments, not words :
 Which we must manage at a rate
 Of prowess and conduct adequate
 875 To what our place and fame doth promise,
 And all the godly expect from us.
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
 We're slurr'd and outed by success :
 Success, the mark no mortal wit,
 880 Or surest hand, can always hit :
 For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
 We do but row, we're steer'd by fate,
 Which in success oft disinherits,
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.
 885 Great actions are not always true sons
 Of great and mighty resolutions,

- Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
 Events still equal to their worth:
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead
 890 Fortune and cowardice succeed.
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
 Our actions still have born us out:
 Which though they're known to be so ample,
 We need not copy from example;
 895 We're not the only persons durst
 Attempt this province, nor the first.
 In northern clime a val'rous knight
 Did whilom kill his *bear* in fight,
 And wound a fidler: we have both
 900 Of these the objects of our wroth,
 And equal fame and glory from
 'Th' attempt of victory to come.
 'Tis sung, there is a valiant *Mamaluke*
 In foreign land, yclep'd ———
 905 To whom we have been oft compar'd
 For person, parts, address, and beard;

903 'Tis sung, etc.] *Mamaluke* is the name of the militia of the Sultans of Egypt; it signified a *servant* or *soldier*; they were commonly captives, taken from amongst the Christians, and instructed in military discipline, and did not marry; their power was great, for, besides that the Sultans were chosen out of their body, they disposed of the most important offices of the kingdom; they were formidable about 200 years, till at last, Selim, Sultan of the Turks, routed them, and killed their Sultan, near Aleppo, 1516, and so put an end to the empire of the *Mamalukes*, which had lasted 267 years. Paulus Jovius, etc.

No question but the rhyme to *Mamaluke*, was meant Sir *Samuel Luke*, of whom in the preface.

Both equally reputed stout,
 And in the same cause both have fought ;
 He oft in such attempts as these
 910 Came off with glory and success ;
 Nor will we fail in th' execution,
 For want of equal resolution.
 Honour is like a widow, won
 With brisk attempt and putting on,
 915 With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin.
 This said, as yerst the *Phrygian* knight,
 So ours, with rusty steel did smite
 His *Trojan* horse, and just as much
 920 He mended pace upon the touch ;
 But from his empty stomach groan'd
 Just as that hollow beast did found,

913 *Honour is like, etc.*] Our English proverbs are not
 impertinent to this purpose :

*He that woos a maid, must seldom come in her sight ;
 But he that woos a widow, must woo her day and night.
 He that woos a maid, must feign, lie, and flatter ;
 But he that woos a widow, must down with his breeches and at her.*

This proverb being somewhat immodest, Mr. Ray says
 he would not have inserted it in his collection, but that he
 met with it in a little book, entitled, *The Quakers spiritual
 court proclaimed* ; written by Nathaniel Smith, student in
 physic ; wherein the author mentions it as counsel given him
 by Hilkiah Bedford, an eminent Quaker in London, who
 would have had him to have married a rich widow, in whose
 house he lodged. In case he could get her, this Nathaniel
 Smith had promised Hilkiah a chamber gratis ; the whole
 narrative is worth the reading.

And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.

925 So have I seen with armed heel,
A wight bestride a *common-weal* :
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the fallen jade has stirr'd.

The ARGUMENT of
The SECOND CANTO.

*The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies best men of war :
Whom in a bold harangue, the knight
Defies, and challenges to fight :
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fidler prisoner ;
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.*

C A N T O II

THERE was an antient sage philosopher,
That had read *Alexander Ross* over ;
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of *fighting* and of *love* :
5 Just so *romances* are, for what else
Is in them all, but *love* and *battles* ?
O' th' first of these we've no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter :

- In which to do the injur'd right,
10 We mean, in what concerns just fight,
Certes our authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name,
A pattern fit for modern knights,
To copy out in frays and fights,
15 (Like those that a whole street do raze,
To build a palace in the place,)
They never care how many others
They kill without regard of mothers,
Or wives or children, so they can
20 Make up some fierce dead-doing man,
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine taylors :
So a wild *Tartar*, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wife,
25 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit :
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd.
For when a giant's slain in fight,
30 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt;
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones ;
As men kill beavers for their stones.
35 But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befel ;
And as an equal friend to both
The knight and bear, but more to troth,
With neither faction shall take part,
40 But give to each his due desert :
And never coin a formal lye on't,
To make the *knight* o'ercome the *giant*.

- This b'ing profest, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.
- 45 They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(This is to say, whether *tollutation*,
As they do term it, or *succussion*)
We leave it, and go on, as now
- 50 Suppose they did, no matter how,
Yet some from subtle hints have got
Mysterious light, it was a trot.
But let that pass : they now begun
To spur their living engines on.
- 55 For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls,
The learned hold, are animals :
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by geometry ;
And were invented first from engines,
- 60 As *Indian Britains* were from *penguins*.
So let them be, as I was saying,
They their live engines play'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain,
Which th' enemy did then incamp on :

47 *That is to say, whether tollutation,
As they do term it, or succussion.*

Tollutation and *succussion* are only Latin words for ambling and trotting, though I believe both were natural amongst the old Romans ; since I never read, they made use of the tramel, or any other art, to pace their horses.

60 *As Indian Britains, etc.*] The *American Indians* call a great bird they have, with a white head, a *penguin* ; which signifies the same thing in the British tongue ; from whence (with other words of the same kind) some authors have endeavoured to prove, that the Americans are originally derived from the Britains.

- 65 The dire *Pharfalian* plain, where battle
 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
 And fierce auxiliary men,
 That came to aid their bretheren :
 Who now began to take the field,
 70 As knight from ridge of steed beheld.
 For as our modern wits behold,
 Mounted a piek-back on the old,
 Much farther off, much farther he,
 Rais'd on his aged beast, could see :
 75 Yet not sufficient to descry
 All postures of the enemy ;
 Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,
 T' observe their numbers, and their order,
 That, when their motions he had known,
 80 He might know how to fit his own.
 Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,
 To fit himself for martial deed :
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
 Either to give blows, or to ward :
 85 Courage and steel, both of great force,
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.
 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
 Drawn out from life-preserving vittell.
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
 90 To free's sword from retentive scabbord :
 And after many a painful pluck,
 From rusty durance he bail'd tuck.

65 *The dire, etc.*] *Pharfalia* is a city of *Theffaly*, famous for the battle won by *Julius Caesar* against *Pompey* the great, in the neighbouring plains, in the 607th year of *Rome*, of which read *Lucan's Pharfalia*.

- Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms fat loose ;
95 And rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralpho rode on with no less speed
100 Than *Hugo* in the forest did :
But far more in returning made,
For now the foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With *van*, *main battle*, *wings*, and *rear*.
105 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowders march'd, expert and able.
Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
110 By thunder turn'd to vinegar ;
(For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat ?)
A squeaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-east side,
115 Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the knot of noose :
For 'tis *great grace* when *statesmen* strait
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped *ear* hung o'er the strings,
120 Which was but *souse* to *chitterlings* :
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden :
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.

- 125 His grisly beard was long and thick,
 With which he strung his fiddle-stick :
 For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe,
 For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
 130 A beard and tail of his own growth ;
 And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
 He made use only of his beard.
 In *Staffordshire*, where virtuous worth
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth ;
 135 Where bulls do chuse the boldest king,
 And ruler o'er the men of string ;
 (As once in *Persia* 'tis said,
 Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd)
 He bravely vent'ring at a crown,
 140 By-chance of war was beaten down,
 And wounded sore : his leg then broke,
 Had got a deputy of oak :
 For when a shin in fight is cropt,
 The knee with one of timber's propt,

129 *Chiron, the, etc.*] *Chiron*, a Centaur, son to Saturn and *Phylliris*, living in the mountains, where, being much given to hunting, he became very knowing in the virtues of plants, and one of the most famous physicians of his time. He imparted his skill to *Æsculapius*, and was afterwards *Apollo's* governor, until being wounded by *Hercules*, and desiring to die, Jupiter placed him in heaven, where he forms the sign of *Sagittarius*, or the Archer.

133 *In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth, etc.*

The whole history of this ancient ceremony, you may read at large in *Dr. Plot's history of Staffordshire*, under the town *Tutbury*.

- 145 Esteem'd more honourable than the other,
 And takes place though the younger brother.
 Next march'd brave *Orsin*; famous for
 Wise conduct, and success in war;
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,
 150 Now marshal to the champion bear.
 With truncheon tipt with iron head,
 The warrior to the lists he led;
 With solemn march, and stately pace,
 But far more grave and solemn face.
 155 Grave as the emperor of *Pegu*,
 Or *Spanish* potentate *Don Diego*.
 This leader was of knowledge great,
 Either for charge, or for retreat.
 He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
 160 To fall back and retreat as well.
 So lawyers, left the *bear* defendant,
 And plaintiff *dog*, should make an end on't,
 Do slave and tail with *writs of error*,
Reverse of judgment, and *demurrer*,
 165 To let them breathe a while, and then,
 Cry whoop, and set them on agen.
 As *Romulus* a wolf did rear,
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey
 170 Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
 In military *Garden Paris*.

155 *Grave as the, etc.*] For the history of *Pegu*, read Mandelsa and Olearius's travels.

172 *In military, etc.*] Paris Garden in Southwark took its name from the possessor.

- For soldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens just as weeds do now ;
175 Until some splay-foot politicians
T' *Apollo* offer'd up petitions,
For licensing a new invention
Th'ad found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds that grow
180 In public gardens at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir *Sun*,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done ! quoth *statesmen* ; yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easy.
185 Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo* :
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
A drum ! quoth *Phoebus*, troth that's true,
A pretty invention quaint and new.
But though of voice and instrument
190 We are th' undoubted president ;
We such loud music don't profess,
The devil's master of that office.
Where it must pass, if't be a drum,
He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
195 To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
Th'ad better let them grow there still,
But to resume what we discoursing
200 Were on before, that is, stout *Orsin* :
That which so oft by sundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters
More justly may b' ascrib'd to this,
Than any other warrior, (*viz.*)

- 205 None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendor and antiquity,
And from celestial origine
- 210 Deriv'd himself in a right line.
Not as the ancient *heroes* did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
- 215 Made *Jupiter* himself and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
(Of which old *Homer* first made *lampoons*)
Arctophylax in northern sphere
- 220 Was his undoubted ancestor :
From him his great fore-fathers came,
And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in med'c'nal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
- 225 Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would foder.
By skilful *chymist* with great cost
Extracted from a rotten post ;
But of a heav'nlier influence
- 230 Than that which mountebanks dispense ;
Though by *Promethean* fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade,

231 *Though by, etc.*] *Promethean* fire. Prometheus was the son of Iapetus, and brother of Atlas, concerning whom the poets have feigned, that having first formed men of th earth and water, he stole fire from heaven to put life int them ; and that having thereby displeased Jupiter, he con

- For as when slovens do amiss
 At others doors, by stool or piss ;
 235 The learned write, a red-hot spit
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
 Will convey mischief from the dang
 Unto the part that did the wrong :
 So this did healing, and as sure
 240 As that did mischief, this would cure.
 Thus virtuous *Orsin* was endu'd
 With learning, conduct, fortitude,
 Incomparable : and as the prince
 Of poets, *Homer*, sung long since,
 245 A skilful leech is better far
 Than half a hundred men of war ;
 So he appear'd, and by his skill,
 No less than dint of sword, could kill.
 The gallant *Bruin* march'd next him,
 250 With visage formidably grim,
 And rugged as a *Saracen*,
 Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own kin :

manded Vulcan to tie him to mount Caucasus with iron chains, and that a vulture should prey upon his liver continually ; but the truth of the story is, that Prometheus was an astrologer, and constant in observing the stars upon that mountain, and that, among other things, he found the art of making fire, either by the means of a flint, or by contracting the sun-beams in a glass. Bochart will have Magog in the Scripture to be the Prometheus of the Pagans.

He here and before sarcastically derides those who were great admirers of the Sympathetic powder and weapon salve ; which were in great repute in those days, and much promoted by the great Sir Kenelm Digby, who wrote a treatise *ex professo*, on that subject, and I believe thought what he wrote to be true ; which since has been almost exploded out of the world.

- Clad in a mantle *della Guerre*
 Of rough and impenetrable fur ;
 255 And in his nose, like *Indian king*,
 He wore, for ornament, a ring ;
 About his neck a threefold gorget,
 As rough as trebled leathern target ;
Armed, as heralds *cant*, and *langued*,
 260 Or, as the vulgar say, *sharp fanged*.
 For as the teeth in beasts of prey
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray :
 So swords, in men of war, are teeth,
 Which they do eat their victual with.
 265 He was by birth, some authors write,
 A *Russian*, some a *Muscovite*.
 And 'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,
 Of whom we in *diurnals* read,
 That serve to fill up pages here,
 270 As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
 With whom he serv'd and fed on vermin :
 And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,
 And quarter himself upon his paws.
 275 And though his countrymen, the *Huns*,
 Did stew their meat between their *bums*,

267 And 'mong, etc.] *Cossacks* are a people that live near Poland ; this name was given them for their extraordinary nimbleness ; for *cosa* or *kosa*, in the Polish tongue, signifies a *gap*. He that would know more of them, may read *Le Laborer* and *Thuldenus*.

275 And though, etc.] This custom of the Huns is described by Ammianus Marcellinus. *Hunni semicruda cujusvis pecoris carne vescuntur, quam inter senora sua et equorum terga insertam, calefacient brevi.* p. 686.

- And th' horses backs o'er which they straddle,
 And ev'ry man eat up his saddle :
 He was not half so nice as they,
 280 But eat it raw when't came in's way ;
 He had trac'd countries far and near,
 More than *Le Blanc* the traveller ;
 Who writes, he spons'd in *India*,
 Of noble house, a lady gay,
 285 And got on her a race of worthies
 As stout as any upon earth is.
 Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and *Orsin* oft had been ;
 Each striving to deserve the crown
 290 Of a fav'd citizen ; the one
 To guard his *bear*, the other fought
 To aid his *dog* ; both made more stout
 By several spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood ;
 295 But *Talgol*, mortal foe to cows,
 Never got ought of him but blows ;
 Blows, hard and heavy, such as he
 Had lent, repaid with usury.
 Yet *Talgol* was of courage stout,
 300 And vanquish'd oftner than he fought :

283 — *He spons'd in India,*
Of noble house, a lady gay.

The story in *Le Blanc*, of a bear that married a king's daughter, is no more strange than many others in most travellers, that pass with allowance ; for if they should write nothing, but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their labour, and observed nothing but what they might have done as well at home.

- Inur'd to labour, sweat and toil,
And like a champion shone with oil.
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless, had made.
- 305 He many a *Boar* and huge *Dun-Cow*
Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrow.
But *Guy* with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the *Boar* or *Dun-Cow* far'd.
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
- 310 Than *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixote* ;
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and stings behind,
Subdu'd : as poets say, long ago
Bold Sir *George*, Saint *George*, did the *Dragon*.
- 315 Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Though stor'd with deleterious med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since)
E'er sent so vast a colony
- 320 To both the under worlds as he.
For he was of that noble trade,
That *Demi-gods* and heroes made,
Slaughter and knocking on the head ;
The trade to which they all were bred ;
- 325 And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
The former rides in triumph for it ;
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
- 330 So sacred with vile bungling.
Next these the brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano, great in martial fame.

- Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd fight,
 'Tis sung he got but little by't.
- 335 Yet he was fierce as forest boar,
 Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
 As thick as *Ajax*' seven-fold shield,
 Which o'er his brazen arms he held :
 But brass was feeble to resist
- 340 The fury of his armed fist.
 Nor could the hardest ir'n hold out
 Against his blows, but they would through't.
 In *magic* he was deeply read,
 As he that made the *brazen-head* ;
- 345 Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
 As *English Merlin* for his heart ;
 But far more *skilful* in the spheres,
 Than he was at the sieve and shears.
 He could transform himself in colour,
- 350 As like the devil as the collier :
 As like as hypocrites in show
 Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
 Of *warlike engines* he was author,
 Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter ;
- 355 The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker,
 He was th' inventor of, and maker :
 The trumpet and the kettle-drum
 Did both from his invention come.

343 *In magic he was deeply read,
 As he that made the brazen head ;
 Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
 As English Merlin for his heart.*

Roger Bacon and Merlin ; see Collier's Dictionary.

- He was the first that e'er did teach
 360 To make, and how to stop a breach.
 A lance he bore with iron *pique*,
 Th' one half would thrust, the other strike :
 And when their forces he had join'd,
 He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.
 365 He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
 Than burnish'd armour of her knight :
 A bold *Virago*, stout and tall,
 As *Joan of France*, or *English Mall*.
 Through perils both of wind and limb,
 370 Through thick and thin she follow'd him,
 In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
 And never him or it forsook.
 At breach of wall, or hedge surprize,
 She shar'd o' th' hazard and the prize :
 375 At beating quarters up, or forage,
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
 And laid about in fight more busily,
 Than th' *Amazonian* dame *Penthesile*,
 And though some critics here cry shame,
 380 And say our authors are to blame,
 That (sight of all philosophers,
 Who hold no females stout, but bears ;
 And heretofore did so abhor
 That women should pretend to war ;

368 *As Joan, etc.*] Two notorious women ; the last was known here by the name of *Mall Cutpurse*.

378 *Than th' Amazonian, etc.*] *Penthesile*, queen of the Amazons, succeeded *Orithya* ; she carried succours to the Trojans, and, after having given noble proofs of her bravery, was killed by *Achilles*. Pliny saith, it was she that invented the battle-ax. . If any one desire to know more of the Amazons, let him read Mr. Sanson.

- 385 They would not suffer the stout'st dame
 To swear by *Hercules's* name)
 Make feeble ladies, in their works,
 To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks* :
 To lay their native arms aside,
 390 Their modesty, and ride astride :
 To run a-tilt at men, and wield,
 Their naked tools in open field ;
 As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,
 And she that would have been the mistress
 395 Of *Gundibert* ; but he had grace,
 And rather took a country lass :

305 *They would not suffer the stout'st dame,
 To swear by Hercules's name.*

The old Romans had particular oaths for men and women to swear by, and therefore Macrobius says, *Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec mulieres per Herculem ; Ædopol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris commune*, etc.

393 *As stout*, etc.] Two formidable women at arms, in romances, that were cudgelled into love by their gallants.

395 *Of Gundibert*, etc.] *Gundibert* is a feigned name, made use of by Sir William Davenant, in his famous epic poem, so called ; wherein you may find also that of his mistress. This poem was designed by the author to be an imitation of the English Drama ; it being divided into five books, as the other into five acts ; the cantos to be parallel of the scenes, with this difference, that this is delivered narratively, the other dialogue-wise. It was ushered into the world by a large preface written by Mr. Hobbes, and by the pens of two of our best poets, viz. Mr. Waller and Mr. Cowley, which, one would have thought, might have proved a sufficient defence and protection against snarling critics. Notwithstanding which, four eminent wits of that age (two

- They say 'tis false, without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
400 Can never be upheld in prose :
Strip nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
405 Shall be dispos'd by those have seen't,
Or what's as good, produc'd in print :
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.
The upright *Cerdon* next advanc'd,
410 Of all his race the valiant'st :
Cerdon the great renown'd in song,
Like *Herc'les*, for repair of wrong :
He rais'd the law, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side ;
415 Ill has he read, that never hit
On him, in muses deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
420 Though tougher than the knight of *Greece* his ;
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
Was comrade in the ten years war !

of which were Sir John Denham and Mr. Donne) published several copies of verses to Sir William's discredit, under this title, *Certain verses written by several of the author's friends, to be reprinted with the second edition of Gundibert*, in octavo, Lond. 1653. These verses were as wittily answered by the author, under this title, *The incomparable poem of Gundibert vindicated from the wit combat of four esquires*, Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and Jack-Pudding ; printed in octavo, Lond. 1665. Vide Langhain's Account of Dramatic Poets.

- For when the restless *Greeks* sat down
 So many years, before *Troy* town,
 425 And were renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
 For well-foal'd boots, no less than fights :
 They ow'd that glory, only to
 His ancestor, that made them so.
 Fast friend he was to *reformation*,
 430 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion.
 Next rectifier of wry *law*,
 And would make three to cure one flaw.
 Learned he was, and could take note,
 Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote,
 435 But *preaching* was his chiefest talent,
 Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,
 He us'd to lay about and stickle,
 Like *ram*, or *bull*, at *conventicle* :
 For disputants, like *rams* and *bulls*,
 440 Do fight with *arms* that spring from *sculls*.
 Last *Colon* came, bold man of war,
 Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;
 Right expert in command of horse,
 But cruel, and without remorse.
 445 That which of *Centaur* long ago
 Was said, and has been wrested to
 Some other knights, was true of this,
He and his *horse* were of a piece.
 One spirit did inform them both, -
 450 The self-same vigour, fury, wroth,
 Yet he was much the rougher part,
 And always had a harder heart,
 Although his horse had been of those
 That fed on men's flesh, as fame goes,
 455 Strange food for horse ! and yet, alas,
 It may be true, for *flesh* is *grass*.

- Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than *Hercules* to clean a stable ;
As great a drover, and as great
460 A critic too, in *hog* or *neat*.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cause she wanted fother,
The provender therewith to feed
Himself, and his less cruel steed.
465 It was a question whether he
Or's horse were of a family
More worshipful : 'till antiquaries
(After th'ad almost por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
470 The bus'ness on the horse's side,
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house :
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
475 These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage,
Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
480 Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres :
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of diff'rent manners, speech, religions,
485 Came men and mastiffs ; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,

- And blood was ready to be broach'd;
 490 When *Hudibras* in haste approach'd
 With squire and weapons to attack
 But first thus from his *horse* bespake
 What rage, O citizens! what fur
 Doth you to these dire actions hurry
 495 What *oestrum*, what phrenetic mood
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
 While the proud *Vies* your trophies b
 And unreveng'd walks ——— ghost
 What towns, what garrisons might you
 500 With hazard of this blood subdue,
 Which now y'are bent to throw away
 In vain, untriumphable fray?
 Shall *saints* in civil bloodshed wallow
 Of *suints*, and let the *cause* lie fallow?
 505 The *cause* for which we fought and swo
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
 Then because quarrels still are seen
 With oaths and swearings to begin,
 The *solemn league* and *covenant*
 510 Will seem a mere *God-dam-me* rant:
 And we that took it, and have fought,
 As lewd as drunkards that fall out.
 For as we make war *for the king*
Against himself, the self-same thing,
 515 Some will not stick to swear we do
 For *God*, and for *religion* too;

495 *What oestrum, etc.*] *Oestrum* is not only a
 word for madness, but signifies also a gad-bee or h
 that torments cattle in the summer, and makes th
 about as if they were mad.



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- For if *beat*-*ing* we allow,
 What good can *reformation* do ?
 The blood and treasure, that's laid out,
 520 Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
 Are these the fruits o' th' *protestation*,
 The prototype of reformation,
 Which all the *saints*, and some, since *martyrs*,
 Wore in their hats like wedding garters,
 525 When 'twas resolv'd by either house
Six members quarrel to espouse ?
 Did they, for this, draw down the rabble,
 With zeal and noises formidable ;
 And make all *cries* about the town
 530 Join throats to cry the *bishops* down ?
 Who having round begirt the palace,
 (As once a month they do the *gallows*)
 As members gave the sign about,
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.

524 *Wore in their hats, etc.*] Some few days after the king had accused the five members of treason in the house of commons, great crouds of the rabble came down to Westminster-Hall, with printed copies of the protestation, tied in their hats like favours.

- 525 *When 'twas resolv'd by either house,*
Six members quarrel to espouse.

The six members were the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Pym, Mr. Hollis, Mr. Hambden, Sir Arthur Haslerig, and Mr. Stroud, whom the king ordered to be apprehended, and their papers seized ; charging them of plotting with the Scots, and favouring the late tumults ; but the house voted against the arrest of their persons or papers ; whereupon the king having preferred articles against those members, he went with his guard to the house to demand them ; but they, having notice, withdrew.

- 535 When *tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to settle
Church-discipline, for patching *kettle* :
No *sow-gelder* did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd, *reform*.
The *oyster-women* lock'd their fish up,
540 And trudg'd away, to cry, *no bishop*.
The *mouse-trap men* laid *save-alls* by,
And 'gainst *ev'l counsellors* did cry.
Butchers left old cloths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *church*.
545 Some cry'd the *covenant*, instead
Of *pudding-pies* and *ginger-bread*.
And some for *brooms*, *old boots*, and *shoes*,
Baul'd out to *purge the common-house* :
Instead of *kitchen-stuff*, some cry,
550 A *gospel-preaching ministry* :
And some for *old suits*, *coats*, or *cloak*,
No *surplices*, nor *service-book*.
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to *reformation*.
555 And is this all ? is this the end
To which these *carr'ngs on* did tend
Hath *public faith*, like a young heir,
For this ta'en up all sorts of ware,
And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
560 'Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke ?
Did *saints*, for this, bring in their *plate* ;
And croud as if they came too late ?
For when they thought the *cause* had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
565 Did they coin *piss-pots*, *bowls*, and *flaggons*,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons ;
And into pikes and musquetteers
Stamp *beakers*, *cups*, and *porringers* ?

- A *thimble*, *bodkin*, and a *spoon*,
 570 Did start up living men, as soon
 As in the furnace they were thrown,
 Just like the *dragon's teeth* b'ing sown.
 Then was the *cause* of gold and plate,
 The *brethren's* off'rings, consecrate,
 575 Like th' *Hebrew calf*, and down before it
 The saints fell prostrate, to adore it :
 So say the *wicked* — and will you
 Make that *sarcasmus* scandal true,
 By running after dogs and bears,
 585 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers ?
 Have *pow'rful preachers* ply'd their tongues,
 And *laid* themselves out and their lungs :
 Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
 I' th' *pow'r* of *gospel-preaching minister* ?
 585 Have they invented *tones* to win
 The *women*, and make them draw in
 The *men*, as *Indians* with a female
 Tame elephant inveigle the male ?
 Have they told *prov'dence* what it must do,
 590 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to ?
 Discover'd th' *enemy's* design,
 And which way best to countermine ?
 Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
 Or it will ne'er advance the *kirk* ?
 595 Told it the *news* o' th' last express,
 And after good or bad success,
 Made prayers, not so like petitions,
 As *overtures* and *propositions*,

578 *Make that*, etc.] Abusive or insulting had been better, but our knight believed the learned language more convenient to understand in, than his own mother-tongue.

(Such as the *army* did present

600 To their creator th' *parliament*)

In which they freely will confess,

They will not, cannot *acquiesce*,

Unless the work be carried on

In the same way they have begun,

605 By setting church and common-weal

All on a flame, bright as their zeal,

On which the saints were all a-gog,

And all this for a *bear* and *dog*?

The parliament drew up *petitions*

610 To't self, and sent them, like commissions,

To *well-affected* persons down,

In ev'ry city and great town;

With pow'r to levy horse and men,

Only to bring them back agen :

615 For this did many, many a mile,

Ride manfully in rank and file,

With *papers* in their hats, that show'd

As if they to the *pillory* rode.

Have all these courtes, these efforts,

620 Been try'd by people of all sorts,

Valis et remis, omnibus nervis,

And all t' advance the *cause's* service?

And shall all now be thrown away

In petulant intestine fray?

625 Shall we that in the *cov'nant* swore,

Each man of us to run before

Another still in *reformation*,

Give *dogs* and *bears* a dispensation?

How will *dissenting brethren* relish it?

630 What will *malignants* say? *videlicet*,

That each man swore to do his best,

To damn and perjure all the rest;

- And bid *the devil take the hindmost* :
 Which at this race is like to win most.
- 635 They'll say our bus'ness, to *reform*
 The church and state, is but a worm ;
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
 To an unknown church-discipline,
 What is it else, but before-hand
- 640 T' engage, and after understand ?
 For when we swore to carry on
 The present *reformation*,
 According to the purest mode
 Of churches best reform'd abroad,
- 645 What did we else but make a vow
 To do we know not what, nor how ?
 For no three of us will agree
 Where, or what churches these should be.
 And is indeed the self-same case
- 650 With theirs that swore *et cæteras* ;
 Or the *French league*, in which men vow'd
 To fight to the last drop of blood ;

549 *And is indeed the self-same case*
With theirs that swore et cæteras.

The convocation, in one of the short parliaments, that
 gathered in the long one (as dwarfs are wont to do knight-
 errants) made an oath to be taken by the clergy, for observ-
 ing canonical obedience ; in which they enjoined their bre-
 thren, out of the abundance of their consciences, to swear
 to articles with *etc.*

651 *Or the French league, in which men vow'd*
To fight to the last drop of blood.

The holy league in France, designed and made for the ex-
 tirpation of the *protestant religion*, was the original, out of
 which the *solemn league and covenant* here was (with difference
 only of circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did

- These slanders will be thrown upon
 The *cause* and *work* we carry on,
 635 If we permit men to run headlong
 T' exorbitances fit for *Bedlam* ;
 Rather than *gospel-walking* times,
 When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
 But we the matter so shall handle,
 660 As to remove that odious scandal ;
In name of king and parliament,-
 I charge ye all, no more forment
 This feud, but keep the peace between
 Your brethren and your countrymen ;
 665 And to those places straight repair,
 Where your respective dwellings are.
 But to that purpose first surrender
 The *filler*, as the prime offender,
 Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
 670 Author and engineer of mischief ;
 That makes division between friends,
 For profane and malignant ends.
 He and that engine of vile noise,
 On which illegally he plays,
 675 Shall, *dictum factum*, both be brought
To condign punishment, as they ought.
 This must be done, and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say :
 For then I'll take another course,
 680 And soon *reduce* you all by force.

the success of both differ more than the intent and purpose ;
 for after the destruction of vast numbers of people of all
 sorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they
 had both sworn to defend : and as our covenanters swore
 every man to run one before another in the way of reformation,
 so did the French in the holy league, to fight to the
 last drop of blood.

- This said, he clapt his hand on sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word.
But *Talge*, who had long suppress
Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
685 Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him : Thou vermin wretched
As e'er in measled pork was hatched ;
Thou tail of worship that dost grow
690 On rump of justice as of cow ;
How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy steed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither ;
695 How durst th', I say, adventure thus
T' oppose thy lumber against us ?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t'employ itself about,
Where thou secure from wooden blow,
700 Thy busy vanity might'st show ?
Was no dispute a-foot between
The *caterwauling bretberen* ?
No subtle question rais'd among
Those *out-o'-their wits*, and those i' th' wrong ;
705 No prize between those combatants
O' th' times, the land and water-*saints* ;
Where thou might'st *stickle without bazard*
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard ;
And not for want of bus'ness come
710 To us to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort
Of disputants, and spoil our sport ?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purse, nor burglary abroad ?

- 715 No *stollen* pig, nor *plunder'd* goose,
 To tie thee up from breaking loose ?
 No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
 For which thou statute might'st allege,
 To keep thee busy from foul evil
 720 And shame due to thee from the devil ?
 Did no committee sit, where he
 Might cut out journey-work for thee ?
 And set th' a task, with subornation,
 To stitch up *sale* and *sequestration*,
 725 To cheat, with *business* and *zeal*,
 All parties and the common-weal ?
 Much better had it been for thee,
 H' had kept thee where th'art us'd to be ;
 Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
 730 So he had never brought thee hither.
 But if th' hast brain enough in skull
 To keep itself in lodging whole,
 And not provoke the rage of stones
 And cudgels to thy hide and bones ;
 735 Tremble and vanish, while thou may'st,
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
 At this the *knight* grew high in wroth,
 And *lifting hands* and *eyes up* both,
 Three times he smote on stomach stout,
 740 From whence at length these words broke out :
 Was I for this entitled *Sir*,
 And girt with trusty sword and spur,
 For fame and honour to wage battle,
 Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle ?
 745 Not all that pride that makes thee swell
 As big as thou dost blow-up veal ;
 Nor all thy tricks and flights to cheat,
 And sell thy carrion for good meat ;

Not all thy magic to repair

750 Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
And stop the gangreen in stale pork ;
Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood ;

755 Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes made to hew down lives ;
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,

760 For civil deed and military.
Nor shall these words of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to sling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.

765 Thou down the same throat shall devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said, that *Wight*
With gantlet blue, and baces white,
And round blunt truncheon by his side,

770 So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.

775 This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd ;
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of *Talgol's* skull ;
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,

780 Nor henceforth cow or bullock murder.
But *Pallas* came in shape of rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust

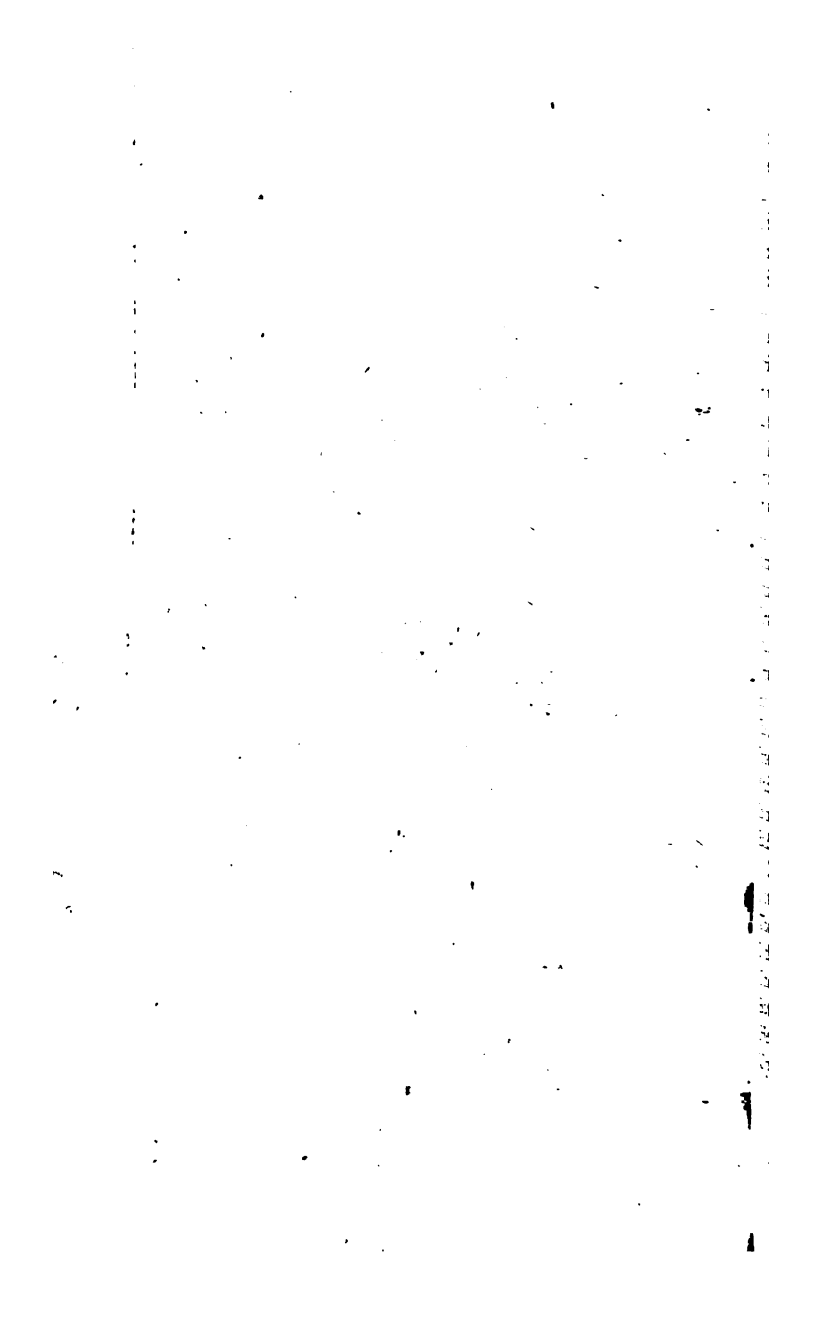
- Her *Gorgon* shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
785 Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon, charg'd the *knights* ;
But he with *Petronel* upheav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
790 Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe,
Then *Hudibras*, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword ; yet not so fast,
795 But *Talgol* first with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when this nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
800 His mortal foe, the truncheon ;
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blōws,
To guard its leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again.
805 And though the sword, some understood,
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so ; both sides were ballanc'd
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st :
For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,
810 Is so implacably enrag'd ;
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more :
And now both *knights* were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death ;
815 Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take or kill.

- This *Hudibras* observ'd ; and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
820 One body, and that into one blow.
But *Talgol* wisely avoided it
By cunning flight ; for bad it hit,
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.
- 825 Mean while th' incomparable *Colon*,
To aid his friend, began to fall on ;
Him *Ralph* encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two :
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
830 This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang ;
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline,
- 835 Until *Magnano*, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain ;
For he, by foul hap, having found
840 Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropp'd them from the root,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
- 845 The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle
850 That gaul'd him forely under his tail ;

- Instead of which, he threw the pack
Of *squire* and baggage from his back ;
And blund'ring still with smarting rump,
He gave the knight's steed such a thump
855 As made him reel. The *knight* did stoop,
And sat on further side a-slope.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By slight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd and again fell to't ;
860 For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out ;
But *Mars*, that still protects the stout,
865 In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *bear* convey'd ;
The *bear*, upon whose soft fur-gown
The *knight* with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
870 And headlong *knight*, from bruise or wound :
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As *Sancho* on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt ; ours far'd as well
875 In body, though his mighty spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The *bear* was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worsted by the *knight*.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
880 To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam ;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him :



R Martin Scul.



- 885 He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of *knight*, and storm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the *law of arms* :
For men he always took to be
- 890 His friends, and dogs the enemy :
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him ;
It griev'd him to the guts that they
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
- 895 And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhumane wrong ;
Wrong of unfoldier-like condition ;
For which he flung down his commission :
And laid about him, till his nose
- 900 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew,
Some he o'er-ran; and some o'erthrew,
- 905 But took none ; for by hasty flight.
He strove t' escape pursuit of *knight* :
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread, as he the rabble chas'd.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
- 910 Each and his fear a sev'ral way.
Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore,
I' th' fiddle, and a leg that bore
- 915 One side of him, not that of bone ;
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying *Hudibras* lie strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,

- With fright of fall, supposed wound,
920 And loss of urine, in a swoond,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the *knight*;
925 For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of *crowd* and skin upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
930 He and his fiddle underwent.
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs with sprained crup)
935 Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching *knight* from fell musician.
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
(As rats do from a falling house,)
940 To hide itself from rage of blows;
And wing'd with speed and fury flew,
To rescue *knight* from black and blue.
Which ere he could atchieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
945 And now 'twas rais'd to finite agen,
When *Ralpho* thrust himself between.
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the *knight* from further harm;
And joining wrath and force bestow'd
950 On the wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.

- To him the *squire* right nimbly run,
And setting conqu'ring foot upon
955 His trunk, thus spoke : what *desp'rate frenzy*
Made thee, thou whelp of sin, to fancy
Thyself and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able ?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship
960 'Gainst arms, authority, and worship ?
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows, as that of wood ?
965 Could not the whipping-post prevail
With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
To keep from slaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron gin ?
Which now thou shalt — but first our care
970 Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This said, he gently rais'd the *knight*,
And set him on his bum upright :
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
975 Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been
To raise the spirits lodg'd within.
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room, to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
980 Look'd out, but yet with some amasement.
This gladdened *Ralpho* much to see,
Who thus bespoke the *knight* : Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, you are, great Sir,
A *self-denying* conqueror ;
985 As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the churches yet,

If you will give yourself but leave
 To make out what y' already have ;
 That's victory. The foe, for dread
 990 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
 All, save *Crowdero*, for whose sake
 You did th' espous'd *cause* undertake :
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
 To be dispos'd, as you think meet,
 995 Either for life, or death, or sale,
 The gallows, or perpetual jail.
 For one wink of your pow'rful eye
 Must sentence him to live or die.
 His fiddle is your proper purchase,
 1000 Won in the service of the *churches* ;
 And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a *crowd*.
 For though success did not confer
 Just title on the conqueror ;
 1005 Though *dispensations* were not strong
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong ;
 Although *out-goings* did confirm,
 And *owning* were but a mere term :
 Yet as the *wicked* have no *right*
 1010 To th' creature, though usurp'd by might,
 The property is in the *saint*,
 From whom th' injuriously detain't ;
 Of him they hold their luxuries,
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
 1015 Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites ;
 All which the *saints* have *title to*,
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
 What we take from 'em is no more
 1020 Than what was ours by right before.

- For we are their true *landlords* still,
And they our *tenants* but at will.
At this the *knight* began to rouze,
And by degrees grow valorous.
- 1025 He star'd about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain, but one,
He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him ;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
- 1030 For all the rest that ran away.
But *Ralpho* now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood :
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is rais'd too high ; this slave does merit
- 1035 To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction ; I that am
A nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcass,
- 1040 Or ill intreat his fiddle or case :
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot ?
Will you employ your conqu'ring sword,
To break a fiddle and your word ?
- 1045 For though I fought, and overcame,
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name.
For great commanders always own
What's prosperous by the soldier done.
To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
- 1050 Argues your pow'r above your will ;
And that your will and pow'r have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This pow'r, which now alive, with dread,
He trembles at, if he were dead,

- 1055 Would no more keep the slave in awe
Than if you were a knight of straw :
For death would then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror:
If danger from his life accrue,
- 1060 Or honour from his death, to you ;
'Twere policy and honour too,
To do as you resolv'd to do :
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
To say it needs or fears a crutch.
- 1065 Great conqu'rors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than slain :
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes : the greatest fame
- 1070 Of cripple slain can be but lame.
One half of him's already slain
The other is not worth your pain ;
Th' honour can but on one side light,
As worship did when y' were dubb'd *knight*.
- 1075 Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him prisoner of war ;
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be try'd :
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,
- 1080 There may be danger in his safety :
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pique ;
Or if his death will save or yield,
Revenge or fright, it is *reveal'd* ;
- 1085 Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please ;
This has been often done by some
Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom :

- And has by most of us been held
1090 Wise justice, and to some *reveal'd*.
For words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke ;
Like *Samson's* cuffs, though by his own
Direction and advice put on.
1095 For if we should fight for the *cause*,
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call just,
The *cause* would quickly fall to dust.
This we among ourselves may speak ;
1100 But to the *wicked* or the *weak*,
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.
This said, the high, outrageous mettle
Of *knight* began to cool and settle.
1105 He lik'd the *squire's* advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done :
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
1110 The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an *oath* before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.
Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd *Crowdero* fast,
1115 He gave Sir *Knight* the end of cord,
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The *squire* in state rode on before
1120 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy *fiddle* and the *case*,
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.

- The *knight* himself did after ride,
Leading *Crowdero* by his side ;
1125 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,
Until quite through the town th' had gone ;
At further end of which there stands
1130 An ancient castle that commands
Th' adjacent parts ; in all the fabric
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow'rful spell
Of magic made impregnable ;
1135 There's neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeons scarce three inches wide ;
With roof so low that under it
1140 They never stand, but lie or sit ;
And yet so foul, that who'so is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison ;
In circle magical confin'd,
With walls of subtle air and wind ;
1145 Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous *knight*
And bold squire from their steeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
1150 A bastile, built t' imprison hands ;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater ;
For though the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough,
1155 And when a circle 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,

- The body feels the spur and switch,
As if 'twere ridden post by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
1160 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir *Knight* first bids the *Squire*,
The *fiddle*, and its spoils, the *case*,
In manner of a trophy, place.
1165 That done, they ope the trap-door-gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
1170 And the survivor of his feet :
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of knighthood, they release,
Though a *delinquent* false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger he's enlarged ;
1175 While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.
So justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

The ARGUMENT of
The THIRD CANTO.

*The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does sally,
And is made pris'ner: then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place;
I should have first said Hudibras.*

C A N T O III.

AY me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps!
5 For though dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say,
10 I' th' ditty call'd, *What if a day;*
For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
The field, as certain as a gun,

- And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop ;
15 Thinking h' had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the *churches* ;
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by *holder-forth*,
And register'd by fame eternal,
20 In deathless pages of *diurnal* :
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but *count without his host* :
And that a *turn-stile* is more certain,
Than in events of war, dame Fortune.
25 For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of *knight* and *bear*,
(All but the dogs, who in pursuit
30 Of the *knight's* victory stood to't,
And most ignobly fought, to get
The honour of his blood and sweat)
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' th' conquer'd and the conqueror,
35 Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out :
For by this time the routed *bear*,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
40 For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about ;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune ; and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd ;
45 Retiring still, until he found
H' had got th' advantage of the ground ;

- And then as valiantly made head,
To check the foe, and forthwith fled ;
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
50 Of warrior stout and politic ;
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
55 He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole body to recoil ;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
60 To save himself for better fortune ;
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide a carcass at
A price as high and desperate
65 As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy, i' th' greatest throng,
But what could single valour do,
70 Against so numerous a foe ?
Yet much he did, 'indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such ;
But one, against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good ;
75 For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was suddenly inclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great ;
For now the mastives, charging home,
80 To blows and handy-gripes were come :

While manfully himself he bore,
 And setting his right-foot before,
 He rais'd himself to shew how tall
 His person was above them all.

- 85 This equal shame and envy stirr'd
 I' th' enemy, that one should beard
 So many warriors, and so stout,
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,
 Disdaining to lay down his arms,
 90 And yield on honourable terms.
 Enraged thus, some in the rear
 Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
 Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
 And, being down, still laid about:

- 95 As *Widdrington* in doleful dumps,
 Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas! had been in vain
 And he inevitably slain,
 If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick,

- 100 To rescue him, had not been quick;
 For *Trulla*, who was light of foot,
 As shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoot,
 (But not so light, as to be born
 Upon the ears of standing corn,
 105 Or trip it o'er the water quicker
 Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
 As some report) was got among
 The foremost of the martial throng:
 There pitying the vanquish'd bear,
 110 She call'd to *Cerdon*, who stood near,
 Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
 Shall we, quoth she, stand still *hum drum*,
 And see stout *Bruin* all alone,
 By numbers basely overthrown?



- 115 Such feats already h' has atchiev'd,
 In story not to be believ'd ;
 And 'twould to us be shame enough,
 Not to attempt to fetch him off,
 I-would, quoth he, venture a limb
 120 To second thee, and rescue him,
 But then we must about it straight,
 Or else our aid will come too late ;
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
 And therefore cannot long hold out.
 125 This said, they wav'd their weapons round
 About their heads, to clear the ground ;
 And joining forces, laid about
 So fiercely that th' amazed rout
 Turn'd tail about, and straight begun,
 130 As if *the devil drove*, to run.
 Mean while th' approach'd th' place where *Bruin*
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin :
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,
 First *Trulla stav'd*, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
 135 Until their mauls loos'd their hold ;
 And yet, alas ! do what they could,
 The worsted *bear* came off with store
 Of bloody wounds, but all before ;
 For as *Achilles*, dipt in pond,
 140 Was *anabaptiz'd* free from wound,
 Made proof against dead-doing steel
 All over, but the pagan heel :

134 *First Trulla stav'd*, etc.] *Staving* and *tailing* are terms of art us'd in the Bear Garden, and signify there only the parting of dogs and bears : though they are us'd metaphorically in several other professions, for moderating ; as aw, divinity, hectoring, etc.

- So did our champion's arms defend
 All of him but the other end :
- 145 His head and ears, which in the martial
 Encounter lost a leathern parcel :
 For as an *Austrian Archduke* once
 Had one ear (which in *ducatoons*
 Is half the coin) in battel par'd
- 150 Close to his head ; so *Brain* far'd :
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
 Like scriv'ner newly crucified :
 Or like the late corrected leathern
 Ears of the *circumcised brethren*.
- 155 But gentle *Trulla*, into th' ring
 He wore in's nose, convey'd a string,
 With which she march'd before, and led
 The warrior to a grassy bed,
 As authors write, in a cool shade,
- 160 Which eglantine and roses made ;
 Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream,
 There leaving him to his repose,
 Secured from pursuit of foes,
- 165 And wanting nothing but a song,
 And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung
 Upon a bough, to ease the pain
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd ; with a strain

153 *Or like the late corrected leathern
 Ears of the circumcised brethren.*

Pryn, Bastwick, and Burton, who laid down their ears as proxies for their profession of the godly party, not long after maintained their right and title to the pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took possession of it in their names.

- They both drew up, to march in quest
 170 Of his great leader, and the rest.
 For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd
 For stout maintaining of his ground
 In standing fight, than for pursuit,
 As being not so quick of foot)
 175 Was not long able to keep pace
 With others that pursu'd the chace ;
 But found himself left far behind,
 Both out of heart, and out of wind ;
 Griev'd to behold his *bear* pursu'd
 180 So basely by a multitude ;
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,
 But numbers of his coward foes.
 He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
 Stout *Hercules* for loss of *Hylas* ;
 185 Forcing the vallies to repeat
 The accents of his sad regret
 He beat his breast and tore his hair,
 For loss of his dear crony *bear* :
 That eccho from the hollow ground,
 190 His doleful wailings did resound
 More wistfully, by many times,
 Than in small poets splay-foot rhimes,
 That make her, in their rueful stories,
 To answer to int'rogatories,
 195 And most unconscionably depose
 Things of which she nothing knows :
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis rested to the lover's fancy.
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked *Bruin*,
 200 Art thou fled to my — eccho *ruin* ?
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,
 For fear. Quoth eccho, *Marry guep*.

- Am not I here to take thy part ?
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart ?
205 Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled ?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. Quoth she, *Mum budget*.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
210 Thou turn'dst thy back ? Quoth eccho, *pish*.
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly ? Quoth eccho, *mum*.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine enemy ?
215 Or if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail :
For who would grutch to spend his blood in
220 His honour's cause ? Quoth she, *a pudding*.
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd ;
Thirst of revenge and wrath, in place
Of sorrow now began to blaze.
225 He vow'd the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo ;
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his *bear*.
This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
230 And rage he hasted to proceed
To action straight, and giving o'er
To search for *Bruin* any more,
He went in quest of *Hudibras*,
To find him out where-e'er he was.
235 And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

- But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
240 Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.
'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol*, foe to *Hudibras* :
245 *Cerdon* and *Colon*, warriors stout,
And resolute, as ever fought :
Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke :.
Shall we, quoth he, thus basely brook
The vile affront that paulty als
250 And feeble *scoundrel*, *Hudibras*,
With that more paulty *ragamuffin*,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if they routed us in battle ?
255 For my part, it shall ne'er be said,
I for the washing gave my head :
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' rascals, but loss of my *bear*,
Which now I'm like to undergo ;
260 For whether those fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel ;
Nor do I *know* what is become
Of him, *more than the pope of Rome*.
265 But if I can but find him out
That caus'd it (as I shall no doubt,
Where-e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work ;
And wish that they had rather dar'd,
270 To *pull the devil by the beard*.

- Quoth *Gerdon*, noble *Orsin*, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy *bear*.
275 Others may do as they see good ;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur ;
And t' other mungrel vermin, *Ralph*,
280 That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill :
Myself and *Trulla* made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift ;
285 And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough :
There let him rest ; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.
This said, they all engag'd to join
290 Their forces in the same design :
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of *Hudibras* upon their march.
Where leave we them a while to tell
What the victorious *knight* besel :
295 For such, *Crowders* being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his brow :
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
300 With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, *reds*, *blacks*, and *blues*,

- 305 To mollify th' uneasy pang
 Of ev'ry honourable bang,
 Which be'ng by skilful midwife drest,
 He laid him down to take his rest.
 But all in vain. H'ad got a hurt
- 310 On th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
 By *Cupid* made, who took his stand
 Upon a widow's jointure land,
 (For he, in all his am'rous battles,
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattles)
- 315 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
 Let fly an arrpw at the *knight* ;
 The shaft against a rib did glance,
 And gall'd him in the *purtenance*.
 But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
- 320 After he found his suit in vain.
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
 (That belly that so oft did ake,
 And suffer griping for her sake ;
- 325 Till purging comfits and ants eggs
 Had almost brought him off his legs)
 Us'd him so like a base *rascallion*,
 That old *Pyg* —(what d' y' call him) *malion*,
 That cut his mistress out of stone,
- 330 Had not so hard a hearted one.

328 *That old*, etc.] *Pygmalion*, king of *Tyre*, was the son of *Margenus* or *Mechres*, whom he succeeded, and lived 56 years, whereof he reigned 47. *Dido*, his sister, was to have governed with him, but it was pretended the subjects thought it not convenient: she married *Sichaeus*, who was the king's uncle, and very rich ; wherefore he put him to death ; and *Dido* soon after departed the kingdom. Poets say, *Pygmalion* was punished for the hatred he bore to women, with the love he had to a statue.

- She had a thousand jadis tricks,
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
As insolent as strange and mad :
- 335 She could love none but only such
As scorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady,
Not love, if any lov'd her : hey day !
So cowards never use their might,
- 340 But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the found.
He, that gets her by heart, must say her
The back way, like a witches prayer.
- 345 Mean while the *knight* had no small task,
To compass what he durst not ask,
He loves, but dares not make the motion ;
Her *ignorance* is his *devotion* :
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
- 350 Rides with his face to rump of steed :
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move.
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
- 355 Until he seize upon the coney :
Just so does he by matrimony,
But all in vain ; her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out ;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
- 360 To be by man of honour born :
Yet much he bore until the distress
He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress,

- Did stir his stomach, and the pain
He had endur'd-from her disdain,
365 Turn'd to regret, so resolute,
That he resolv'd to wave the suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in fight.
This resolution b'ing put on,
370 He kept some months, and more had done,
But being brought so nigh by fate,
The victory he atchiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinu'd hope,
375 That seem'd to promise he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in ;
And that his valour, and the honour
He'd newly gain'd, might work upon her :
These reasons made his mouth to water
380 With am'rous longings to be at her.
Quoth he, unto himself, who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop ?
385 If nothing can oppugn love,
And virtue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too ?
But thou bring'st valour too and wit,
390 Two things that seldom fail to hit.
Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in.
Then, *Hudibras*, why should'st thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror ?

- 395 Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidious miscarry.
Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
400 And trust thy fortune with the rest.
Such thoughts as these the *knight* did keep,
More than his bangs or fleas, from sleep.
And as an owl that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
405 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,
As if he slept, unril he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts and seizes on the wretch ;
So from his couch the *knight* did start,
410 To seize upon the widow's heart,
Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,
Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse.
And 'twas but time ; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,
415 By speedy marches were advanc'd
Up to the fort where he ensconc'd ;
And all th' avenues had possesst
About the place from east to west.

- That done, a while they made a halt,
420 To view the ground, and where t' assault :
Then call'd a council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy ; and 'twas agreed,
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
425 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely fort
They now drew up t' attack the fort ;

- When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another-gates adventure,
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
430 Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger;
435 That foresight might, or might not blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his shame it might be said,
They took him napping in his bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
440 That deal in sciences profound.
His courser scarce he had bestrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
When setting ope the postern gate,
Which they thought best to fally at,
445 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startled the bold *knight*,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected fight;
The bruises of his bones and flesh
450 He thought began to smart afresh:
Till recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage,
And thus he spoke: The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
455 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears
As if they had out-run their fears;
The glory we did lately get,
The fates command us to repeat:

And to their wills we must succumb,

460 *Quocunque trahunt*, 'tis our doom.

This is the same numeric crew

Which we so lately did subdue ;

The self-same individuals, that

Did run as mice do from a cat,

465 When we courageously did wield

Our martial weapons in the field,

To tug for victory : and when

We shall our shining blades agen

Brandish in terror o'er our heads,

470 They'll strait resume their wonted dreads :

Fear is an ague, that forsakes

And haunts by fits those whom it takes :

And they'll opine they feel the pain

And blows they felt to day, again.

475 Then let us boldly charge them home,

And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,

He call'd upon his *mistress*' name.

His pistol next he cock'd a-new,

480 And out his nut-brown whinyard drew :

And, placing *Ralpho* in the front,

Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt :

As expert warriors use : then ply'd

With iron heel his courser's side,

485 Conveying sympathetic speed

From heel of *knight* to heel of steed.

Mean while the foe, with equal rage

And speed, advancing to engage,

Both parties now were drawn so close,

490 Almost to come to handy-blows,

- When *Orsin* first let fly a stone
At *Ralpho*; not so huge a one
As that which *Diomed* did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
495 Yet big enough, if roughly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world:
Whether above ground, or below,
Which *saints twice dipt* are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold *squire*,
500 And made him some few steps retire.
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's aid,
And rouz'd his spirits half dismay'd.
He wisely doubting left the shot
O' th' enemy, now growing hot,
505 Might at a distance gall, press'd close,
To come pell-mell to handy blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
510 Till breast to breast he had got nigher:
As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous *knight*,
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,
515 When Fortune, as she's wont, turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her *goody-ship*,
To give so near a friend the slip.
For *Colon*, chusing out a stone,
520 Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch, with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.

- He lost his whinyard and the rein ;
But laying fast hold of the mane,
525 Preserv'd his seat : and as a goose
In death contracts his talons close ;
So did the *knight*, and with one claw
The tricker of his pistol draw.
The gun went off : and, as it was,
530 Still fatal to stout *Hudibras*,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it to prosper best ;
So now he far'd : the shot let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
535 Pierc'd *Talgol's* gaberdine, and grazing
Upon his shoulder in the passing,
Lodg'd in *Magnano's* brass habergeon,
Who strait a *surgeon* cry'd, a *surgeon* :
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
540 Did *murder, murder, murder* yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the *knight* had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won, the second time, the fight.
545 As, if the *squire* had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done :
But he, diverted with the care
Of *Hudibras* his hurt, forbore
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
550 While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with *Cerdon* b'ing engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
555 And now the busy work of death
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,

- Preparing to renew the fight ;
When the disaster of the *knight*
And th' other party did divert
560 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
Ralpho press'd up to *Hudibras*,
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was ;
Each striving to confirm his party
With stout encouragements, and hearty.
565 Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up, once more fall on,
The shatter'd foe begins to run :
For if but half so well you knew
570 To use your victory as subdue,
They durst not after such a blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now ;
But from so formidable a soldier
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
575 Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,
You'll have a harder game to play
580 Than yet y' have had, to get the day.
Thus spoke the stout *squire* ; but was heard
By *Hudibras* with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than *Ralph's* harangue ;
585 To which he answer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
The clotted blood within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal *crisis* doth portend
590 My days to appropinque an end.

I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.

- 595 I am not apt, upon a wound
Or trivial basting, to despond :
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail ;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
600 To make an hon'able retreat ;
'Twere the best course : but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to seize on ; the dishonour,
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
605 Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat :
For those that run away, and fly,
610 Take place at least o' th' enemy.

- This said, the *squire* with active speed
Dismounted from his bonny steed:
To seize the arms, which by mischance
Fell from the bold *knight* in a trance.
615 These being found out, and restor'd
To *Hudibras* their nat'ral lord,
As a man may say with might and main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
620 But by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull'd back, till having found
Th' advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac'd him right, with speed

- 625 Prepar'd again to scale the beast :
When *Orsin*, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of *Talgol*, with *Promethean* powder,
And now was searching for the shot,
630 That laid *Magnano* on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy *squire* afore said
Preparing to climb up his horse-side :
He left his cure, and laying hold,
Upon his arms, with courage bold,
635 Cry'd out, 'tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally :
Let us, that are unhurt and whole,
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.
This said, like to a thunderbolt
640 He flew with fury to th' assault,
Striving the enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his horse's back.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,
645 Wrigling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over ;
When *Orsin* rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
650 To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough *squire* like a sack,
Or stout king *Richard*, on his back :
'Till stumbling he threw him down,
Sore bruise'd, and cast into a swoon.
655 Mean while the *knight* began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess :
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found both by his eyes and nose,

- 'Twas only choler and not blood,
660 That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *squire*,
Inflam'd him with despightful ire ;
Couragiously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out ;
665 And now had half way bent the cock,
When *Gerdon* gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm :
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
670 Assay'd to pull him off his steed.
The *knight* his sword had only left,
With which he *Gerdon's* head had cleft,
Or at the least cropp'd off a limb,
But *Orsin* came, and rescu'd him.
675 He with his lance attack'd the *knight*
Upon his quarters opposite.
But as a barque, that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
680 And knows not which to turn him to :
So far'd the *knight* between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose ;
Till *Orsin*, charging with his lance
At *Hudibras*, by spiteful chance,
685 Hit *Gerdon* such a bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground,
At this the *knight* began to chear up,
And raising up himself on stirrup,
Cry'd out, *Victoria* : lie thou there,
690 And I shall strait dispatch another
To bear thee company in death :
But first I'll halt a while, and breath,

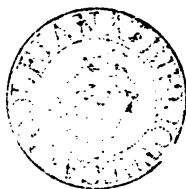
- As well he might ; for *Orsin*, griev'd
At th' wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
695 Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Mean while the *knight* had wheel'd about,
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
700 He might the ruffled foe infest.
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
To run at *Orsin* with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of *Cerdon's* wound, and unaware :
705 But he was quick and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy :
And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
Then like a warrior right expert
710 And skilful in the martial art,
The subtle *knight* straight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had reliev'd the *squire*,
And then, in order, to retire ;
715 Or, as occasion should invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
Though sorely brus'd ; his limbs all o'er
720 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore :
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone ;
When *Hudibras* to aid him came.
Quoth he, and call'd him by his name,
725 Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more, as conquerors,

- Have both the field and honour won,
The foe is profligate and run,
I mean all such as can, for some
730 This hand had sent to their long home ;
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Caesar himself could never say
He got two vict'ries in a day.
735 As I have done that can say, twice I
In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici*.
The foe is numerous, that we
Cannot so often *vincere*,
As they *perire*, and yet enow
740 Be left to strike an after-blow ;
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
Get up and mount thy steed, dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.
745 Quoth *Ralph*, I should not, if I were
In case for action, now be here ;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arse for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got these harms,
750 Adven'tring to fetch off your arms.
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of strength : unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
755 I shall lie here, and be a prey
To those who now are run away.
That thou shalt not, quoth *Hudibras* ;
We read the antients held it was

- More honourable far, *servare*
760 *Civem*, than slay an adversary ;
The one we oft to day have done ;
The other shall dispatch anon :
And tho' th' art of a diff'rent church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
- 765 This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently tow'rd the *squire*,
Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
His hands out, and at *Ralph* reach'd ;
When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
770 Charg'd him like lightening behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound to find it out ;
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got.
- 775 But having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own work at last,
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was her's ;
And now to plunder *Ralph* she flew,
- 780 When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew
To succour him ; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On t' other side, that down he fell.
- 785 Yield, *scoundrel* base, (quoth she) or die ;
Thy life is mine, and liberty :
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o'er a-fresh,
790 I'll wave my title to thy flesh,



R. Martin Saul.



- Thy arms and baggage now my right :
And if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
And once more for that carcase vile,
795 Fight upon tick—Quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lasſ,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word,
Fiſt let me riſe, and take my ſword :
That ſword which has ſo oft this day
800 Through ſquadrons of my foes made way,
And ſome to other worlds diſpatch'd,
Now with a feeble ſpinſter match'd,
Will bluſh with blood ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
805 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Conſider whiſt thou may'ſt, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial force :
For if with conqueſt I come off,
810 (And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor grace
By law of arms in ſuch a caſe ;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I ſcorn, quoth ſhe, thou coxcomb ſilly,
815 (Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his ſpeech)
Quarter, or counſel from a foe :
If thou can'ſt force me to it, do.
But leſt it ſhould again be ſaid,
820 When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping unprepar'd,
Arm and betake thee to thy guard.

- This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the *knight* let fall a peal
825 Of blows so fierce, and prefs'd so home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.
Stand to't, quoth she, or yield to mercy,
It is not fighting *arsie-versie*
Shall serve thy turn — This stirr'd his spleen
830 More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel ;
Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came ;
835 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her trucheon took them,
840 And by oblique diversion broke them,
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of, for now
The *knight* with one dead-doing blow
845 Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning flight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground.
850 No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew ; and seconding
With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side ;
And mounting on his trunk a-stride,

- 855 Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base scum.
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
- 860 And stain thine honour, than thy sword?
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole;
And when before the fight, th' had'st vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood:
- 865 Now thou hast got me for a *Tartar*,
To make me 'gainst my will take quarter.
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
- Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own;
- 870 Thou and thy stars have cast me down;
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow:
My loss of honour's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff:
- 875 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost renown:
I am not now in fortune's pow'r,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illustrious
- 880 For being benign, and not blustrous,
Against a vanquish'd foe; their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' emp'loy their courtesies about.
- 885 Quoth she, altho' thou hast deserv'd,
Base *slubberdegullion*, to be serv'd
As thou did'st vow to deal with me,
If thou had'st got the victory;

- Yet I shall rather act a part
890 That suits my fame, than thy desert.
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw :
895 The rest, thy life and limbs once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.
Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late
For me to treat, or stipulate ;
What thou command'st, I must obey.
900 Yet those whom I expugn'd to day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too ;
Both *dogs* and *bear*, upon their parole,
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.
905 Quoth *Trulla*, whether thou or they
Let one or other run away,
Concerns not me ; but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too ?
Crowdero, whom in irons bound,
910 Thou basely threw'st into *Lob's pound*,
Where still he lies, and with regret
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret,
But now thy carcass shall redeem,
And serve to be exchange'd for him,
915 This said, the *knight* did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
920 The mantle that she wore, said jesting,





R. Martin Scul.

Take that, and wear it for my sake;
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
 And as the *French* were conquer'd once,
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,
 925 The length of breeches, and the gathers,
 Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers;
 Just so the proud insulting lass
 Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other champions, 'yerst
 930 In hurry of the fight dispers'd,
 Arriv'd when *Trulla* won the day,
 To share i' th' honour and the prey,
 And out of *Hudibras* his hide,
 With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
 935 Which now they were about to pour
 Upon him in a wooden show'r.
 But *Trulla* thrust herself between,
 And striding o'er his back agen,

923 *And as the French we conquer'd once,*
Now give us laws for pantaloons, etc.

Pantaloons, and Port-cannons, were some of the fantastic fashions wherein we aped the French.

*At quisquis insula satas Britannica
 Sic patriam insolens fastidiet suam,
 Ut more simias laboret fingere,
 Et aemulari Gallicas ineptias,
 Et omni Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium,
 Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse nititur,
 Sic Dii jubate, fiat ex Gallo capus.* Thomas More.

Gallus is a river in Phrygia, rising out of the mountains of Celenæ, and discharging itself into the river Sanger, the water of which is of that admirable quality, that being moderately drank, it purges the brain, and cures madness; but largely drank, it makes men frantic. Pliny, Horatius.

- She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
940 And vow'd they should not break her word ;
Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs should make that quarter good.
For she was bound by law of arms
To see him safe from farther harms.
- 945 In dungeon deep *Crowdero* cast
By *Hudibras*, as yet lay fast:
Where to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans :
Him she resolv'd that *Hudibras*
- 950 Should ransom, and supply his place.
This stop'd their fury and the basting
Which towards *Hudibras* was hasting.
They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had achiev'd in fight
- 955 She should dispose of how she pleas'd ;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this she pitch'd upon :
For who a better could imagine ?
- 960 This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
The *knight* and *squire* first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid ;
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their *faces* to the *arces*,
- 965 *Orsin* led *Hudibras's* beast,
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* prest ;
Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*,
And *Colon* waited as a guard on ;
All ush'ring *Trulla* in the rear,
- 970 With th' arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon their way,

- Striving to reach th' *enchanted castle*,
Where stout *Crowdero* in durance lay still,
975 Thither with greater speed than shows
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do use t' allow ; or than the *bears*,
Or *pageants* born before *lord-mayors*
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd
980 In order, soldier-like contriv'd ;
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The *knight* and *squire* they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
985 They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *magical redoubt*.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter.
For he was skilful in *black art*,
990 No less than he that built the fort :
And with an iron-mace laid flat
A breach, which strait all enter'd at ;
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
995 Him they release from durance base,
Restor'd to his *fiddle* and his *case*,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage :
For he no sooner was at large,
1000 But *Trulla* strait brought on the charge,
And in the self-same *limbo* put
The *knight* and *squire*, where he was shut.
Where leaving them in *hockly i' th' hole*,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
1005 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted mansion to know sorrow.

- In the same order and array
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.
 But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop
 1010 To fortune, or be said to droop ;
 Chear'd up himself with ends of verse,
 And sayings of philosophers.
 Quoth he, th' one half of man his mind,
 Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,
 1015 And cannot be led by the heels,
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.
 'Tis not restraint or liberty,
 That makes men prisoners or free ;
 But perturbations that possess
 1020 The mind, or æquanimities.
 The whole world was not half so wide
 To *Alexander* when he cry'd,
 Because he had but one to subdue,
 As was a narrow pakry tub to
 1025 *Diogenes* ; who is not said
 (For ought that ever I could read)
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
 Because h' had ne'er another tub.
 The antients make two sev'ral kinds
 1030 Of prowess in heroic minds,
 The *active* and the *passive* valiant ;
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant :
 For both to give blows, and to carry,
 In fights are equinecessary :
 1035 But in defeats, the *passive* stout
 Are always found to stand it out
 Most desp'rately, and to out-do
 The *active*, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.
 Though we with blacks and blues are suggill'd,
 1040 Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd :

- He that is valiant and dares fight,
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
 Honour's a *lease for lives to come*,
 And cannot be extended from
 1045 The legal tenant : 'tis a chattel
 Not to be forfeited in battel.
 If he, that in the field is slain,
 Be in the *bed of honour* lain,
 He that is beaten may be said
 1050 To lie in honour's *truckle-bed*.
 For as we see th' eclipsed sun
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
 He shines in serene sky most bright :
 1055 So valour in a low estate,
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
 Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know
 We may by being beaten grow ;
 But none, that see how here we sit,
 1060 Will judge us overgrown with wit.
 As *gifted brethren*, preaching by
 A *carnal hour-glass*, do imply
Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,
 1065 But not how much ; so well enough
 Know you to charge, but not draw off :
 For who without a *cap* and *bauble*,
 Having subdu'd a *bear* and *rabble*,
 And might with honour have come off,
 1070 Would put it to a second proof ?
 A politic exploit, right fit
 For *Presbyterian* zeal and wit.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, that cuckow's tone,
Ralph, thou always harp'st upon :

- 1075 When thou at any thing would'st rail,
 Thou mak'st *Presbytery* thy scale
 To take the height on't, and explain
 To what degree it is prophane ;
 Whats'ever will not with (*thy what d' ye call*)
- 1080 Thy *light* jump right, thou call'st *synodical*.
 As if *presbytery* were a standard,
 To size what'sever's to be slander'd.
 Dost not remember how this day,
 Thou to my beard was bold to say,
- 1085 That thou couldst prove *bear-beating* equal
 With *synods*, orthodox and legal ?
 Do, if thou can'st, for I deny't,
 And dare thee to't with all thy *light*.
 Quoth *Ralpho*, truly that is no
- 1090 Hard matter for a man to do,
 That has but any *guts in's brains*,
 And could believe it worth his pains.
 But since you dare and urge me to it.
 You'll find I've light enough to do it.
- 1095 *Synods* are mystical *bear-gardens*,
 Where *elklers*, *deputies*, *church-wardens*,
 And other members of the court,
 Manage the *Babylonish* sport,
 For *prolocutor*, *scribe*, and *bear-ward*,
- 1100 Do differ only in a mere word.
 Both are but sev'ral *synagogues*
 Of *earnal men*, and *bears* and *dogs* :
 Both *ant'christian assemblies*,
 To mischief bent as far's in them lies :
- 1105 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests
 The one with men, the other beasts.
 The diff'rence is, the one fights with
 The tongue, the other with his teeth ;

- And that they bait but *bears* in this,
 1110 In t' other *souls* and *consciences* ;
 Where *saints* themselves are brought to stake
 For *gospel-light* and *conscience* sake ;
 Expos'd to *scribes* and *presbyters*,
 Instead of *massive dogs* and *curs* :
 1115 Than whom th' have less humanity,
 For these at souls of men will fly.
 This to the prophet did appear,
 Who in a *vision* saw a *bear*,
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 1120 Of *church-rule*, in this latter age :
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the *pope's bull*.
Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,
 That live by rapine ; so do they.
 1125 What are their *orders*, *constitutions*,
Church-censures, *curses*, *absolutions*,
 But sev'ral mystic chains they make,
 To tie poor Christians to the stake ?
 And then set heathen *officers*,
 1130 Instead of *dogs* about their ears.
 For to prohibite and dispence,
 To find out or to make offence ;
 Of hell and heaven to dispose,
 To play with souls at fast and loose ;
 1135 To set what characters they please,
 And mulcts on sin or godliness ;
 Reduce the church to *gospel-order*,
 By *rapine*, *sacrilege*, and *murder* ;

1122 A learned divine in king James's time wrote a polemical work against the pope, and gave it that unlucky nickname of *The Pope's Bull baited*.

- To make *presbytery* supreme,
 1140 And *kings* themselves submit to them;
 And force all people, though against
 Their *consciences*, to turn *saints*,
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
 When *saints* monopolists are made :
 1145 When *pious* frauds and *holy* shifts
 Are *dispensations* and *gifts*,
 Their *godliness* becomes mere ware,
 And ev'ry *synod* but a fair.
Synods are whelps of th' *inquisition*,
 1150 A mungrel breed of like pernicion,
 And growing up, became the fires,
 Of *scribes*, *commissioners*, and *triers* ;
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning flight,
 To cast a figure fore mens *light*,
 1155 To find in lines of beard and face,
 The physiognomy of *grace* ;
 And by the sound and *twang* of *nose*,
 If all be sound within, disclose ;
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
 1160 As men try *pipkins* by the ringing ;
 By *black caps* underlaid with *white*,
 Give certain guests at inward *light* :
 Which *serjeants at the gospel* wear,
 To make the *spiritual* calling clear.
 1165 The *handkerchief* about the neck
 (Canonical *cravat* of *sneck*,

1166 Canonical cravat, etc.] *Smellymuns* was a club of five parliamentary holders forth ; the characters of whose names and talents were by themselves expressed, in that senseless and insignificant word : they wore handkerchiefs about their necks for a note of distinction, as the officers of

- From whom the institution came,
 When church and state they set on flame,
 And worn by them as badges then
- 1170 Of *spiritual warfare* men)
 Judge rightly if *regeneration*
 Be of the *newest cut* in fashion :
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
 That *grace is founded in dominion*.
- 1175 Great *piety* consists in pride;
 To rule is to be *sanctify'd* :
 To domineer, and to controul,
 Both o'er the body and the soul,
 Is the more perfect *discipline*
- 1180 Of church-rule, and by *right divine*.
Bell and the *Dragon's* chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far :
 For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,
 To get their wives and children meat ;
- 1185 But these will not be fobb'd off so,
 They must have wealth and power too ;

the parliament-army then did, which afterwards degenerated into carnal cravats. About the beginning of the long parliament, in the year 1641. these five wrote a book against Episcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all subscribed their names ; being Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurstow, and from thence they and their followers were called Smeectymnuans. They are remarkable for another pious book, which they wrote some time after that, intitled, *The King's Cabinet unlocked*, wherein all the chaste and endearing expressions, in the letters that passed betwixt his majesty king Charles I. and his royal consort, are by these painful labourers in the devil's vineyard, turned into burlesque and ridicule : their books were answered with as much calmness and gentleness of expression, and as much learning and honesty, by the Rev. Mr. Symonds, then a deprived clergyman, as theirs was stuffed with malice, spleen, and rascally invectives.

Or else with blood and desolation
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.

Sure these themselves from primitive
1190 And heathen priesthood do derive,
When *butchers* were the only *clerks*,
Elders and *presbyters* of *kirks*,
Whose *directory* was to *kill* ;
And some believe it is so still.

1195 The only diff'rence is, that then
They slaughter'd only *beasts*, now *men*.
For then to sacrifice a bullock,
Or now and then a child to *Moloch*,
They count a vile abomination,

1200 But not to slaughter a whole *nation*.
Presbytery does but translate
The papacy to a *free state*.
A *common-wealth* of *popery*,
Where ev'ry village is a *see*

1205 As well as *Rome*, and must maintain
A *tithe-pig metropolitan* :
Where ev'ry *presbyter* and *deacon*
Commands the *keys* for cheese and bacon :
And ev'ry hamlet's governed

1210 By's *holiness*, the *church's head* :
More haughty and severe in's place,
Than *Gregory* or *Boniface*.
Such church must surely be a monster
With many heads : for if we consider

1215 What in th' *Apocalyps* we find,
According to th' apostle's mind,
'Tis that the *whore of Babylon*
With many heads did ride upon ;
Which heads denote the sinful tribe

1220 Of *deacon*, *priest*, *lay-elder*, *scribe*.

- Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,*
 Whose little finger is as heavy
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
 And bishop-secular. This zealot
 1225 Is of a mungrel, diverse kind,
Cleric before, and *lay* behind;
 A lawless *linfie-wolfie brother*,
 Half of one order, half another;
 A creature of amphibious nature,
 1230 On land a beast, a fish in water:
 That always preys on grace or sin;
 A sheep without, a wolf within.
 This fierce inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over men's belief
 1235 And manners; can pronounce a *saint*
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,
 When superciliously he shifts
 Through courtest boulder others *gifts*.
 For all men live and judge amiss,
 1240 Whose *talents* jump not just with his.
 He'll lay on *gifts* with hands, and place
 On dullest noddle *light* and *grace*,
 The manufacture of the *kirk*;
 Those pastors are but th' handy-work
 1245 Of his mechanic paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by feeling.
 From whence they start up *chosen vessels*,
 Made by contact, as men get *meazels*.
 So cardinals, they say, do grope
 1250 At t' other end the new-made *pope*.

1249 So cardinals, they say, do grope
 At t' other end the new-made *pope*.

This relates to the story of pope Joan, who was called
 John VIII. Platina saith, she was of English extraction, but

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *soft fire*,
 They say, *does make sweet malt*. Good *squire*,
Festina lente, not too fast;
 For *haste*, the proverb says, *makes waste*.

1255 The quirks and cavils thou dost make
 Are false and built upon mistake.

And I shall bring you with your pack
 Of *fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;

And put your arguments in *mode*

1260 And figure to be understood.

I'll force you by right *rationation*
 To leave your *vitiligation*,

born at Mentz; who, having disguised herself like a man, travelled with her paramour to Athens, where she made such progress in learning, that coming to Rome, she met with few that could equal her; so that on the death of pope Leo IV. she was chosen to succeed him; but being got with child by one of her domestics, her travel came upon her between the Colossian theatre, and St. Clement's, as she was going to the Lateran church, and died upon the place, having sat two years, one month, and four days, and was buried there without any pomp. He owns, that, for the shame of this, the popes decline going through this street to the Lateran; and that, to avoid the like error, when any pope is placed in the Porphyry chair, his genitals are felt by the youngest deacon, through a hole made for that purpose; but he supposes the reason of that to be, to put him in mind that he is a man, and obnoxious to the necessities of nature; whence he will have that seat to be called, *Sedes Stercoraria*.

1262 To leave your *Vitiligation*, etc,

Vitiligation is a word the knight was passionately in love with, and never failed to use it upon all possible occasions; and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argued too great a neglect of his learning and parts, though it means no more than a perverse humour of wrangling.

And make you keep to th' question close
And argue *dialecticā*.

1265 The question then, to state it first,
Is which is *better*, or which *worst*,
Synods or *bears*. *Bears* I avow
To be the *worst*, and *synods* thou.
But to make good th' assertion,

1270 Thou say'st th' are really *all one*.
If so, not *worst*; for if th' are *idem*,
Why then, *tantundem dat tantidem*.
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.

1275 But I deny they are the *same*,
More than a *maggot* and I am.
That both are *animalia*
I grant; but not *rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,

1280 Specific difference we find;
And can no more make *bears* of these,
Than prove my *horse* is *Socrates*.
That *synods* are *bear-gardens* too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say, no:

1285 And thus I prove it, in a word,
Whats'ever *assembly's* not impower'd
To *censure*, *curse*, *absolve*, and *ordain*,
Can be no *synod*: but *bear-garden*
Has no such pow'r. *Ergo*, 'tis none;

1290 And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.
But yet we are besides the question,
Which thou didst raise the first contest on;
For that was, whether *bears* were *better*
Than *synod-men*? I say, *Negatur*.

1295 That *bears* are *beasts*, and *synods*, *men*,
Is held by all: they're better then:

For *bears* and *dogs* on *four* legs go,
 And *beasts* ; but *synod-men* on *two*.
 'Tis true, they all have *teeth* and *nails* ;

1300 But prove that *synod-men* have *tails* ;
 Or that a rugged, shaggy *fur*
 Grows o'er the hide of *presbyter* ;
 Or that his *snout* and *spacious ears*
 Do hold proportion with a *bear's*.

1305 A *bear's* a savage beast, of all
 Most ugly and unnatural ;
 Whelp'd without form, until the dam
 Has lickt it into shape and frame :
 But all thy *light* can ne'er evict,

1310 That ever *synod-man* was lickt ;
 Or brought to any other fashion,
 Than his own will and inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this
 Oppugn thyself and sense, that is,

1315 Thou would have *presbyters* to go
 For *bears* and *dogs*, and *hearwards* too ;
 A strange *chimaera* of beasts and men,
 Made up of pieces heterogene.
 Such as in nature never met.

1320 *In eodem subiecto* yet.

Thy other arguments are all
 Supposers, hypothetical,
 That do but beg, and we may chuse
 Either to grant them, or refuse.

1325 Much thou hast said ; which I know when
 And where thou stol'st from other men,
 (Whereby 'tis plain thy *light* and *gifts*
 Are all but plagiarist shifts :)

And is the same that *Ranter* said,

1330 Who, arguing with me, broke my head,

- And tore a handful of my beard,
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out ;
1335 And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee agen.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuse
Of *human learning* you produce ;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
1340 *Profane*, erroneous, and vain ;
A trade of knowlege as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat :
An art t' incumber *gifts* and wit,
And render both for nothing fit ;
1345 Makes *light* unactive, dull, and troubled,
Like little *David* in *Saul's* doublet ;
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other mens reason and their own ;
A fort of error, to ensconce
1350 Absurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth, impervious and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplex'd and intricate :
1355 For nothing goes for sense, or *light*,
That will not with old rules jump right :
As if rules were not in the schools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
This *pagan*, *heathenish* invention
1360 Is good for nothing but contention.
For as in sword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light :
So when men argue, the great'st part
O' th' contest falls on terms of art,

- 1365 Until the fustian stuff be spent,
 And then they fall to th' argument,
 Quoth *Hudibras*, friend *Ralph*, thou hast
Out-run the constable at last :
 For thou art fallen on a new
 1370 Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
 But to the former opposite,
 And *contrary as black to white* ;
 Mere *disparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this *human learning* :
 1375 Two things I averse, they never yet
 But in thy rambling fancy met.
 But I shall take a fit occasion
 T' evince thee by ratiocination.
 Some other time in place more proper
 1380 Than this w'are in ; therefore let's stop here.
 And rest our weary'd bones a while,
 Already tir'd with other toil.

1373 *Mere disparata, etc.*] *Disparata* are things separate and unlike, from the Latin word *disparis*.



H U D I B R A S.

THE SECOND PART.

By the AUTHOR of the FIRST.

Corrected and Amended:

WITH SEVERAL

A D D I T I O N S

A N D

A N N O T A T I O N S.



HUDIBRAS.

PART. II.

The ARGUMENT of

The FIRST CANTO.

*The knight by damnable magician,
Being cast illegally in prison;
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his fate,
Which she defers; yet on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.*

CANTO I.

BUT now, t'observe *romantic* method,
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinados, cuts, and wounds,

1 But now, t'observe, etc.] The beginning of this second part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know, that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the IVth book of his *Æneids* in the very

- 5 Exchang'd to Love's more gentle stile,
 To let our reader breathe a while :
 In which that we may be as brief as
 Is possible, by way of *preface*,
 Is't not enough to make one strange,
 10 That some mens fancies should ne'er change,
 But make all people do and say
 The same things still the self-same way ?
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
 And knights pursuing like a whirlwind :
 15 Others make all their knights in fits
 Of jealousy to lose their wits ;
 Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
 Th' are forthwith cur'd of their capriches.
 Some always thrive in their *amours*,
 20 By pulling plaisters off their sores ;
 As cripples do to get an alms,
 Just so do they, and win their dames.
 Some force whole regions, in despite
 O' *geography*, to change their site :
 25 Make former times shake hands with latter
 And that which was before, come after.
 But those that write in *rhyme* still make
 The one *verse* for the other's sake ;
 For one for *sense*, and one for *rhyme*,
 30 I think's sufficient at one time.
 But we forget in what sad plight
 We whilom left the captiv'd knight,
 And pensive squire, both bruise'd in body,
 And conjur'd into safe custody :
 35 Tir'd with dispute, and speaking *Latin*,
 As well as basting, and *bear-baiting*,

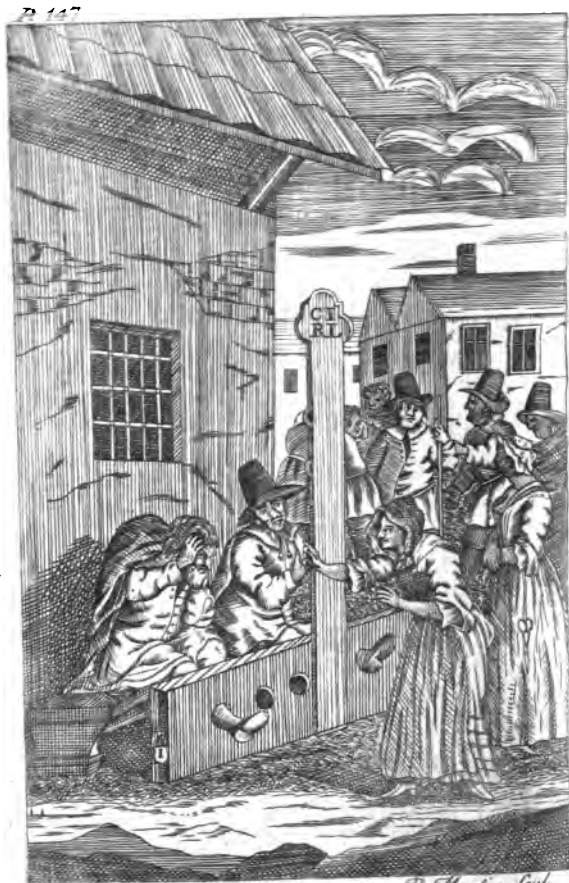
same manner, *At regina gravi*, etc. And this is enough to
 satisfy the curiosity of those who believe, that invention
 and fancy ought to be measured, like cases in law, by pre-
 cedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.

- And desperate of any course,
To free himself by wit or force ;
His only solace was, that now
40 His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend ;
In which he found th' event, no less
Than other times besides his guess.
- 45 There is a tall long-sided dame,
(But wond'rous light) yeaped *Fame*.
That like a thin *Camelion* boards
Herself on air, and eats her words ;
Upon her shoulders wings he wears
50 Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears,
And eyes and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep *Mythologist*.
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries *truth*, oft *lies* ;
- 55 With letters hung like *Eastern* pigeons,
And *Mercuries* of farthest regions ;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation ;
And by their public use to bring down,
60 The rate of *whetstones* in the kingdom :
About her neck a *pacquet-male*,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of men that walk when they were dead,
And *cows* of *monsters* brought to bed ;
- 65 Of *hailstones* big as *pullets* eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;
A *blazing-star* seen in the *West*,
By six or seven men at least :
Two trumpets she does sound at once,
70 But both of clean contrary tones ;

But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th' other well ;
75 And therefore vulgar *authors* name
The one good, t' other evil *fame*.

This tattling *gossip* knew too well,
What mischief *Hudibras* befel ;
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
80 Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see *bawds* carted through the croud,
Or funerals with stately pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump,
85 As she laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the fight,
And visit the distressed *knight* :
To do the office of a neighbour,
90 And be a *gossip* at his labour :
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks,
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
95 This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which *ladies* wear, beside a slender
Young waiting *damsel* to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went,
100 To find the *knight* in *limbo* pent.
And 'twas not long before she found
Him, and his stout *squire* in the pound ;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By father leg behind together :





R. Martin Scul.

- 105 For as he sat upon his rump,
His head like one in doleful dump;
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side;
And by him in another hole,
110 Afflict'd *Ralpho*, cheek by jowl:
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle on the sudden,
As *spirits* do t' a conjurer,
Where in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
115 No sooner did the *knight* perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head, and stoul,
120 And wink, and goggle like an owl.
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the dame accosted him.

- This place, quoth she, they say's enchanted,
And with *delinquent spirits* haunted,
125 That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere.
Some have mistaken blocks and posts.
130 For *spectres*, *apparitions*, *ghosts*,
With saucer eyes, and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum:
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces;
135 That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if't had lately been in combat,

- It did belong to a worthy *knight*,
 140 Howe'er this *goblin* is come by't.
 When *Hudibras* the *lady* heard,
 Discourſing thus upon his beard,
 And ſpeak with ſuch reſpect and honour,
 Both of the beard, and the beard's owner :
 145 He thought it beſt to ſet as good
 A face upon it as he cou'd,
 And thus he ſpoke : *Lady*, your bright
 And radiant eyes are in the right ;
 The beard's th'identic beard you knew,
 150 The ſame numerically true :
 Nor is it worn by friend or elf,
 But its proprietor himſelf.
 O heav'ns ! quoth ſhe, can that be true ?
 I do begin to fear 'tis you ;
 155 Not by your individual whiſkers,
 But by your dialect and diſcourſe,
 That never ſpoke to man or beaſt :
 In notions vulgarly expreſt.
 But what malignant ſtar, alas !
 160 Has brought you both to this ſad paſs ?
 Quoth he, the fortune of the war,
 Which I am leſs afflicted for,
 Than to be ſeen with beard and face
 By you in ſuch a homely caſe.
 165 Quoth ſhe, thoſe need not be aſham'd
 For being honourably maim'd ;
 If he that is in battle conquer'd,
 Have any title to his own beard,
 Though yours be ſorely lugg'd and torn,
 170 It does your viſage more adorn,
 Than if 'twere prun'd, and ſtarch'd and lander'd,
 And cut ſquare by the *Ruſſian* ſtandard.

- A torn *beard's* like a tatter'd ensign,
 That's bravest which there are most rents in.
- 175 That petticoat about your shoulders;
 Does not so well become a soldier's;
 And I'm afraid they are worse handled;
 Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led;
 And those uneasy bruises make
- 180 My heart for company to ake,
 To see so worshipful a friend
 I' th' pillory set at the wrong end.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, this thing call'd *pain*,
 Is (as the learned *Stoics* maintain)
- 185 Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good;
 But merely as 'tis understood.
 Sense is deceitful, and may feign,
 As well in counterfeiting pain
 As other gross *phenomena's*,
- 190 In which it oft mistakes the case:
 But since th' immortal intellect,
 (That's free from error and defect,
 Whose objects still persist the same)
 Is free from outward bruise or maim,
- 195 Which nought external can expose
 To gross material bangs or blows;
 It follows, we can ne'er be sure,
 Whether we pain or not endure;
 And just so far are sore and griev'd,
- 200 As by the fancy is believ'd.
 Some have been wounded with conceit,
 And dy'd of mere opinion straight;
 Others, though wounded sore in reason,
 Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
- 205 A *Saxon* duke did grow so fat,
 That *mice*, as histories relate,

205 *A Saxon duke, etc.*] This history of the duke of Saxony is not altogether so strange as that of a bishop, his countryman, who was quite eaten up with rats and mice.

Eat grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postic parts without his feeling :
Then how is't possible a kick

210 Should e'er reach that way to the quick ?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel pain,
Because the *pangs* his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure;

215 Yet *honour* hurt, is wont to rage
With *pain* no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, that *honour's* very *squeamish*,
That takes a basting for a blemish ;
For what's more hon'able than *scars*,

220 Or skin to tatters rent in *wars*?

Some have been beaten till they know
What wood' a *cudgel's* of by th' blow :
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be *Spanish* or *neat's* leather ;

225 And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning.
The farthest way about, t' o'ercome,
I' th' end does prove the nearest home ;
By *laws* of learned *duellists*,

230 They that are bruis'd with *wood* or *fists*;
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are *cowards* and *poltroons* :
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're *stout* and *gallant* fellows reckon'd.

235 Th' old *Romans* freedom did bestow,
Our *princes* worship, with a *blow* :
King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his splenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick.

237 King Pyrrhus, etc.] Pyrrhus king of Epirus, as Pliny says, had this occult quality in his toe, *Pollicis in dextro pede tactu. Lienosis medebatur*, l. 7. c. 11.

The *Negus*, when some mighty lord
 240 Or *potentate's* to be restor'd,
 And pardon'd for some great offence,
 With which he's willing to dispense;
 First has him laid upon his *belly*,
 Then beaten *back* and *side* t' a *jelly*;
 245 That done, he rises, humbly bows,
 And gives thanks for the princely blows;
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
 Of his magnificent *rib-roasting*.

The beaten *soldier* proves most manful,
 250 That, like his *sword*, endures the *avail*;
 And justly's held more formidable,
 The more his valour's malleable:
 But he that fears a *bastinado*,
 Will run away from his own shadow:

And though I'm now in *durance* fast,
 255 By your own party basely cast,
Ransom, *exchange*, *parole*, refus'd,
 And worse than by the enemy us'd;
 In close *catasta* shut, past hope
 260 Of wit, or *valour*, to elope:
 As *beards*, the nearer that they tend
 To th' *earth*, still grow more reverend;
 And *cannons* shoot the higher pitches,
 The lower we let down their *breeches*:

265 I'll make this low dejected *state*
 Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, Y'have almost made me in love
 With that which did my pity move.

259 *In close catasta shut, etc.*] *Catasta* is but a pair of
 stocks in English. But heroical poetry must not admit of
 any vulgar word (especially of paltry signification;) and there-
 fore some of our modern authors are fain to import foreign
 words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our
 language.

- Great *wits* and *valours*, like great *flates*,
 270 Do sometimes sink with their own weights,
 Th' extremes, of *glory*, and of *shame*,
 Like *East* and *West* become the same:
 No *Indian prince* has to his *palace*
 More foll'wers than a thief to th' *gallows*.
 375 But if a *beating* seem so brave,
 What *glories* must a *whipping* have?
 Such great *atchievements* cannot fail
 To cast salt on a *woman's* tail;
 For if I thought your *nat'ral talent*
 280 Of *passive courage* were so gallant,
 As you strain hard to have it thought,
 I could grow *amorous*, and *dote*.
 When *Hudibras* this language heard,
 He prick'd up's ears, and stroak'd his *beard*:
 285 Thought he, this is the *lucky hour*,
Wines work when *vines* are in the flow'r;
 This *crisis* then I'll set my rest on,
 And put her boldly to the *question*.

- Madam*, What you would seem to doubt,
 290 Shall be to all the world made out;
 How I've been *drubb'd*, and with what *spirit*
 And *magnanimity*, I bear it;
 And if you doubt it to be true,
 I'll stake myself down against you:
 295 And if I fail in *love* or *troth*,
 Be you the *winner*, and take both.

- Quoth she, I heard old cunning *stagers*
 Say, fools for *arguments* use *wagers*;
 And though I prais'd your *valour*, yet
 300 I do not mean to baulk your *wit*;
 Which if you have, you must needs know
 What I have told you before now,

- And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot *love* where I'm *belov'd*.
- 305 Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a *caprich*,
Beyond th' infliction of a *witch*;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
- 310 As fire in antique *Roman* urns,
To warn the *dead*, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by't.
Have you not pow'r to *entertain*,
And render *love* for *love* again;
- 315 As no *man* can draw in his *breath*
At once, and force out *air* beneath ?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all *rivals* else a grutch ?
What *fate* can lay a greater curse
- 320 Than you upon yourself would force ?
For *wedlock* without *love*, some say,
Is but a *lock* without a *key*.
It is a kind of *rape* to *marry*
One that neglects or cares not for ye :
- 325 For what does make it *ravishment*,
But b'ing against the *mind's consent* ?
A *rape* that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a *woman*.
Why are you *fair*, but to entice us
- 330 To *love* you, that you may despise us ?
But though you cannot *love*, you say,
Out of your own *fanatic* way,
Why should you not at least allow
Those that *love* you, to do so too ?
- 335 For as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you ;

And am by your own *doctrine* taught
To practise what you call a *fault*.

Quoth she, If what you say is true,

340 You must fly me as I do you ;
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In *love* and *preaching*, that must sway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to *love*,
Is to forbid my *pulse* to move,

345 My *beard* to grow, my *ears* to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup ;
Command me to piss out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.

Love's pow'r's too great to be withstood

350 By feeble human *flesh* and *blood*.

'Twas he that brought upon his knees

The *Hell's* ring kill-cow *Hercules* ;

Transform'd his *leager-lion's* skin

T' a *petticoat*, and made him spin ;

355 Seiz'd on his *club*, and made it dwindle

T' a feeble *distaff*, and a *spindle*.

'Twas he that made *emperors* gallants

To their own sisters and their aunts ;

Set *popes* and *cardinals* agog,

360 To play with *pages* at leap-frog :

'Twas he that gave our *senate* purges,

And fluxt the *house* of many a *burgess* ;

Made those that represent the *nation*,

Submit, and suffer *amputation* ;

365 And all the *grandees* o' th' *cabal*

Adjourn to *tubs*, at *spring* and *fall*.

He mounted *synod-men*, and rode 'em

To *Dirty-lane*, and little *Sodom* ;

Made 'em curvet, like *Spanish* jenetts,

370 And take the ring at madam —

'Twas he that made saint *Francis* do
More than the devil could tempt him to ;
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of *snow* :

375 And though she were of *rigid* temper,
With melting *flames* accost and tempt her ;
Which after in *enjoyment* quenching,
He hung a *garland* on his *engine*.

Quoth she, If *love* have these effects,
380 Why is it not forbid our *sex* ?
Why is't not damn'd and interdicted
For *diabolical* and wicked ?

And sung, as out of tune, against,
As *Turk* and *pope* are by the saints ?

385 I find I've greater reason for it
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, these sad effects
Spring from your *heathenish* neglects
Of *love's* great pow'r, which he returns

390 Upon yourselves with equal scorns ;
And those who worthy *lovers* slight
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite :
This made the beauteous *queen* of *Crete*
To take a *town-bull* for her *sweet* :

391 The antient writers of the lives of saints were of the same sort of people, who first writ of knight-errantry : and as in the one they rendered the brave actions of some very great persons ridiculous, by their prodigious lies, and sottish way of describing them, so they have abused the piety of some very devout persons, by imposing such stories upon them, as this upon saint Francis.

393. *This made the beauteous queen, etc.*] The history of Pasiphae is common enough ; only this may be observed, That though she brought the bull a son and heir, yet the husband was fain to father it, as appears by the name ; perhaps because the country being an island, he was within the four seas when the infant was begotten.

- 395 And from her greatness stoop so low,
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to prostitute their great *hearts*,
To be *baboons* and *monkeys* sweet-hearts.
Some with the dev'l himself in league grow
- 400 By's representative a *negro*.
'Twas this made *vestal*-maids love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd quick.
Some by their *fathers*, and their *brothers*
To be made *mistresses* and *mothers*:
- 405 'Tis this that proudest *dames* enamours
On lacquies, and *valets des chambres*;
Their haughty *stomachs* overcomes,
And makes them stoop to dirty *grooms*;
To slight the *world*, and to disparage
- 410 *Claps*, *issues*, *infamy*, and *marriage*.
Quoth she, these judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear,
Than trust men with their *oaths*, or prove
Their *faith* and *secrecy* in *love*.
- 415 Says he, there is as weighty reason
For *secrecy* in *love*, as *treason*.
Love is a *burglar*, a *felon*,
That at the *windore-eye* does steal in
To robe the *heart*, and with his prey
- 420 Steal out again a closer way,
Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In *men* as nat'rally as in *charcoals*,
- 425 Which sooty *chymists* stop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coals;
So *lovers* should their *passions* chafe,
That though they burn, they may not smoke.

'Tis like that sturdy *thief* that stole
430 And dragg'd beasts backwards into's hole :
So *love* does *lovers*, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den ;
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his *cave* the wary *lover*.

435 But if you doubt I should reveal
What you entrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own *secretary*, *Albertus*.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
440 In hiding what your aims propose ;
Love-passions are like *parables*,
By which men still mean something else :
Though *love* be all the world's pretence,
Money's the *mythologic* sense,
445 The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your *play*,
And how to quit you your own way ;
He that will win his *dame*, must do
450 As *love* does, when he bends his bow,
With one hand thrust the *lady* from,
And with the other pull *her* home.
I grant, quoth he, *wealth* is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat ;
455 It is all *philtres*, and high diet,
That makes *love* rampant, and to fly out :
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore :
'Tis that by which the *sun* and *moon*
460 At their own weapons are out-done ;

438 *As your own secretary, etc.*] *Albertus Magnus* was
a Swedish bishop, who wrote a very learned work, *De Se-*
cretis Mulierum.

That makes *knights errant* fall in trances,
And lay about them in *Romances*:

'Tis *virtue, wit, and worth*, and all
That men *divine and sacred* call;

465 For what is *worth* in any thing,
But so much *money* as 'twill bring?
Or what but *riches* is there known
Which man can solely call his own;
In which no creature goes his half,

470 Unless it be to *squint and laugh*?
I do confess, with *goods and land*,
I'd have a wife at second hand;
And such you are: nor is't your person
My stomach's set so *sharp and fierce* on;

475 But 'tis (your better part) your *riches*,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches;
Let me your fortunes but possess,
And settle your person how you please,
Or make it o'er in trust to th' *devil*,

480 You'll find me *reasonable and civil*.

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false *mock-passion, speech, or letter*,
Or any feat of *quail or swooning*,
But *hanging of yourself, or drowning*;

485 Your only way with me to *break*
Your mind, is *breaking of your neck*:
For as when *merchants break, o'erthrown*
Like *nine-pins*, they strike others down:
So that would break my *heart*, which done,

490 My tempting *fortune* is your own.
These are but trifles, ev'ry *lover*
Will damn himself, over and over,

490. *Unless it be to squint, etc.*] Pliny, in his Natural History, affirms, that *uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde cognomina Strabonum et Poetarum*, lib. 2.

- And greater matters undertake
 For a less worthy *mistress's* sake :
- 490 Yet they're the only ways to prove
 Th' unfeign'd *realities* of *love* ;
 For he that hangs or beats out's brains,
 The *devil's* in him if he feigns.
- Quoth *Hudibras*, this way's too rough
- 500 For mere *experiment* and *proof* ;
 It is no jesting trivial matter,
 To swim i' th' air, or dounce in water,
 And, like a water-witch, try *love* ;
 That's to destroy, and not to prove :
- 505 As if a man should be dissected,
 To find what part is disaffected ;
 Your better way is to make over
 In *trust*, your fortune to your *lover* ;
Trust, is a *trial*, if it breck,
- 510 'Tis not so desp'rate as a *neck* ;
 Beside, th' *experiment's* more certain,
 Men venture *necks* to gain a fortune ;
 The soldier does it ev'ry day
 (Eight to the week) for six-pence pay :
- 515 Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
 To share with knaves in cheating fools :
 And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
 Slight pyrates, rocks, and horns, for gain ;
 This is the way I'dvise you to,
- 520 Trust me, and see what I will do.
 Quoth she, I should be loth to run
 Myself all th' hazard, and you none,
 Which must be done, unless some *deed*
 Of yours aforesaid do precede ;
- 525 Give but yourself one gentle *swing*
 For trial, and I'll cut the *string* :

Or give that rev'rend *head* a mall,
 Or two, or three, against a wall ;
 To show you are a man of mettle,
 530 And I'll engage myself to *settle*.

Quoth he, my head's not made of brass,
 As friar *Bacon's* noddle was ;
 Not (like the *Indian's* skull) so tough,
 That, *authors* say, 'twas *musquet-proof* :
 535 As it had need to be to enter
 As yet on any new *adventure* :
 You see what bangs it has endur'd,
 That would, before new *scats*, be cur'd :
 But if that's all you stand upon,
 540 Here strike me luck, it shall be done.

Quoth she, the matter's not so far gone
 As you suppose, *Two words* t' a bargain ;
 That may be done, and time enough,
 When you have given downright proof :
 545 And yet 'tis no *fantastic* pique
 I have to *love*, nor coy *dislike* ;
 'Tis no implicit, nice *aversion*
 T' your *conversation*, *mein*, or *person*,
 But a just fear, lest you should prove
 550 False and perfidious in *love* :

532 *As friar Bacon's noddle was, etc.*] The tradition of friar Bacon, and the brazen head, is very commonly known ; and, considering the times he lived in, is not much more strange than what another great philosopher, of his name, has since delivered of a ring, that being tied in a string, and held like a pendulum in the middle of a silver bowl, will vibrate of itself, and tell exactly against the sides of the divining cup, the same thing with, *time is, time was, etc.*

533 American Indians, among whom (the same authors affirm) there are others, whose skulls are so soft, to use their own words, *Ut digito perforari possunt*.

- For if I thought you could be true,
 I could *love* twice as much as you.
 Quoth he, my faith as *adamantine*,
 As chains of *destiny*, I'll maintain ;
 555 True as *Apollo* ever spoke,
 Or *oracle* from heart of *oak* ;
 And if you'll give my *flame* but vent,
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
 And shine upon me but benignly,
 560 With that one, and that other *pigsney*,
 The *sun* and *day* shall sooner part,
 Than *love*, or you, shake off my heart ;
 The *sun* that shall no more dispense
 His own but *your* bright influence ;
 565 I'll carve your name on barks of *trees*,
 With *true love-knots* and *flourishes* ;
 That shall infuse eternal *spring*,
 And everlasting flourishing ;
 Drink ev'ry letter on't in *slum* ;
 570 And make it brisk *champaign* become :
 Where-e'er you tread, your foot shall set
 The *primrose* and the *violet* ;
 All *spices*, *perfumes*, and *sweat powders*,
 Shall borrow from your breath their *odours* ;
 575 *Nature* her *charter* shall renew,
 And take all *lives* of things from you ;
 The *world* depend upon your *eye*,
 And when you frown upon it, die.
 Only our *love* shall still survive,
 580 New worlds, and natures to out-live ;
 And like to *heralds* moons, remain
 All *crescents*, without *change* or *wane*.

556 Or oracle, etc.] Jupiter's oracle in Epirus, near the city of Dodona. *Ubi Nemus erat Jovi sacrum, Quercum totum, in quo Jovis Dodonaei templum fuisse narratur.*

- Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss :
985 For you will find it a hard *chapter*
To catch me with *poetic rapture*,
In which your *mastery of art*
Doth shew itself, and not your *heart* ;
Nor will you raise in mine *combustion*,
590 By dint of high *heroic fustian* :
She that with *poetry* is won,
Is but a *desk* to write upon ;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they *lean*.
595 Some with *Arabian spices* strive
T' embalm her cruelly alive ;
Or *season* her, as *French cooks* use
Their *haut-gous*, *bouillies*, or *ragouts* ;
Use her so barbarously ill,
600 To grind her lips upon a *mill*,
Until the *facet doublet* doth
Fit their *rhymes* rather than her mouth ;
Her mouth compar'd t' an *oyster's*, with
A row of *pearl* in 't, instead of *teeth* ;
605 Others make *posies* of her *cheeks*,
Where *red* and *whitest* colours mix ;
In which the *lilly*, and the *rose*
For *Indian lake*, and *ceruse* goes.
The *sun* and *moon* by her bright eyes
610 Eclips'd, and darken'd in the *skies*,
Are but *black patches*, that she wears,
Cut into *suns*, and *moons*, and *stars* :
By which *astrologers*, as well
As those in *heav'n* above, can tell
615 What strange events they do foreshow
Unto her under-world below.

- Her voice, the *music* of the *spheres*,
So loud, it deafens mortals ears ;
As wise *philosophers* have thought,
620 And that's the cause we hear it not.
This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in *rhyme*, would kick in *prose* ;
And in those *ribbons* would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung :
625 That have the hard *fate* to write best
Of those still that deserve it least ;
It matters not how *false*, or *forc'd*,
So the *best* things be said o' th' *worst* :
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
630 Only the *arrow's* drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a *swan* or *goose*
They level at : so *shepherds* use
To set the same *mark* on the *hip*
Both of their *sound* and *rotten sheep* :
635 For *wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,
Must be aim'd *higher*, or *beside*
The *mark*, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim *awry*.
But I do wonder you should chuse
640 This way t' attack me with your *musè*,
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With *Fulhams* of *poetic fiction* :
I rather hop'd, I should no more
Hear from you o' th' *gallanting score* :
645 For hard *dry-bastings* us'd to prove
The readiest remedies of *love* :
Next a *dry-diet* : but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hold *jail* ;
In which y'are *hamper'd* by the *set-lock*,
650 Cannot but put y'in mind of *wedlock* :

Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler ;
T' ally your *mettle*, all a-gog
Upon a *wife*, the heavier clog :

- 655 Nor rather thank your gentler *fate*,
That, for a bruise'd or broken *pate*,
Has freed you from those *knobs* that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow :
But if no dread can cool your courage,
660 From vent'ring on that *dragon*, marriage ;
Yet give me *quarter*, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance :
Level at *beauty*, and at *wit*,
The fairest *mark* is easiest hit.

- 665 Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm beforehand
In that already, with your command ;
For where does *beauty* and high *wit*
But in your *constellation* meet ?

- Quoth she, what does a *match* imply,
670 But *likeness* and *equality* ?

I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' *yoke-fellow* of your *wit* :
Nor take one of so mean *deserts*,
To be the *partner* of your *parts* ;

- 675 A *grace*, which if I could believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.

That *conscience*, quoth *Hudibras*,
Is mis-inform'd ; I'll state the *case* :
A man may be a *legal doner*

- 680 Of any thing whereof he's *owner* ;
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all *casuists* :
Then *wit*, and *parts*, and *valour* may
Be ali'nate, and made away

- 685 By those that are *proprietors*,
 As I may give, or sell my *horse*.
 Quoth she, I grant the *case* is true,
 And proper, 'twixt your *horse* and you ;
 But whether I may *take*, as well
 690 As you may give *away*, or sell ?
 Buyers, you know, are bid beware ;
 And worse than thieves *receivers* are.
 How shall I answer *hue* and *cry*,
 For a *roan-gelding* twelve hands high,
 695 All spurr'd and switch'd, a *lock* on's hoof,
 A *forrel mane* ? Can I bring proof,
 Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
 And in the open market toll'd for ?
 Or should I take you for a stray,
 700 You must be kept a year and day
 (Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
 Where, if y' are sought, you may be found :
 And in the mean time I must pay
 For all your *provender* and *hay*.
 705 Quoth he, it stands me much upon
 T' *enervate* this *objection*,
 And prove myself, by *topic* clear,
 No *gelding*, as you would infer.
 Loss of *virility*'s averr'd
 710 To be the cause of loss of *beard*,
 That does (like *embrio* in the womb)
 Abortive to the *chin* become :
 This first a *woman* did invent,
 In envy of *man*'s ornament,
 715 *Semiramis* of *Babylon*,
 Who first of all cut men o' th' *stone*,

715 *Semiramis*, queen of *Assyria*, is said to be the first
 that invented *Eunuchs*. *Semiramis teneros mores castravit*

- To mar their *beards*, and laid foundation
 Of *sow-geldering* operation :
 Look on this *beard*, and tell me whether
 720 *Eunuchs* wear such, or *geldings* either ?
 Next it appears, I am no *horse*,
 That I can argue and discourse ;
 Have but two *legs*, and ne'er a *tail*.
 Quoth she, that nothing will avail ;
 725 For some *philosophers* of late here
 Write, men have four legs by *nature*,
 And that 'tis custom makes them go
 Erroneously upon but two ;
 As 'twas in *Germany* made good
 730 B'a boy that lost himself in a wood :
 And growing down t'a man, was went
 With wolves upon all four to hunt.
 As for your reasons drawn from *tails*,
 We cannot say they're true or false,
 735 Till you explain yourself, and show,
 B' experiment 'tis so or no.
 Quoth he, if you'll join issue on't,
 I'll give you satisfact'ry account ;
 So you will promise, if you lose,
 740 To settle all, and be my *spouse*.

omnium prima. Am. Marcel. l. 34. p. 22. Which is something strange in a lady of her constitution, who is said to have received horses into her embraces (as another queen did a bull;) but that perhaps may be the reason why she after thought men not worth the while,

725 For some philosophers, etc.] Sir K. D. in his book of Bodies, who has this story of the German Boy, which he endeavours to make good, by several natural reasons ; by which those who have the dexterity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

- That never shall be done, quoth she,
To one that wants a *tail*, by me :
For *tails* by nature sure were meant,
As well as *beards* for ornament :
- 745 And though the *vulgar* count them homely,
In *men* or *beast* they are so comely,
So *gentee*, *alamode*, and handsome,
I'll never marry *man* that wants one :
And till you can demonstrate plain,
- 750 You have one equal to your *mane*,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a *horse*,
Ere I'll take you for *better* or *worse*.
The *prince of Cambay's* daily food
Is *asps*, and *basilisk*, and *toad* ;
- 755 Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a *queen* to death ;
Yet I shall rather lie in's *arms*
Than yours, on any other *terms*.
Quoth he, what *nature* can afford
- 760 I shall produce, upon my word ;
And if she ever gave that *boon*
To man, I'll prove that I have one ;
I mean by *postulate* *illation*,
When you shall offer just occasion.
- 765 But since y' have yet deny'd to give
My *heart*, your *pris'ner*, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel ;
And for the sufferings of your *martyr*,
- 770 Give its poor entertainer *quarter* ;
And by *discharge*, or *main-prize*, grant
Deliv'ry from this base *restraint*.
Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a *peg*,

- 775 And if I knew which way to do't,
(Your *honour* safe) I'd let you out.
That *dames* by *jail-delivery*
Of *errant-knights* have been set free,
When by *enchantment* they have been,
780 And sometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which *knights* are bound to do
By *order*, *oath*, and *honour* too:
For what are they *renown'd*, and *famous* else,
But aiding of distressed *damosels*!
785 But for a *lady*, no ways *errant*,
To free a *knight*, we have no warrant
In any authentical *romance*,
Or *classic author* yet of *France*;
And I'd be loth to have you break
790 An antient *custom* for a freak,
Or *innovation* introduce
In place of things of *antique* use;
To free your heels by any course,
That might b' unwholsome to your *spurs*:
795 Which if you should consent unto,
It is not in my pow'r to do;
For 'tis a service must be done ye,
With solemn previous ceremony;
Which always has been us'd t' untie
800 The *charms* of those who here do lie:
For as the *antients* heretofore
To *Honour's temple* had no door,
But that which thorough *Virtue's* lay;
So from this dungeon there's no way
805 To *honour'd freedom*, but by passing
That other *virtuous* school of *lashing*,
Where *knights* are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden *lockets* 'bout their wrists;

- In which they for a while are *tenants*,
810 And for their *ladies* suffer *penance* :
Whipping, that's *virtue's* governess,
Tutrefs of *arts* and *sciences* ;
That mends the gross mistakes of *nature*,
And puts new life into dull matter ;
815 That lays foundation for *renown*,
And all the *honours* of the *gown*.
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with honourable discharge :
Then in the *robes*, the *penitentials*
820 Are streight presented with *credentials*,
And in their way attended on
By *magistrates* of ev'ry town :
And all respect and charges paid,
They're to their antient seats convey'd.
825 Now if you'll venture, for my sake,
To try the toughness of your *back*,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a *whipping* on ;
(And may you prosper in your suit,
830 As you with equal vigour do't)
I here engage myself to loose ye,
And free your *heels* from *capardewsie*.
But since our *sex's* modesty
Will not allow I should be by,
835 Bring me, on *oath*, a fair account,
And *honour* too, when you have don't ;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as *due* in my good grace.
If *matrimony* and *hanging* go
840 By *dest'ny*, why not *whipping* too ?
What med'cine else can cure the *fits*
Of *lovers*, when they lose their *wits* ?

- Love is a boy, by poets stil'd,*
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
 845 *A Persian emp'ror whipt his grannam*
The sea, his mother Venus came on ;
And hence some rev'rend men approve
Of rosemary in making love.
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
 850 *With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs ;*
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by art,
Raise passion in a lady's heart ?
 855 *It is an easier way to make*
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather suffer whipping,
Than swallow teasts of bits of ribbin ?
Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
 860 *And spell names over with beer-glasses ?*
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's sacrifice, and all a lye ?
With china-oranges and tarts,
And whining plays, lay baits for hearts ?
 865 *Bribe chamber-maids with love and money,*
To break no roguish jests upon ye ?
For lillies limn'd on cheeks and roses,
With painted perfumes, hazard noses ?
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
 870 *Do penance in a paper lanthorn ?*
All this you may compound for now,
By suffering what I offer you,
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agoe :

845 *A Persian emp'ror, etc.] Xerxes, who used to whip*
the seas and wind. In Corum atque Eurum solitus saevire fla-
gellis. Juv. Sat. 10.

- 875 Did not the great *La Mancha* do so
 For the *Infanta Del Toboso* ?
 Did not th' illustrious *Bassa* make
 Himself a *slave* for *misse's* sake ?
 And with bull's pizzle, for her *love*,
 880 Was taw'd as gentle as a glove ?
 Was not young *Florio* sent (to cool
 His flame for *Biancafore*) to school,
 Where *Pedant* made his *pathic* bum
 For her sake suffer *martyrdom* ?
 885 Did not a certain *lady* whip
 Of late her husband's own lordship ?
 And though a grandee of the *house*,
 Claw'd him with *fundamental* blows ;
 Ty'd him stark naked to a bed-post,
 890 And fir'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post :
 And after in the *sessions-court*,
 Where *whipping's* judg'd, had *honour* for't ?
 This *swear* you will perform, and then
 I'll set you from th' enchanted *den*,
 895 And the *magician's* circle clear.
 Quoth he, I do *profess* and *swear*,
 And will perform what you enjoin,
 Or may I never see you *mine*.
Amen, quoth she, then turn'd about,
 900 And bid her *squire* let him out.
 But ere an *artist* could be found
 T' undo the *charms*, another bound,
 The *sun* grew low, and left the skies,
 Put down, some write, by *ladies* eyes ;
 905 The *moon* pull'd off her veil of light,
 That hides her face by day from sight,
 (Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
 That's both her lustre and her shade)

- And in the lanthorn of the night,
910 With shining horns hung out her light ;
For darkness is the proper sphere,
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling *stars* began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre :
915 While sleep the weary'd *world* reliev'd,
By counterfeiting *death* reviv'd.
His *whipping* penance till the morn,
Our *var*'ry thought it best t' adjourn
And not to carry on a *work*
920 Of such *importance* in the dark,
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't in th' open face of *day* ;
And in the mean time, go in quest
Of next *retreat* to take his rest.

The ARGUMENT of
The SECOND CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.*

C A N T O II.

TIS strange how some mens tempers suit
(Like *bawd* and *brandy*) with dispute,
That for their own *opinions* stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt;
5 That keep their *conſciences* in caſes,
As *fidlers* do their *crouds* and *bases*;
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for *argument* :
Make *true* and *false*, *unjuſt*, and *juſt*,
10 Of no uſe but to be diſcuſt;
Diſpute and ſet a *paradox*,
Like a ſtrait boot upon the ſtocks,
And ſtretch it more unmercifully,
Than *Helmont*, *Montaign*, *White* or *Lutty*.

15 So th' antient *Stoics* in the porch,
 With fierce dispute maintain'd their *church*,
 Beat out their brains in fight and study,
 To prove that *virtue* is a *body*;
 That *bonum* is an *animal*,

20 Made good wit stout *polemic* brawl:
 In which some hundreds on the place
 Were slain out-right, and many a face
 Retrench'd of *nose*, and *eyes*, and *beard*,
 To maintain what their *self* averr'd.

25 All which the *knight* and *squire* in wrath
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith,
 Each striving to make good his own,
 As by the *sequel* shall be shown.

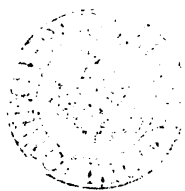
The sun had long since in the lap

30 Of *Thetis* taken out his nap,
 And like a *lobster* boil'd, the *morn*
 From *black* to *red* began to turn;
 When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking,
 'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,

35 Began to rub his drowsy eyes,
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
 Resolving to dispatch the deed
 He vow'd to do, with trusty speed.

15 So th' antient *Stoics*, etc.] *In porticu (Stoicorum schola Athenis) Discipulorum seditionibus mille quadringenti triginta viros interfecisti sunt.* Diog. Laert. in vita Zenonis, p. 383. Those old virtuosos were better proficients in those exercises, than modern, who seldom improve higher than cuffing and kicking.

19 *Bonum* is such a kind of animal, as our modern virtuosos, from Don Quixot, will have windmills under sail to be. The same authors are of opinion, that all ships are fishes while they are a float; but when they are run on ground, or laid in the dock, become ships again.





R Martin Scul.

- But first, with knocking loud and bawling,
40 He rouz'd the *squire*, in *truckle* lolling:
And, after many circumstances,
Which vulgar *authors* in *romances*
Do use to spend their *time* and *wits* on,
To made impertinent description,
45 They got, with much ado, to *horse*,
And to the *castle* bent their course,
In which he to the *dame* before
To suffer *whipping* duly swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
50 To carry on the work, in earnest,
He stopp'd and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said:
55 Whether it be direct *infringing*,
An *oath*, if I should wave this *swinging*,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' *equivocation* swear;
Or whether 't be a lesser *sin*.
60 To be forsworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and subtil *points*, which must,
T' inform my conscience, be discuss;
In which to *err* a tittle may
To *errors* infinite make way:
65 And therefore I desire to know
Thy *judgment*, ere we farther go.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Since you do enjoin't,
I shall enlarge upon the *point*;
And for my own part do not doubt
70 Th' *affirmative* may be made out.
But first, to *state* the *case* aright,
For best advantage of our light;

- And thus 'tis: whether 't be a sin
 To *claw* and *curry* your own *skin*,
 75 Greater, or less, than to forbear,
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.
 But first, o' th' first: the *inward man*,
 And *outward*, like a *clan* and *clan*,
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 80 And one another clapper-clawing:
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,
 But in a spiritual *mystic* sense;
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
 In literal fray's abominable:
 85 'Tis heathenish, in frequent use
 With *Pagans*, and *apostate Jews*,
 To offer sacrifice of *Bridewells*,
 Like modern *Indians* to their *idols*:
 And mungrel *Christians* of our times,
 90 That expiate less with greater crimes,
 And call the soul *abomination*
Contrition, and *mortification*.
 Is't not enough we're bruise'd and kicked
 With sinful members of the wicked;
 95 Our vessels that are *sanctify'd*,
Prophan'd and *curry'd* back and side;
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful
 And heathen stripes, by their example?
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it).
 100 Is impious because they did it;
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd
 A *heinous* sin. Now to the second,
 That *saints* may claim a *dispensation*
 To *swear* and *forswear*, on occasion,
 105 I doubt not, but it will appear
 With pregnant light. The point is clear.

- Oaths* are but *words*, and *words* but *wind*;
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with *deeds* proportion; so
110 As *shadows* to a *substance* do.
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The *weaker vessel* should submit:
Although your *church* be opposite
To ours, as *black-friars* are to *white*,
115 In rule and order; yet I grant
You are a *reformato saint*;
And what the *saints* do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to;
But *saints*, whom *oaths* and *vows* oblige,
120 Know little of their *privilege*;
Farther, I mean, than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own:
For if the *dev'l* to serve his turn
Can tell *truth*, why the *saints* should scorn,
125 When it serves theirs, to *swear* and *lye*,
I think there's little reason why:
Else h^a has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say;
W' are not commanded to forbear
130 Indefinitely at all to *swear*;
But to *swear* idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain;
For breaking of an *oath* and *lying*,
Is but a kind of *self-denying*,
135 A *saint-like virtue*, and from hence
Some have broke *oaths* by *providence*:
Some, to the *glory of the Lord*,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:
And this the constant rule and practice
140 Of all our late *apostles acts* is.

- Was not the *cause* at first begun
With *perjury*, and carried on ?
Was there an *oath* the *godly* took,
But in due time and place they broke ?
145 Did we not bring our *oaths* in first,
Before our *plate*, to have them burst,
And cast in sifter *models*, for
The present use of *church* and *war* ?
Did not our *worthies* of the *house*
150 Before they broke the *peace*, break *vows* ?
For having freed us, first from both
Th' *allegiance* and *supremacy oath* ;
Did they not next compel the *nation*
To take and break the *protestation* ?
155 To *swear*, and after to *recant*
The *solemn league and covenant* ?
To take th' *engagement*, and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it ?
Did they not swear at first to *fight*
160 For the King's *safety*, and his *right* :
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with *horse* and *foot* ;
But yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his *defence* ?
165 Did they not swear to *live* and *die*
With *Essex*, and straight laid him by ?
If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain *law*,
170 In which that *swearing* made a *flaw* ?
For *protestant religion* vow,
That did that *vowing* disallow ?
For *privilege* of *parliament*,
In which that *swearing* made a *rent* ?

- 175 And since of all the *three* not one
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.
 Did they not *swear* in exprefs words,
 To prop and back the *house of Lords* ?
 And after turn'd out the whole *house-full*
 180 Of *peers*, as dang'rous and unuseful ?
 So *Cromwell*, with deep *oaths* and *vows*,
 Swore all the *commons* out o' th' *house*,
 Vow'd that the *red-coats* would disband,
 Ay marry would they, at their command.
 185 And troll'd them on, and *swore*, and *swore*,
 Till th' *army* turn'd them out of *door* :
 This tells us plainly what they thought,
 That *oaths* and *swearing* go for nought,
 And that by them th' were only meant
 190 To serve for an *expedient* :
 What was the *public faith* found out for,
 But to slur men of what they sought for ?
 The *public faith*, which ev'ry one
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none ;
 195 And if that go for nothing, why
 Should *private faith* have such a tie ?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than *law*,
 To keep the *good* and *just* in awe,
 But to confine the *bad* and *sinful*,
 200 Like moral *cattle* in a *pinfold*.
 A *saint's* o' the' heav'nly realm a *peer* :
 And as no *peer* is bound to *swear*
 But on the *gospel* of his *honour*,
 Of which he may dispose, as *owner* ;
 205 It follows, though the thing be *forgery*,
 And false, th' affirm, it is no *perjury*,
 But a mere *cer'mony*, and a breach
 Of nothing, but a form of speech ;

- And goes for no more when 'tis took,
210 Than mere *saluting* of the *book*.
Suppose the *scriptures* are of force,
They're but *commissions* of course,
And *saints* have freedom to digress,
And vary from them as they please,
215 Or mis-interpret them by *private*
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why should we ourselves *abridge*,
And curtail our own *privilege*?
Quakers (that, like to *lanthorns*, bear
220 Their light within them) will not *swear*;
Their *gospel* is an *accidence*,
By which they construe *conscience*,
And hold no *sin* so deeply *red*,
As that of breaking *Priscian's* head.
225 (The head and founder of their *order*,
That stirring *hats* held worse than murder.)
These thinking th' are oblig'd to *truth*
In *swearing*, will not take an *oath* :
Like mules, who, if th' have not their will
230 To keep their own pace, stand stock-still ;
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born *consciences* may do.
'Tis the *temptation* of the devil,
That makes all human actions evil :
235 For *saints* may do the same things by
The *spirit*, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do ;
And yet the actions be contrary,
240 Just as the *saints* and *wicked* vary.
For as on land there is no *beast*,
But in some *fish* at sea's express ;

- So in the *wicked* there's no *vice*,
 Of which the *saints* have not a *spice* ;
 245 And yet that thing that's *pious* in
 The one, in t' other is a *sin*.
 Is't not *ridiculous* and *nonsense*,
 A *saint* should be a slave to *conscience* ?
 That ought to be above such *fancies*,
 250 As far as above *ordinances*.
 She's of the *wicked*, as I guess,
 B' her *looks*, her *language*, and her *dress* :
 And though, like *constables* we search
 For false wares one another's *church* ;
 255 Yet all of us hold this for true,
 No *faith* is to the *wicked* due ;
 For *truth* is *precious* and *divine*,
 Too rich a *pearl* for *carnal swine*.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,
 260 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
 Those *mysteries* and *revelations* ;
 And therefore *topical* evasions
 Of *subtle turns* and *shifts* of sense,
 Serve best with th' *wicked* for pretence,
 265 Such as the learned *jesuits* use,
 And *presbyterians*, for excuse.
 Against the *protestants*, when th' happen
 To find their *churches* taken napping :
 As thus: A breach of *oath* is *duple*,
 270 And either way admits a *scruple*,
 And may be *ex parte* o' th' *maker*,
 More criminal than th' *injur'd taker* ;
 For he that strains too far a *vow*,
 Will break it, like an o'er-bent *bow* :
 275 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it ;
 Not he that for convenience took it :

- A broken oath is, *quatenus oath*,
As found t' all purposes of *truth*,
As broken *laws* are ne'er the worse,
280 Nay, till th' are broken have no force.
What's *justice* to a man, or *laws*,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no pow'r but to admonish,
Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,
285 Until they're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make them such.
Beside, no *engagement* is allow'd
By men in *prison* made, for good;
For when they're set at *liberty*,
390 They're from th' *engagement* too set free.
The *rabbins* write, when any *Jew*
Did make to *God* or *man* a *vow*,
Which afterwards he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;
295 Any three other *Jews* o' th' *nation*
Might free him from the *obligation*:
And have not two *saints* pow'r to use
A greater *privilege* than three *Jews*?
The *court of conscience*, which in *man*
300 Should be *supreme* and *sovereign*,
Is't fit should be *subordinate*
To ev'ry petty *court* i' th' *state*,
And have less power than the *lesser*,
To deal with *perjury* at pleasure;
305 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of *by-powder*?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For swearing *ex officio*?
Be forc'd to impeach a broken hedge,
310 And *pigs* unring'd at *Vis. Franc.* Pledge?

- Discover *thieves*, and *bawds*, *recusants*,
Priests, *witches*, *eye-droppers*, and *nusance*;
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd *pots* of *ale* but half-full ;
315 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift
To help itself at a dead list ?
Why should not *conscience* have *vacation*
As well as other courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
320 Appoint *appearence* and *return* ;
And make as nice distinction serve,
To split a case, as those that carve,
Invoking cuckolds names, hit joints ?
Why should not tricks as slight do points ?
325 Is not th' *high-court* of *justice* sworn
To judge that law that serves their turn ?
Make their own jealousies high-treason,
And fix 'em whomsoever they please on ?
Cannot the *learned council* there
330 Make laws in any shape appear ?
Mold 'em as *witabes* do their clay,
When they make *pictures* to destroy ?
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpose to do harm ?
335 Rack 'em until they do confess,
Impeach of treason, whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engag'd their *lives* for them ?
And yet do nothing in their own sense,
340 But what they ought by *oath* and *conscience*.
Can they not juggle, and with slight
Conveyance play with *wrong* and *right* ;
And sell their blasts of *wind* as dear
As *Lapland* *witches* bottled *air* ?

- 345 Will not *fear, favour, bribe, and grudge,*
 The same case sev'ral ways adjudge ?
 As seamen with the self-same *gale,*
 Will sev'ral diff'rent courses sail;
 As when the *sea* breaks o'er its bounds,
 350 And overflows the level grounds,
 Those *banks and damms,* that like a *screen*
 Did keep it out, now keep it in :
 So when *tyrannic usurpation*
 Invades the freedom of a *nation,*
 355 The *laws* o' th' land that were intended
 To keep it out, are made defend it:
 Does not in *chancery* ev'ry man *swear*
 What makes best for him in his answer ?
 Is not the winding up *witnesses* .
 360 And nicking more than half the bus'ness ?
 For *witnesses,* like *watches,* go
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow ;
 And where in *conscience* they're streight-lac'd,
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
 365 Do not your *juries* give their *verdict,*
 As if they felt the *cause,* not heard it ?
 And as they please, *make matter of fact*
 Run all on one side, as they're pack'd ?
 Nature has made man's breast no *windbress,*
 370 To publish what he does within doors ;
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.
 If *oaths* can do a man no good
 In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd
 375 In other matters do him hurt,
 I think there's little reason for't.
 He that imposes an *oath,* makes it :
 Not he that for convenience takes it :

- Then how can any man be said
380 To break an *oath* he never made?
These *reasons* may perhaps look odly
To th' *wicked*, though they evince the *godly*;
But if they will not serve to clear
My *honour*, I am ne'er the near.
385 *Honour* is like that glassy bubble,
That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And *wits* are crack'd to find out why.
Quoth *Ralph*, honour's but a word
390 To swear by only in a *lord*:
In other men 'tis but a huff,
To vapour with instead of proof;
That like a wen, looks big and swells,
Is senseless, and just nothing else.
395 Let it; quoth he, be what it will,
It has the world's opinion still.
But as men are not wise that run
The slightest *hazard* they may shun;
There may a *medium* be found out
400 To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do't,
By *proxy* whipt, or substitute.
Though nice and dark the point appear,
Quoth *Ralph*, it may hold up and clear:
405 That *sinners* may supply the place
Of suff'ring *saints*, is a plain *case*.
Justice gives sentence many times
On one man for another's *crimes*.
Our brethren of *New England* use
410 Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the *churches* have less need:

- As lately 't happen'd : in a town
 There liv'd a *cobler*, and but one,
 415 That out of *doctrine* could cut *use*,
 And mend mens *lives* as well as *shoes*.
 This precious brother having slain,
 In times of *peace*, an *Indian*,
 (Not out of *realice*, but mere *zeal*,
 420 Because he was an *infidel*)
 The mighty *tottipotymoy*
 Sent to our *elders* an *envoy*;
 Complaining sorely of the breach
 Of *league* held forth by brother *patch*,
 425 Against the *articles* in force
 Between both *churches*, his and ours,
 For which he crav'd the *saints* to render
 Into his hands, or hang th' *offender* :
 But they maturely having weigh'd
 430 They had no more but him o' th' trade,
 (A man that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to *teach* and *coble*)
 Resolv'd to spare him ; yet to do
 The *Indian Hoghgan Maghgan* too
 435 Impartial justice, in his stead did
 Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.
 Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,
 And in your room another *whip'd*?
 For all *philosophers*, but the *sceptic*,
 440 Hold whipping may be *sympathetic*.
 It is enough, quoth *Hudibras*,
 Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the *case* :

413 In a town, etc.] The history of the cobbler has been attested by persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

- And canst in *conscience* not refuse
From thy own *doctrine* to raise *use* :
445 I know thou wilt not, for my sake,
Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back ;
Then strip thee of thy carnal *jerkin*,
And give thy *outward-fellow* a *ferkin* ;
For when thy *vessel* is new *hoop'd*,
450 All leaks of *sinning* will be stop'd.
Quoth *Ralpho*, You mistake the matter :
For in all *scruples* of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The *point* upon his own concerns.
455 As no man of his own self catches
The *itch*, or amorous *French-aches* ;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his *sins* :
And though all cry down self, none means
460 His ownself in a *lit'ral sense* :
Beside it is not only *foppish* ;
But *vile*, *idolatrous*, and *papist* :
For one man out of his own skin,
To frisk and whip another's *sin* :
465 As *pedants* out of *school-boys* breeches .
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this case it is prophane,
And sinful too, because in vain :
For we must take our *oaths* upon it
470 You did the *deed*, when I have done it:
Quoth *Hudibras*, that's answer'd soon ;
Give us the *whip*, we'll lay it on,
Quoth *Ralpho*, that we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whip'd you :
475 For when with your consent 'tis done,
The *act* is really your own.

- Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain,
 I see, to argue 'gainst the grain;
 Or, like the stars, incline men to
 488 What they're averse themselves to do :
 For when *disputes* are weary'd out,
 'Tis *interest* still resolves the doubt :
 But since no reason can confute ye,
 I'll try to force ye to your *duty* ;
 485 For so it is, howe'er you mince it,
 As ere we part I shall evince it ;
 And *curry*, if you stand out, whether
 You will or no, your *stubborn leather*.
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
 490 I th' public *work*, base as thou art ?
 To higgle thus for a few blows,
 To gain thy *knight* an opulent *spouse* ;
 Whose *wealth* his *bowels* yearn to purchase,
 Merely for th' interest of the *churches* ?
 495 And when he has it in his claws,
 Will not be hide-bound to the *cause* ;
 Nor shalt thou find him a *curmudgeon* ;
 If thou dispatch it without grudging :
 If not, resolve before you go,
 500 That you and I must pull a crow.
 Y'had best, quoth *Ralpho*, as the *ancients*
 Say wisely, *Have a care o' th' main chance*,
 And look before you ere you leap ;
 For 'as you sow, y' are like to reap :
 505 And were y' as good as *George a Green*,
 I shall make bold to turn agen ;
 Nor am I doubtful of the issue
 In a just *quarrel*, and mine is so.
 Is't fitting for a man of *honour*
 510 To whip the *saints*, like *bishop Bonner* ?

- A *knight* t' usurp the *beadle's* office,
 For which y' are like to raise brave *trophies*;
 But I advise you (not for fear;
 But for your own sake) to forbear;
 515 And for the *church's*, which may chance
 From hence to spring a variance;
 And raise among themselves new *scruples*,
 Whom common danger hardly couples.
 Remember how in *arms* and *politics*,
 520 We still have worsted all your holy tricks;
Trepann'd your party with *intrigue*,
 And took your *grandees* down a peg;
New-modell'd th' army, and *cashier'd*
 All that to *legion S M E C* adher'd;
 525 Made a mere utensil o' your *church*,
 And after left it in the lurch;
 A scaffold to build up our own,
 And when w' had done with't pull'd it down;
 Capoch'd your *rabbins* of the *synod*,
 530 And snap'd their *canons* with a *why-not*.
 (Grave *synod-men*, that were rever'd
 For solid face and depth of *beard*)
 Their *classic model* prov'd a maggot,
 Their *directory* an *Indian pagod*,
 535 And drown'd their *discipline* like a kitten,
 On which they'd been so long a sitting;
 Decry'd it as a *holy cheat*
 Grown out of date, and obsolete,
 And all the *stints* of the first graft,
 540 As casting *fools* of *Balam's* *ast*.
 At this the *knight* grew high in chafe,
 And staring furiously on *Ralph*,
 He trembled, and look'd pale with ire,
 Like ashes first, then red as fire.

- 545 Have I, quoth he, been ta'en in fight,
 And for so many *moons* lain by't?
 And when all other means did fail,
 Have been exchang'd for *tubs* of ale?
 Not but they thought me worth a *ransom*,
 550 Much more confid'able and handsome,
 But for their own sakes, and for fear
 They were not safe when I was there;
 Now to be baffled by a *scoundrel*,
 An upstart *sect'ry*, and a *mongrel*;
 555 Such as breed out of peccant humours
 Of our own *church*, like wens, or tumours,
 And like a *maggot* in a *sore*,
 Would that which gave it life devour;
 It never shall be done or said:
 560 With that he seiz'd upon his *blade*;
 And *Ralpho* too, as quick and bold,
 Upon his *basket-hilt* laid hold,
 With equal readiness prepar'd
 To draw and stand upon his guard;
 565 When both were parted on the sudden,
 With hideous *clamour*, and a loud one,
 As if all sorts of *noise* had been
 Contracted into one loud *din*:
 Or that some member to be chosen,
 570 Had got the *odds* above a *thousand*;
 And by the greatness of his noise
 Prov'd fittest for his *country's* choice.
 This strange surprizal put the *knight*
 And wrathful *squire* into a fright;

548 *Have been exchang'd, etc.*] The knight was kept prisoner in Exeter, and after several exchanges proposed, but none accepted of, was at last released for a barrel of ale, as he often used, upon all occasions, to declare.

- 575 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous ramour, to join *battel*;
Both thought it was the wisest course
To waver the fight, and mount *to horse*;
And to lecture, by swift retreating,
580 Themselves from danger of worse *beating*.
Yet neither of them would disparage,
By uttering of his mind, his courage,
Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,
With horror and disdain wind-bound.
585 And now the cause of all their fear,
By slow degrees approach'd so near,
They might distinguish different noise
Of *horns*, and *paw*, and *dogs*, and *boys*,
And *kettle-drums*, whose sullen dub
590 Sounds like the hooping of a tub.
But when the fight appear'd in view,
They found it was a strange show;
A triumph, that for pomp and state
Did proudest *Romans* emulate:
595 For as the *aldermen of Rome*,
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
(As some mistaken write in story)
Being mounted in their best array,
600 Upon a *carre*, and who but they!
And follow'd with a world of tall-lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a good-morrow,
Crying, *Hey for our town*, through the *barrough*;
605 So when this triumph drew so nigh,
They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so pat,
In all respects, as this and that.

- First, he that led the *cavalcate*,
 610 Wore a *sow-gelder's flagellate*,
 On which he blew as strong a *levet*,
 As well-fed *lawyer* on his *breviate*;
 When over one another's heads
 They charge, three ranks at once, like *Swedes*.
 615 Next *pans*, and *kettles* of all *keys*,
 From *trebles* down to *double base*.
 And after them, upon a *nag*,
 That might pass for a *forehand stag*,
 A *cornet* rode, and on his staff
 620 A *smock* display'd did proudly wave;
 Then *bagpipes* of the loudest *drones*,
 With snuffing broken-winded tones,
 Whole blasts of air, in pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the gut,
 625 And made a viler noise than *swine*,
 In windy weather when they whine.
 Next one upon a pair of *pagniers*,
 Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with *grains*,
 630 Which he dispens'd among the *swains*,
 And busily upon the croud
 At random round about bestow'd.
 Then mounted on a horned *borse*,
 One bore a *gauntlet* and *gilt spurs*,
 635 Ty'd to the *pummel* of a long *sword*
 He held revert, the point turn'd downward:
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
 The conqu'ror's *standard-bearer* rid,
 And bore aloft before the *champion*.
 640 A *petticoat* display'd, and rampant;
 Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant
 Bestrid her *beast*, and on the *rump* on't

- Sat *face* to *tail*, and *bum* to *bum*,
The *warrior* whilom overcome ;
645 Arm'd with a *spindle* and *distaff*,
Which as he rode she made him twist off ;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastis'd the *reformado* soldier.
Before the dame, and round about,
650 March'd *whiffers*, and *staffers* on foot,
With *lackies*, *grooms*, *valets*, and *pages*,
In fit and proper equipages ;
Of whom, some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud *virago-minx*,
655 That was both *madam*, and a *don*,
Like *Nero's Sporus*, or *Pope Joan* ;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.
The *knight* transported, and the *squire*,
660 Put up their weapons and their ire ;
And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder,
On such sights, with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His *animadversions*, for his heart. -
665 Quoth he, In all my life till now
I ne'er saw so prophane a *show*,
It is a *Paganish* invention,
Which *heathen* writers often mention :
And he who made it had read *Goodwin*,
670 Or *Rosi*, or *Cælius Rodogine*,
With all the *Grecian Speeds*, and *Stows*,
That best describe those antient shows ;
And has observ'd all fit *decorums*
We find describ'd by old *historians* :
675 For as the *Roman conqueror*,
That put an end to foreign war,

- Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
 Bore a slave with him in his chariot;
 So this insulting female brave
 680 Carries behind her here a slave;
 And as the antients long ago,
 When they in field defy'd the foe,
 Hung out their *Mantles Della Guerre*,
 So her proud standard-bearer here
 685 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
 A *Tyrian-petticoat* for banner.
 Next links, and torches, heretofore
 Still born before the emperor.
 And as in antick triumphs, eggs
 690 Were born for mystical intrigues;
 There's one in truncheon, like a ladle,
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;
 And still at random, as he goes,
 Among the rabble-rout bestows.
 695 Quoth *Ralpho*, you mistake the matter;
 For all th' antiquity you smatter,
 Is but a riddling, us'd of course,
 When the gray mare's the better horse:
 When o'er the breeches greedy women
 700 Fight, to extend their vast dominions

678 Bore a slave with him in his chariot, etc.]

——— *Et sibi consul*

Me placeat, curru servus portatur eodem. Juv. Sat. 10.

783 Hung out, etc.] *Tunica coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra praetorium poni, quasi admonitio, et indicium futurae pugnae.* Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

687 Next links, etc.] That the Roman emperors were wont to have torches born before them, by day, in public, appears by *Herodian in Pertinace*. Lip. in Tacit. p. 16.

- And in the cause impatient *Grizel*
 Has drubb'd her husband with *bull's pizzle*,
 And brought him under *covert-baron*,
 To turn her *vassal* with a *murrain*;
 705 When wives their sexes shift, like *hares*,
 And ride their husbands, like *night-mares*,
 And they in mortal *battle* vanquish'd,
 Are of their *charter* dis-enfranchis'd,
 And by their right of war, like *gills*,
 710 Condemn'd to *distaff*, *horns*, and *wheels* :
 For when men by their wives are cow'd,
 Their *borns* of course are understood.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, thou still giv'st sentence
 Impertinently, and against sense :
 715 'Tis not the least disparagement,
 To be defeated by th' event,
 Nor to be beaten by main *force*,
 That does not make a *man* the worse,
 Although his shoulders with *battoon*
 720 Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune ;
 A *taylor's* prentice has no hard
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard :
 But to turn tail, or run away,
 And without blows give up the day ;
 725 Or to surrender ere th' *assault*,
 That's no man's fortune, but his fault ;
 And renders men of honour less
 Than all th' *adversity* of success :
 And only unto such this shew
 730 Of *borns* and *petticoats* is due.
 There is a lesser *prophanation*,
 Like that the *Romans* call'd *ovation* :
 For as *ovation* was allow'd
 For conquest purchas'd without blood ;

- 735 So men decree those lesser shows,
 For *victory* gotten without blows,
 By dint of sharp hard words, which some
 Give battle with, and overcome ;
 Those mounted in a *chair-curule*,
 740 Which *moderns* call a *cuckling-stool*,
 March proudly to the river's side,
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride ;
 Like dukes of *Venice*, who are said
 The *Adriatic* sea to wed ;
 745 And have a gentler wife than those
 For whom the state decrees those shows.
 But both are *heathenish*, and come
 From th' whores of *Babylon* and *Rome* ;
 And by the *saints* should be withstood,
 750 As *antichristian* and *lewd* ;
 And we, as such, should now contribute
 Our outmost *struggling* to prohibit.
 This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
 A *dog-trot* through the bawling croud,
 755 T' attack the leader, and still prest,
 Till they approach'd him *breast to breast* ;
 Then *Hudibras*, with face and hand,
 Made signs for *silence* ; which obtain'd,
 What means, quoth he, this dev'l's *procession*
 760 With men of *orthodox* profession ?
 'Tis *ethnic* and *idolatrous*,
 From *heathenism* deriv'd to us.
 Does not the whore of *Babylon* ride
 Upon her *horned beast* astride,
 765 Like this proud dame, who either is
 A type of her, or she of this ?
 Are things of superstitious *function*,
 Fit to be us'd in *gospel sun-shine* ?

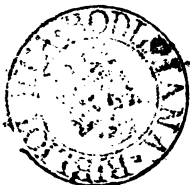
- It is an *antichristian opera*,
770 Much us'd in midnight times of *popery*;
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and prophane *intentions*;
To scandalize that *sex*, for scolding,
To whom the *saints* are so beholding,
775 Women, who were our first *apostles*,
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd
In which the cause might be concern'd,
Brought in their children's *spoons* and *whistles*,
780 To purchase *swords*, *carbines*, and *pistols*;
Their husband's *cullies*, and *sweet-hearts*,
To take the *saints* and *churches* parts;
Drew several gifted *brethren* in,
That for the *bishops* would have been,
785 And fix'd 'em constant to the party,
With motives *powerful* and *heartly*;
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their *gifts*
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
790 To scraps and ends of gold and silver;
Rubb'd down the *teachers*, tir'd and spent,
With holding forth for *parliament*;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With *marrow-puddings* many a meal;
795 Enabled them, with store of meat,
On controverted *points* to eat;
And cram'd 'em, till their *guts* did ake,
With *cowdle*, *custard*, and *plum-cake*.
What have they done, or what left undone,
800 That might advance the cause at London?
March'd rank and file, with *drum* and *ensign*,
T' intrench the *city* for defence in;

- Rais'd *vampiers* with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands ;
805 From *ladies* down to *oyster-wench*
Labour'd like *pioneers* in *trenches*,
Fell to their *pick-axes* and *tools*,
And help'd the men to dig like *moles* ?
Have not the *handmaids* of the city
810 Chose of their members a *committee*,
For raising of a *common purse*
Out of their wages, to raise *horse* ?
And do they not as *triers* sit,
To judge what *officers* are fit ?
815 Have they —— ? At that an *egg* let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his check, besmear'd
With orange tawny-slime his *beard* ;
But *beard* and slime being of one hue,
820 The wound the less appear'd in view.
Then he that on the *panniers* rode,
Let fly on th' other side a load ;
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In *Ralpho's* face another *volley*.
825 The *knight* was startled with the smell,
And for his *sword* began to feel :
And *Ralpho*, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his ; when one that bore a *link*,
O' th' sudden clap'd his flaming cudgel,
830 Like *Linstock*, to the horse's *touch-hole* :
And straight another with his *flambeaux*,
Gave *Ralpho's* o'er the eyes a dam'd blow.
The *beasts* began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring ;
835 Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from farther fray.

- And though disorder'd in retreat,
 Each of them stoutly kept his seat :
 For quitting both their *swords* and *reins*,
 840 They grasp'd with all their strength the *manes*,
 And to avoid the *foe's* pursuit,
 With spurring put their cattle to't ;
 And till all four were out of wind,
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
 845 After th' had paus'd a while, supplying
 Their *spirits*, spent with fight and flying,
 And *Hudibras* recruited force
 Of lungs for *action*, or *discourse*.
 Quoth he, that man is sure to lose,
 850 That fouls his *hands* with dirty foes :
 For where *no honour's* to be gain'd,
 'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.
 'Twas ill for us, we had to do
 With so dishonourable a foe :
 855 For though the *law of arms* doth bar
 The use of venom'd shot in *war* ;
 Yet by the noxious smell, and noisome,
 Their *case-shot* favours strong of *poison* ;
 And doubtless has been chew'd with teeth
 860 Of some that had a *stinking breath* :
 Else when we put it to the push,
 They had not giv'n us such a brush :
 But as those *pultroons* that sling dirt :
 Do but defile but cannot hurt ;
 865 So all the *honour* they have won,
 Or we have lost, is much at one.
 'Twas well we made so resolute
 A brave retreat, without pursuit ;
 For if we had not, we had sped
 870 Much worse, to be in triumph led ;

- Than which the *ancients* held no state
 Of man's life more unfortunate.
 But if this bold *adventure* e'er
 Do chance to reach the *widow's* ear,
 875 It may, being destin'd to assert
 Her *sex's* honour, reach her heart.
 And as such homely treats, they say,
 Portend good *fortune*, so this may.
Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,
 880 Was destin'd to the empire for't ;
 And from a scavenger did come
 To be a mighty prince in *Rome* :
 And why may not this foul address
 Presage in love the same success ?
 885 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
 Advance in quest of nearest *ponds* ;
 And after, as we first *design'd*,
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

879 *Vespasian* being daub'd, etc.] *C. Caesar succensens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto jussit oppleri, congesto per milites in pretextae sinum. Sueton. in Vespas. cap. 5.*



The ARGUMENT of
The THIRD CANTO.

*The Knight, with various doubts possest,
To win the lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosy-crucian,
To know the destinies resolution;
With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic,
About the science astrologic;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The Conjurer's worsted by the Knight.*

C A N T O III.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
Of being *cheated*, as to *cheat* :
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a *jugler's* slight ;
5 And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his slight of hand.
Some with a noise, and greasy light,
Are snapt, as men catch *larks* by night,
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the *soul*,
10 As nooses by the *legs* catch *fowl*.

Some with a *med'cine*, and *receipt*,
 Are drawn to nibble at the *bait* ;
 And though it be a two-foot *trout*,
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

- 15 Others believe no voice t'an *organ*
 So sweet as *lawyer's* in his *bar-gown*,
 Until with subtle cobweb-cheats,
 Th' are catch'd in knotted *law*, like *nets* :
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,
 20 'The more they stir, the more they're tangled ;
 And while their *purses* can dispute,
 There's no end of th' immortal *suit*.

- Others still gape t' anticipate
 The cabinet-designs of *fate*,
 25 Apply to *wizzards*, to fore-see
 What shall, and what shall never be.
 And as those *vultures* do forebode,
 Believe events prove *bad* or *good*.
 A flam more senseless than the rog'ry
 30 Of old *aruspicy* and *aug'ry*,
 That out of *garbages* of *cattle*
 Presag'd th' events of *truce*, or *battle* ;
 From flight of *birds*, or *chickens pecking*,
 Success of great'st *attempts* would reckon :
 35 Though *cheats*, yet more intelligible,
 Than those that with the stars do fribble.
 This *Hudibras* by proof found true,
 As in due time and place we'll shew :
 For he with *beard* and *face* made clean,
 40 B'ing mounted on his steed agen ;
 (And *Ralpho* got a cock-horse too
 Upon his *beast*, with much ado)
 Advanc'd on for the *widow's house*,
 T' acquit himself, and pay his *vows* :

- 45 When various *thoughts* began to baffle,
And with his inward man to juggle,
He thought what *danger* might accrue,
If she should find he swore untrue :
Or if his *squire* or he should fail,
50 And not be punctual in their tale;
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his *honour*, *faith*, and *love*.
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his *vow*;
55 And that he durst not now for shame
Appear in *court*, to try his *claim*.
This was the pen'worth of his *thought*,
To pass *time* and uneasy *trbt*.

Quoth he, in all my past *adventures*

- 60 I ne'er was set so on the tenters;
Or taken tardy with *dilemma*,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me;
And with inextricable doubt,
Besets my puzzled wits about :
65 For though the *dame* has been my *bail*,
To free me from enchanted *jail*,
Yet as a *dog*, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his *clog*; but all in vain,
70 He still draws after him his *chain*;
So though my *ankle* she has quitted,
My *heart* continues still committed;
And like a *bail'd* and *main-priz'd* lover,
Although at large, I am bound over.
75 And when I shall appear in *court*,
To plead my *cause*, and answer for't,
Unless the judge do partial prove,
What will become of *me* and *love*?

- For if in our account we vary,
80 Or but in circumstance miscarry;
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my *doublet* off,
To shew, by evident record
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
85 How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But *faith*, and *love*, and *honour* lost,
Shall be reduc'd t' a *knight o' th' post*?
Beside, that *stripping* may prevent
90 What I'm to prove by *argument*;
And justify I have a *tail*,
And that way too, my *proof* may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And solve the *problems* of my *fate*;
95 Or find by *necromantic art*,
How far the *destinies* take my part;
For if I were not more than certain
To win, and wear her, and her *fortune*,
I'd go no farther in this *courtship*,
100 To hazard *soul*, *estate*, and *worship*;
For though an *oath* obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis *profane*,
And *sinful*, when men *swear* in *vain*.
105 Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight *Sidrophel*,
That deals in *destiny's* dark *counsels*,
And sage *opinions* of the *moon* sells;
To whom all *people*, far and near,
110 On deep importances repair;
When *brass* and *pewter* hap to stray,
And *linen* slinks out of the way:

- When *geese* and *pullen* are seduc'd,
 And *sows* of sucking *pigs* are chous'd;
 115 When *cattle* feel indisposition,
 And need th^e opinion of *physician*;
 When *murrain* reigns in *hogs* or *sheep*,
 And *chickens* languish of the *pip*;
 When *yeast* and outward means do *fail*,
 120 And have no pow'r to work on *ale*;
 When *butter* does refuse to come,
 And *love* proves *cross* and *humour*some;
 To him with *questions*, and with *urine*,
 They for discov'ry flock, or *curing*.
 125 Quoth *Hudibras*, this *Sidrophel*
 I've heard of, and thou'd like it well;
 If thou canst prove the *saints* have freedom
 To go to *forc'ers* when they need 'em.
 Says *Ralpho*, there's no doubt of that;
 130 Those *principles* I quoted late,
 Prove that the *godly* may allege
 For any thing their *privilege*;
 And to the dev'l himself may go,
 If they have *motives* thereunto.
 135 For as there is a war between
 The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *sin*,
 If they by subtil stratagem
 Make use of *him*, as he does *them*.
 Has not this present *parliament*
 140 A *ledger* to the *devil* sent,

[140 *A ledger*, etc.] The witch-finder in Suffolk, who, in the presbyterian times, had a commission to discover witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caused 60 to be hanged within the compass of one year; and among the rest, the old minister, who had been a painful preacher for many years.

- Fully empower'd to treat about
 Finding revolted *witches* out?
 And has not he, within a year,
 Hang'd three-score of 'em in one *shire*?
 145 And some for sitting above ground,
 Some only for not being *drown'd*,
 Whole *days* and *nights* upon their *breeches*,
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for *witches*.
 And some for putting *knavish* tricks
 150 Upon *green geese*, and *turkey-chicks*,
 Or *pigs*, that suddenly decaest
 Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;
 Who after prov'd himself a *witch*,
 And made a rod for his own *breech*.
 155 Did not the devil appear to *Martin*
Luther in *Germany*, for certain?
 And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
 But *Mart.* was too too *politic*.
 Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge
 160 At *Antwerp* their *cathedral* church?
 Sing catches to the *Saints* at *Mascon*,
 And tell them all they came to ask him?
 Appear in divers shapes to *Kelly*,
 And speak 't' *th' nun* of *Loudon's belly*?

157 *Did he not help the Dutch, etc.*] In the beginning of the civil wars of Flanders, the common people of Antwerp in a tumult broke open the cathedral church, to demolish images and shrines; and did so much mischief in a small time, that Strada writes, there were several devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

160 *Sing catches, etc.*] This devil at Mascon delivered all his oracles, like his forefathers, in verse, which he sung to tunes: he made several lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his Memoirs, written in French.

163 *Appear in divers, etc.*] The history of Dr. Dee, and the devil, published by Mer. Casaubon, Isaac. Fil, pre-

- 165 Meet with the *parliament's committee*;
 At *Woodstock* on a pers'nal treaty?
 At *Salum* take a cavalier
 I'th' *cause's* service prisoner?
 As *Withers* in immortal rhyme
- 170 Has register'd to after-time.
 Did not our great *reformers* use
 This *Sidrophel* to forebode *news*;
 To write of *victories* next year,
 And *castles* taken yet i'th' air?
- 175 Of battles fought at *sea*, and ships
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?
 A total overthrow giv'n the king
 In *Cornwall*, *horse* and *foot*, next spring?
 And has not he point-blank foretold
- 180 Whats'e'er the close *committee* would?
 Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *cause*.
 The *moon* for *fundamental laws*;
 The *ram*, the *bull*, and *goat* declare
 Against the book of *Common-Pray'r*?
- 185 The *scorpion* take the *protestation*.
 And bear engage for *reformation*;

bendary of Canterbury, has a large account of all those passages; in which the stile of the true and false angels appears to be penned by one and the same person. The nun of Loudon in France, and all her tricks, have been seen by many persons of quality of this nation yet living, who have made very good observations upon the French book, written upon that occasion.

165 *Meet with, etc.*] A committee of the long parliament sitting in the king's house in Woodstock-Park, were terrified with several apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the news of the whole nation.

167 *At Salum, etc.*] Withers has a long story in doggerel, of a soldier of the king's army, who being a prisoner at Salisbury, and drinking a health to the devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a single pane of glass.

Made all the *royal stars* recant,
Compound and take the *covenant*?

Quoth *Hudibras*, the case is clear,

190 The *Saints* may employ a *conjurer*;
As thou hast prov'd it by their *practice*;
No argument like matter of fact is.

And we are best of all led to

Men's *principles* by what they do:

195 Then let us straight advance in quest
Of this profound *gymnosophist*,
And as the *fates* and *he* advise,
Pursue, or wave this *enterprize*.

This said, he turn'd about his steed;

200 And *estfoons* on th' adventure rid;
Where leave we *him* and *Ralph* a while;
And to the *conjurer* turn our stile,
To let our *reader* understand
What's useful of him, before-hand.

205 He had been long-t'wards *Mathematics*,
Optics, *Philosophy*, and *Statics*,
Magic, *Horoscopy*, *Astrology*,
And was *old dog* at *Rhysiology*:

But, as a *dog* that turns the spit,

210 Bestirs himself, and pries his feet
To climb the *wheel*, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again:
And still he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was:

215 So in the *circle* of the *arts*,
Did he advance his nat'ral parts;
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to *juggle*, *cant*, and *cheat*:
For as those *fowls* that live in water.

220 Are never wet, he did but smatter;

- Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
 His understanding still was clear.
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
 Since old *Hodg Bacon* and *Bob Grossted*.
 225 Th' *intelligible world* he knew,
 And all men dreamt on't to be true:
 That in this *world* there's not a *wart*
 That has not there a counterpart;
 Nor can there on the *face* of ground
 230 An individual *beard* be found,
 That has not in that foreign *nation*
 A fellow of the self-same fashion;
 So *cut*, so *colour'd*, and so *curl'd*,
 As those are in th' *inferior world*,
 235 H' had read *Dee's* prefaces before,
 The *Dev'l* and *Euclid* o'er and o'er;
 And all th' *intrigue* 'twixt him and *Kelly*,
Lescus and th' *emperor* wou'd tell ye;
 But with the *moon* was more familiar.
 240 Than e'er was *Almanac well-willer*;
 Her secrets understood so clear,
 That some believ'd he had been there;

224. Since old *Hodg Bacon*, etc.] *Roger Bacon*, commonly called *Fryar Bacon*, lived in the reign of our *Edward I.* and for some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the sottish story of the *Brazen Head* fathered upon him, by the ignorant monks of those days. *Robert Grossthead* was bishop of *Lincoln* in the reign of *Hen. III.* He was a learned man for those times, and for that reason suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime being degraded by pope *Innocent IV.* and summoned to appear at *Rome*, he appealed to the tribunal of *Christ*; which our lawyers say is illegal, if not a *præmunire*, for offering to appeal to a foreign court.

- Knew when ~~she~~ he was in fittest mood,
 For cutting *corns*, or letting *blood*;
 245 When for anointing *scabs* or *itches*,
 Or to the *bum* applying *leeches*;
 When *sows* and *bitches* may be spay'd,
 And in what sign best *cyder's* made;
 Whether the *wane* be, or *increase*,
 250 Best to set *garlic*, or sow *pease*:
 Who first found out the *man i' th' moon*,
 That to the *ancients* was unknown;
 How many *dukes*, and *earls*, and *peers*,
 Are in the *planetary spheres*;
 255 Their *airy empire*, and command,
 Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land;
 What factions th' have, and what they drive at
 In public vogue, or what in private;
 With what designs and interests.
 260 Each party manages contests.
 He made an *instrument* to know
 If the *moon* shine at full or no;
 That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
 Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
 265 Tell what her *d'meter* t'an inch is,
 And prove that she's not made of *green cheese*.
 It wou'd demonstrate that the *man in*.
The moon's a sea Mediterranean;
 And that it is no *dog* or *bitch*,
 270 That stands behind him at his breech;
 But a huge *Caspian sea*, or *lake*
 With *arms*, which men for *legs* mistake;
 How large a *gulph* his tail composes,
 And what a goodly *bay* his nose is;
 275 How many *German leagues* by th' scale
Cape Snout's from *Promontory Tail*.

- He made a *planetary gin*,
Which *rats* would run their own heads in,
And come on purpose to be taken,
280 Without th' expence of cheese or bacon;
With *lute-strings* he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish or meat:
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body, by the *Index face*:
285 Detect lost *maiden-heads*, by sneezing,
Or breaking wind of *dames*, or pissing;
Cure *warts* and *corns*, with application
Of *med'cines* to th' *imagination*;
Fright *agues* into *dogs*, and scare
290 With *rhimes* the *tooth-ack* and *catarrh*:
Chase evil *spirits* away by dint
Of *ciskle*, *horse-shoe*, *hollow-flint*;
Spit fire out of a *walnut-shell*,
Which made the *Roman* slaves rebel;
295 And fire a mine in *Ching* here,
With *sympathetic gun-powder*.
He knew what's ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own;
What *med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelsus*
300 Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd *flates* are best to make
On watry surface *duck* or *drake*;
What *bowling-stones* in running race
Upon a board have swiftest pace:
305 Whether a *pulse* beat in the black
List of a dappled *louse's* back:
If *systole* or *diastole* move
Quickest when he's in wrath or love:
When two of them do run a race,
310 Whether they *gallop*, *trot*, or *pace*;

- How many scores a *flea* will jump,
 Of his own length, from head to rump;
 Which *Socrates* and *Chærephon*
 In vain assay'd so long ago;
 315 Whether his *snout* a perfect *nose* is,
 And not an elephant's *proboscis*;
 How many different *species*
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheese;
 And which are next of kin to those
 320 Engender'd in a *chandler's* nose;
 Or those not seen, but understood,
 That live in *vinegar* and *word*.
 A paltry wretch he had half-starv'd,
 That him in place of *Zany* serv'd,
 325 Hight *Whachum*, bred to dash and draw,
 Not *wine*, but more unwholsome *law* :
 To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
 Wide as *Meridians* in maps;
 To squander paper and spare ink,
 330 Or cheat men of their words, some think.
 From this, by merited degrees,
 He'd to more high advancement rise:
 To be an under-conjurer,
 Or journeyman-astrologer ;
 335 His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
 And men with their own keys unriddle,
 To make them to themselves give answers,
 For which they pay the *necromancers* :

313 Which *Socrates*, etc.] Aristophanes, in his comedy of the clouds, brings in *Socrates* and *Caerephon*, measuring the leap of a *flea*, from the one's beard to the other's.

- To fetch and carry *intelligence*,
340 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all *discoveries* disperse
'Mong the whole *pack* of *conjurers*;
What *cut-purses* have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem :
345 And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves and th' *art* repute :
Draw *figuras*, *schemes*, and *horoscopes*,
Of *Newgate*, *Bridewell*, *brokers* shops,
Of thieves *ascendant* in the *cart* ;
350 And find out all by rules of *art* :
Which way a serving-man, that's run
With cloths or money away, is gone ;
Who pick'd a *fob* at *holding-forth*,
And where a *watch*, for half the worth
355 May be redeem'd ; or stolen plate
Restor'd at conscionable rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his *master*
In quality of *poetaster* :
And *rhymes* appropriate could make
360 To ev'ry month i' th' *Almanac* ;
When *terms* begin and end could tell,
With their *returns*, in *doggerel* ;
When the *exchequer* opes and shuts,
And *sowgelder* with safety cuts :
365 When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temperate if they will ;
When use, and when abstain from *vices*,
Figs, *grapes*, *phlebotomy*, and *spice*.
And as in *prison* mean rogues beat
370 *Hemp* for the service of the *great* :
So *Whacum* beat his dirty brains
T' advance his master's fame and gains ;

- And like the devil's *oracles*,
 Put into *dogg'rel* rhymes his *spells*,
 375 Which over ev'ry month's blank-page
 I' th' *Almanac* strange *bills* preface.
 He would an *elegy* compose
 On maggots squeez'd out of his nose;
 In *lyric* numbers write on *ode* on
 380 His mistress, eating a black-pudden:
 And when imprison'd air escap'd her,
 It puff'd him with *poetic rapture*.
 His *sonnets* charm'd th' attentive croud,
 By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
 385 That, circled with his long-ear'd guests,
 Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the beasts;
 A *Carman's* horse could not pass by,
 But stood ty'd up to *poetry*;
 No porter's *burden* pass'd along,
 390 But serv'd for *burden* to his song.
 Each window, like a *pill'ry* appears,
 With heads thrust thro', nail'd by the ears,
 All trades run in as to the sight
 Of monsters, or their dear delight
 395 The *gallows-tree*, when cutting purse
 Breeds bus'ness for *heroic* verse,
 Which none does hear, but wou'd have hung
 T'have been the *theme* of such a *song*.
 Those two together long had liv'd,
 400 In *mansion* prudently contriv'd;
 Where neither tree, nor house could bar
 The free detection of a *star*;
 And nigh an *antient obelisk*
 Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fish*,

404 Was rais'd by him, etc.] This *Fish* was a late famous
 astrologer, who flourish'd about the time of *Subtle*, and *Facc*,
 and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Jonson*.

- 405 On which was written, not in words,
 But *Hieroglyphic* mute of *birds*,
 Many rare pithy saws concerning
 The worth of *Astrologic* learning:
 From top of this there hung a *rope*,
 410 To which he fasten'd *Telescope*;
 The *spectacles* with which the *stars*
 He reads in *smallest characters*.
 It happen'd as a *boy*, one night,
 Did fly his *tarsel* of a *kite*;
 415 The strangest long-wing'd *hawk* that flies,
 That, like a bird of *Paradise*,
 Or *Herald's martlet*, has no *legs*,
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays *eggs*;
 His *train* was six yards long, milk-white,
 420 At th' end of which there hung a *light*,
 Inclos'd in *lanthorn* made of *paper*,
 That far off like a *star* did appear.
 This *Sidrophel* by chance espy'd,
 And with amazement staring wide,
 425 *Bless* us! quoth he, what dreadful wonder
 Is that appears in *heaven* yonder?
 A *comet*, and without a *beard*,
 Or *star* that ne'er before appear'd?
 I'm certain 'tis not in the *scrowl*
 430 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
 With which, like *Indian plantations*,
 The learned stock the *constellations*;
 Nor those that draw for *signs* have been,
 To th' *houses* where the *planets* inn.
 435 It must be supernatural,
 Unless it be the cannon-ball

436 *Unless it be, etc.*] This experiment was tried by some foreign *Virtuosos*, who planted a piece of ordnance point-blank

- That shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
 Was born to that prodigious height,
 That learn'd *philosophers* maintain,
 440 It ne'er came backwards down again;
 But in the *airy region* yet
 Hangs like the body of *Mahomet* :
 For if it be above the shade
 That by the *earth's* round bulk is made,
 445 'Tis probable it may from far
 Appear no bullet, but a star.
 This said, he to his engine flew,
 Plac'd near at hand in open view,
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right
 450 Against the *glow-worm* tail of *kite*.
 Then peeping thro', *blest* us! (quoth he)
 It is a *planet* now I see;
 And if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like *tobacco-stopper*,
 455 It should be *Saturn*; yes, 'tis clear
 'Tis *Saturn*: but what makes him there?
 He's got between the *dragon's* tail,
 And farther leg behind o' th' *whale*;
 Pray *heav'n* divert the fatal omen,
 460 For 'tis a *prodigy* not common;
 And can no less than the *world's* end,
 Or *nature's* funeral portend.
 With that he fell again to pry
 Thro' *perspective* more wistfully,
 465 When by mischance the fatal string,
 That kept the *tow'ring fowl* on wing,

against the Zenith, and having fired it, the bullet never re-
 bounded back again; which made them all conclude that it
 sticks in the mark: but Des Cartes was of opinion, that it
 does but hang in the air.

Breaking, down fell the star: Well shot,
 Quoth *Whachum*, who right wisely thought
 H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it:

470 But *Sidrophel*, more subtil-witted,
 Cry'd out, what horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a star fall;
 It threatens *naturè*, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come!

475 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
 The *day of judgment*'s not far off:
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,
 And some of us find out by *magic*.
 Then since the time we have to live

480 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive
 To make our best advantage of it,
 And pay our losses with our profit.

This fate fell out not long before
 The *knight*, upon the forenam'd score,
 485 In quest of *Sidrophel* advancing,
 Was now in prospect of the *mansion*:
 Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his *glass*,
 And found far off, 'twas *Hudibras*.

Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, some
 490 To try or use our art are come:
 The one's the learned *knight*; seek out,
 And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd with all submiss'nefs
 T'accost 'em, but much more their bus'nefs:

477 *As lately 'twas, etc.*] This *Sedgwick* had many persons
 (and some of quality) that believed in him, and prepared to
 keep the day of judgment with him, but were disappointed;
 for which the false prophet was afterwards called by the name
 of Doomsday *Sedgwick*.

- 495 He held a stirrup while the *knight*
From *leathern Bare-bones* did alight;
And taking from his hand the bridle:
Approach'd the dark *squire* to unriddle:
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
500 And welcom'd him, *as he might say*:
He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their bus'ness lay? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither.
Did you not lose? — Quoth *Ralpho*, nay;
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your way!
505 Your *knight* — Quoth *Ralpho*, is a *lover*,
And pains intolerable doth suffer:
For *lovers* hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.
What time? — Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir, too long,
510 Three years it off and on has hung —
Quoth he, I mean what time o' the day 'tis;
Quoth *Ralpho*, between seven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my small *art*
Tells me the *dame* has a hard *heart*;
515 Or great *estate* — Quoth *Ralph*, a *jointure*,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t'her.
Mean while the *knight* was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the *wizard* steps in,
520 To give him suitable reception;
But kept his bus'ness at a *bay*,
Till *Whachum* put him in the way;
Who having now, by *Ralpho's* light,
Expounded th' errand of the *knight*;
525 And what he came to know, drew near,
To whisper in the *conjurer's* ear,

Which he pretended thus: what was't,
Quoth he, that I was saying last,
Before these *gentlemen* arriv'd?

530 Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retriev'd,
In opposition with *Mars*,
And no benign and friendly stars
T'allay th' effect. Quoth *Wizard*, so!
In *Virgo*? Ha? quoth *Whachum*, no:

535 Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it?
One tenth of's circle to a minute,
'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuse
This rudeness I am forc'd to use;
It is a *scheme* and *face* of *heaven*,
540 As th' *aspects* are dispos'd this *even*,
I was contemplating upon
When your arriv'd; but now I've done.

Quoth *Hudibras*, if I appear
Unseasonable in coming here

545 At such a time to interrupt
Your *speculations*, which I hop'd
Assistance from, and come to use,
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*,
550 The stars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew
Before you spake your bus'ness too.

Quoth *Hudibras*, make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er

555 You tell me after on your word,
Howe'er unlikely, or absurd.

You are in *love*, Sir, with a *widow*,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,

- And for three years has rid your wit
 560 And *passion*, without drawing *bit* :
 And now your bus'ness is to know
 If you shall carry her or no,
 Quoth *Hudibras*, you're in the right,
 But how the *devil* you came by't,
 565 I can't imagine; for the *stars*,
 I'm sure, can tell no more than *horfe* :
 Nor can their aspects (tho' ye pore
 Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more
 Than th' *Oracle of Sieve and Sheers* ;
 570 That turns as certain as the *Spheres* :
 But if the *devil's* of your council,
 Much may be done, my noble *Donzel* :
 And 'tis on his account I come
 To know from you my fatal doom.
 575 Quoth *Sidrophel*, if you suppose,
 Sir *knight*, that I am one of those,
 I might suspect, and take th' *alarm*,
 Your bus'ness is but to inform ;
 But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
 580 You have a *wrong sown by the ear* :
 For I assure you, for my part,
 I only deal By *rules of art* :
 Such as are lawful, and judge by
 Conclusions of *Astrology* :
 585 But for the *dev'l*, know nothing by him,
 But only this, that I defy him.
 Quoth he, whatever others deem ye,
 I understand your *Metonymy* ;
 Your words of second-hand intention,
 590 When things by *wrongful names* you mention ;

- The mystic sence of all your *terms*,
 That are indeed but *magic charms*,
 To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
 And that is down-right *conjuring*:
 595 And in itself more warrantable
 Than *cheat*, or *canting* to a *rabble*,
 Or putting *tricks* upon the *moon*,
 Which by confed'racy are done.
 Your ancient *conjurers* were wont
 600 To make her from her sphere dismount,
 And to their *incantations* stoop;
 They scorn'd to pore thro' *telescope*,
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,
 605 Which ev'ry *almanac* can tell
 Perhaps as learnedly and well
 As you yourself—Then, friend, I doubt
 You go the farthest way about:
 Your modern *Indian magician*
 610 Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in,
 And straight resolves all questions by't,
 And seldom fails to be l' th' right.
 The *Rosy-crucian* way's more sure
 To bring the devil to their lure;
 615 Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin,
 To catch *Intelligences* in.
 Some by the *nose* with fumes trapan' em,
 As *Dunstan* did the devil's *Gramm*;
 Others with *character* and *words*
 620 Catch 'em, as men in *nets* do *birds*:

609 Your modern Indian, etc.] This compendious new way of magic is affirmed by monsieur Le Blanc. (in his Travels) to be used in the East-Indies.

And some with *symbols, signs, and tricks*
 Engrav'd in *planetary nicks*,
 With their own influences will fetch 'em
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em ;

625 Make 'em depose and answer to
 All *questions*, ere they let them go.
Bumbastus kept a *devil's bird*
 Shut in the pummel of his sword,
 That taught him all the cunning pranks

630 Of past and future *mountebanks*.
Kelly did all his feats upon
 The *devil's looking-glass, a stone*,
 Where playing with him at *bo-peep*,
 He solv'd all *problems* ne'er so deep.

635 *Agrippa* kept a *stygian pug*
 I' th' garb and habit of a *dog*,
 That was his *tutor*, and the *cur*
 Read to th' occult *philosopher*,
 And taught him subt'ly to maintain

640 All other *sciences* are vain.

627 *Bumbastus kept, etc.*] *Paracelsus* is said to have kept a small devil prisoner in the pummel of his sword, which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his drink: howsoever, it was to better purpose than *Hannibal* carried poison in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surprized in any great extremity; for the sword would have done the feat alone, much better, and more soldier-like. And it was below the honour of so great a commander, to go out of the world like a rat.

635 *Agrippa kept, etc.*] *Cornelius Agrippa* had a dog that was suspected to be a spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a dog, as it was thought; but the author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the doctor and the dog from the aspersions; in which he has shewn a very great respect and kindness for them both.

- To this, quoth *Sidrophel*, oh! Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer;
Nor *Paracelsus*, no nor *Behmen*;
Nor was the dog a *Cacodæmon*,
645 But a true dog that would shew tricks
For th' *emperor*, and leap o'er sticks;
Would *fetch* and *carry*, was more civil
Than other dogs, but yet no devil;
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
650 He went the self-same way we go.
As for the *Rosy-cross philosophers*,
Whom you will have to be but *forcerers*,
What they pretend to, is no more
Than *Trismegistus* did before,
655 *Pythagoras*, old *Zoroaster*,
And *Apollonius* their master;
To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth *Hudibras*, alas! what is't us,
660 Whether 'twere said by *Trismegistus*,
If it be *nonsense*, *false*, or *mystic*,
Or not *intelligible*, or *sophistic*?
'Tis not *antiquity*, nor *author*,
That makes *truth truth*, altho' *Time's daughter*;
665 'Twas he that put her in the *pit*,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his *sons*, just so
He feeds upon his daughters too:
Nor does it follow, 'cause a *herald*
670 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,
To be descended of a race
Of ancient *kings*, in a small space;

That we shall all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old.

- 675 Quoth *Sidrophel*, it is no part
 Of prudence to cry down an *art*;
 And what it may perform, deny
 Because you understand not why.
 (As *Averrhoes* play'd but a mean trick,
 680 To damn our whole *art* for *eccentric*)
 For who knows all that knowlege contains?
 Men dwell not on the *tops of mountains*,
 But on their sides, or rising's feat;
 So 'tis with knowlege's vast height.
 685 Do not the *hiftries* of all *ages*
 Relate miraculous presages
 Of strange turns in the *world's* affairs
 Foreseen b' *astrologers*, *foothsayers*,
Chaldeans, learn'd *genethliacs*,
 690 And some that have writ *almanacs*?
 The *Median* emp'ror dreamt his daughter
 Had pilt all *Asia* under water,
 And that a *vine*, sprung from her *banches*,
 O'erspread his *empire* with its branches:
 695 And did not *foothsayers* expound it,
 As after by th' event he found it?

679 As *Averrhoes*, etc.] *Averrhoes Astronomiam propter
 excentricos contempsit*. Phil. Melancthon in Elem. Phil. p. 781.

691 The *Median* emp'ror dreamt his daughter, etc.] *Astyages*
 king of *Media*, had this dream of his daughter *Mandane*, and
 the interpretation from the *Magi*; wherefore he married her
 to a *Persian* of a mean quality, by whom she had *Cyrus*, who
 conquered all *Asia*, and translated the empire from the *Medes*
 to the *Persians*. Herodot. l. 1.

- When *Cæsar* in the senate fell,
 Did not the sun eclips'd foretel,
 And in resentment of his slaughter,
 700 Look pale for almost a year after?
Augustus having b' oversight
 Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
 Had like to have been slain that day
 By *soldiers* mutin'ing for pay.
 705 Are there not myriads of this sort,
 Which stories of all times report?
 Is it not om'nous in all countries,
 When crows and ravens croak upon trees?
 The *Roman senate*, when within
 710 The city walls an owl was seen,
 Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
 (Our *synod* calls humiliations)
 The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert,
 From doing town and country hurt.
 715 And if an owl have so much pow'r,
 Why should not planets have much more?
 That in a region far above
 Inferior fowls of the air move,
 And should see farther, and foreknow
 720 More than their augury below?
 Tho' that once serv'd the polity
 Of mighty states to govern by;

697 *When Cæsar, etc.*] *Fiunt aliquando prodigiosi, et longiores solis defectus, quales occiso Cæsare Dictatore, et Antoniano bello totius anni pallore continuo.* Plin.

701 *Augustus having, etc.*] *Divus Augustus lacuum sibi protulit calceum præpostere indutum, quo die seditione Militum prope afflicus est.* Idem. l. 2.

709 *The Roman senate, etc.*] *Romani L. Crasso et C. Manio Coss. Bubone viso orbem lustrabant.*

- And this is what we take in hand
 By pow'rful *art* to understand;
 725 Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
 Can speak th' *events* of our presages.
 Have we not lately, in the *moon*,
 Found a *new world*, to th' *old unknown*?
 Discover'd *sea* and *land*, *Columbus*
 730 And *Magellan* cou'd never compass?
 Made mountains with our *tubes* appear,
 And cattle grazing on 'em there?
 Quoth *Hudibras*, you lie so ope,
 That I, without a *telescope*,
 735 Can find your tricks out, and descry
 Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
 For *Anaxagoras* long agon
 Saw *hills*, as well as you, i' th' *moon*:
 And held the *sun* was but a piece
 740 Of *red-hot iron* as big as *Greece*;
 Believ'd the heav'ns were made of *stone*,
 Because the *sun* had voided one:
 And, rather than he would recant
 Th' *opinion*, suffer'd banishment.
 745 But what, alas! is it to us,
 Whether i' th' *moon* men thus or thus
 Do eat their *porridge*, cut their corns,
 Or whether they have tails or horns?

737 For Anaxagoras, etc.] Anaxagoras affirmabat solem candens ferrum esse, et Peloponneso majorem: Lunam habitacula in se habere, et colles, et valles. Fertur dixisse cælum omne ex lapidibus esse compositum: damnatus et in exilium pulsus est, quod impie solem candentem luminam esse dixisset. Diog. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11, 13.

- What *trade* from thence can you advance,
750 But what we nearer have from *France*?
What can our *travellers* bring home,
That is not to be learnt at *Rome*;
What *politics*, or strange *opinions*,
That are not in our own *dominions*?
755 What *science* can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native *regions*?
Are sweating *lanthorns*, or *screen-fans*,
760 Made better there, than they're in *France*?
Or do they teach to *sing* and *play*
O' th' *gitter* there a newer way?
Can they make *plays* there that shall fit
The *public humour* with less *wit*?
765 Write *wittier dances*, quainter shows,
Or fight with more ingenious *blows*?
Or does the *man* i' th' *moon* look big,
And wear a huger *perriwig*,
Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
770 Than our own *native lunatics*?
But if we out-do him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As *wind* i' th' *hypocondries* pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent;
775 But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new *light* and *prophecy*:
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Altho' they promise strange and great
780 *Discoveries* of things far set,

- They are but idle *dreams* and *fancies*,
 And savour strongly of the *ganzas*.
 Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,
 Why on a *sign* no *painter* draws
- 785 The *full-moon* ever, but the *half*;
 Resolve that with your *Jacob's staff*;
 Or why *wolves* raise a hubbub at her,
 And *dogs* howl when she shines in water;
 And I shall freely give my vote,
- 790 You may know something more remote?
 At this, deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,
 And staring round with *owl-like eyes*,
 He put his face into a posture
 Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster:
- 795 For having three times shook his head
 To stir his wit up, thus he said.
Art has no mortal enemies
 Next *ignorance*, but *owls* and *geese*;
 Those consecrated geese in orders,
- 800 That to the *Capitol* were warders:
 And being then upon *patrole*,
 With noise alone beat off the *Gaul*:
 Or those *Athenian sceptic owls*,
 That will not credit their own *souls*;
- 805 Or any *science* understand,
 Beyond the reach of eye or hand:
 But measuring all things by their own
 Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
 Those whole-sale *critics*, that in *coffee*-
- 810 *Houses* cry down all *philosophy*,
 And will not know upon what ground
 In nature we our doctrine found,

Altho'

- Altho' with pregnant evidence
 We can demonstrate it to sense,
 815 As I just now have done to you,
 Foretelling what you came to know.
 Were the *stars* only made to light
 Robbers and burglars by night?
 To wait on *drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,*
 820 And *lovers* solacing behind doors,
 Or giving one another pledges
 Of *matrimony* under *hedges*?
 Or witches *simpling*, and on *gibbets*
 Cutting from *malefactors* snippets?
 825 Or from the *pillory* tips of ears
 Of rebel-saints and perjurers?
 Only to stand by, and look on,
 But not know what is said or done?
 Is there a *constellation* there,
 830 That was not born and bred up here?
 And therefore cannot be to learn.
 In any inferior concern.
 Were they not, during all their lives,
 Most of 'em pyrates, whores and thieves?
 835 And is it like they have not still
 In their old practices some skill?
 Is there a *planet* that by *birth*
 Does not derive its *house* from *earth*?
 And therefore probably must know
 840 What is, and hath been done below;
 Who made the *balance*, or whence came
 The *bull*, the *lion*, and the *ram*?
 Did not we here the *Argo* rig,
 Make *Berenice's* *perruwig*?

- 845 Whose *liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear ?
 Or who made *Cassiopeia's* chair ?
 And therefore as they came from hence,
 With us may hold *intelligence*.
Plato deny'd, the world can be
- 850 Govern'd without *geometry*;
 (For money b'ing the common scale
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale;
 In all th' affairs of *church* and *state*,
 'Tis both the *balance* and the *weight* :)
- 855 Then much less can it be without
 Divine *astrology* made out ;
 That puts the other down in worth,
 As far as *heav'n's* above the *earth*.
 These reasons (quoth the *knight*) I grant
- 860 Are something more significant
 Than any that the learned use
 Upon this *subject* to produce ;
 And yet they're far from satisfactory,
 T'establish, and keep up your *factory*.
- 865 Th' *Egyptians* say, the sun has twice
 Shifted his *setting* and his *rise* :
 Twice has he risen in the *west*,
 As many times set in the *east* ;
 But whether that be true or no,
- 870 The *devil* any of you know.

865 Th' *Egyptians* say, etc.] *Egyptii decem millia annorum et amplius recensent; et observatum est in hoc tanto spatio, bis mutata esse loca ortuum et occasuum solis, ita ut sol bis ortus sit ubi nunc occidit, et bis descenderit ubi nunc oritur.* Phil. Mel. l. 1. p. 60.

871 Some hold the heavens, etc.] *Causa quare coelum non cadit (secundum Empedoclem) est velocitas sui motus.* Comment. in L. 2. Aristot. de Coelo.

- Some hold the *heavens*, like a *top*,
 Are kept by *circulation* up ;
 And were't not for their wheeling round,
 They'd instantly fall to the ground :
- 875 As sage *Empedocles* of old,
 And from him *modern* authors hold.
Plato believ'd the *sun* and *moon*
 Below all other *planets* run.
 Some *Mercury*, some *Venus* feat
- 880 Above the *sun* himself in height.
 The learned *Scaliger* complain'd,
 'Gainst what *Copernicus* maintain'd,
 That in twelve hundred years and odd,
 The *sun* had left its antient road,
- 885 And nearer to the *earth* is come
 'Bove fifty thousand miles from home :
 Swore 'twas a most notorious *flam*,
 And he that had so little shame
 To vent such *fopperies* abroad,
- 890 Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd :
 Which monsieur *Bodin* hearing, swore
 That he deserv'd the *rod* much more,
 That durst upon a *truth* give doom,
 He knew less than the *pope* of *Rome*.
- 895 *Cardan* believ'd great states depend
 Upon the tip o' th' *bear's* tail's end ;

877 *Plato* believ'd, etc.] *Plato solem et lunam ceteris planetis inferiores esse putavit.* G. Gunnin in *Cosmog.* l. 1. p. 12.

881 *The learned Scaliger*, etc.] *Copernicus in libris revolutionum, deinde Reinboldus, post etiam Stadius, mathematici nobiles perspicuis demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis apside terris esse propiorem, quam Ptolemaei aetate duodecim partibus, i. e. uno et triginta terrae semidiametris.* Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455.

895 *Cardan* believ'd, etc.] *Putat Cardanus, ab extrema cauda Majoris Ursae, omne magnum imperium pendere.* Id. p. 325.

- That as she whisk'd it towards the *sun*,
 Strow'd mighty *empires* up and down :
 Which others say must needs be false,
 900 Because your true *bears* have no tails.
 Some say the *Zodiac* *constellations*
 Have long since chang'd their antique stations
 Above a *sign*, and prove the same
 In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram* ;
 905 Affirm the *trigons* chop'd and chang'd,
 The *watry* with the *fiery* rang'd,
 Then how can their *effects* still hold
 To be the same they were of old ?
 This, tho' the *art* were true, would make
 910 Our modern *soothsayers* mistake :
 And is one cause they tell more lies,
 In *figures* and *nativities*,
 Than th' old *Chaldean* conjurers,
 In so many hundred thousand years ;
 915 Beside their nonsense in translating,
 For want of *accidence* and *Latin*,
 Like *Idus*, and *Calendæ*, English'd,
 The *Quarter-Day* by skilful linguist :
 And yet with *cauting*, *flight*, and *cheat*,
 920 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat :
 Make *fools* believe in their foreseeing
 Of things before they are in being ;
 To swallow *gudgeons* ere they're catch'd
 And count their *chickens*, ere they're hatch'd ;
 925 Make them the *constellations* prompt,
 And give 'em back their own accompt ;

913 Than th' old Chaldean, etc.] *Chaldaei jactant se quadringinta septuaginta annorum millia in periclitandis, experientisque puerorum animis posuisse. Cicero.*

- But still the best to him that gives,
 The best price for't, or best believes.
 Some *towns*, and *cities*, some for brevity
 930 Have cast the 'versal world's *nativity* ;
 And made the infant-stars confess,
 Like fools or children, what they please.
 Some calculate the hidden fates
 Of *monkeys*, *puppy-dogs*, and *cats* :
 935 Some *running nags*, and *fighting-cocks*,
 Some *love*, *trade*, *law-suits*, and the *pox* :
 Some take a measure of the lives
 Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives ;
 Make *opposition*, *trine* and *quartile*,
 940 Tell who is barren, and who fertile ;
 As if the *planet's* first aspect
 The tender infant did infect
 In *soul* and *body*, and instil
 All future good, and future ill :
 945 Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
 At destin'd periods fall a working ;
 And break out, like the hidden seeds
 Of long diseases, into deeds,
 In friendships, enmities, and strife,
 950 And all th' emergencies of life :
 No sooner does he peep into
 The *world*, but he has done his do,
 Catch'd all diseases, took all *physic*
 That cures or kills a man that is sick ;
 955 Marry'd his punctual dose of wives,
 Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
 There's but the twinkling of a *star*
 Between a man of *peace* and *war* :

- A *thief* and *justice*; *fool* and *knave*,
 960 A *huffing officer*, and a *slave*;
 A *crafty lawyer*, and *pick-pocket*,
 A *great philosopher*, and a *block-head*;
 A *formal preacher*, and a *player*,
 A *learn'd physician*, and *manslayer*.
 965 As if men from the stars did suck
Old age, *diseases*, and *ill-luck*,
Wit, *folly*, *honour*, *virtue*, *vice*,
Trade, *travel*, *women*, *claps*, and *dice*;
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,
 970 *Battle*, and *murder*, *sudden death*.
 Are not these fine commodities,
 To be imported from the skies,
 And vended here among the rabble,
 For staple goods and warrantable?
 975 Like money by the *Druids* borrow'd,
 In th' other world to be restor'd!
 Quoth *Sidrophel*, to let you know
 You wrong the *art*, and *artists* too,
 Since arguments are lost on those
 980 That do our *principles* oppose;
 I will (altho' I've done't before)
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,
 And draw a *figure* that shall tell you,
 What you, perhaps, forget, besel you,
 985 By way of *Harary* inspection,
 Which some account our worst *erection*.
 With that he *circles* draws, and *squares*,
 With *cyphers*, *astral characters*;

975 Like money, etc.] *Druidas pecuniam mutuo accipiebant
 in posteriore vita reddituri.* Patricius Tom, a. p. 9.

Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
 990 Altho' set down *bab-nab*, at random.
 Quoth he, this *scheme* o' th' heavens set,
 Discovers how in fight you met,
 At *Kingston* with a *May-pole* idol,
 And that y'were bang'd both back and side well,
 995 And tho' you overcame the *bear*,
 The *dogs* beat you at *Brentford* fair;
 Where sturdy *butchers* broke your noddle,
 And handled you like a *fop-doodle*.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive
 1000 You are no *conj'rer*, by your leave;
 That *paltry story* is untrue,
 And forg'd to cheat such *gulls* as you.
 Not true? quoth he, howe'er you vapour,
 I can what I affirm make appear;
 1005 *Whacum* shall justify't t' your face,
 And prove he was upon the place:
 He play'd the *Salinbancho's* part,
 Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my art;
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
 1010 Chous'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead,
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

1001. *That paltry story, etc.*] There was a notorious idiot (that is here described by the name and character of *Whacum*) who counterfeited a second part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as captain *Po*, who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand on the pillory, for forging other mens hands, as his fellow *Whacum* no doubt deserved; in whose abominable doggrel, this story of *Hudibras* and a *French mountebank* at *Brentford* fair, is as properly described.

- Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe
 That argument's *demonstrative*;
 1015 *Ralpho*, bear witness, and go fetch us
 A *constable* to seize the wretches:
 For tho' they're both false *knaves* and *cheats*,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
 I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,
 1020 As true as e'er were us'd by *bricklayers*.
 They're guilty by their own confessions
 Of *felony*, and at the *sessions*
 Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,
 That the *vibration* of this *pendulum*
 1025 Shall make all *taylors* yards of one
 Unanimous opinion:
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,
 But now shall make it out by proof.
 Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt
 1030 To find friends that will bear me out:

1024 *That the vibration, etc.*] The device of the vibration of a *Pendulum*, was intended to settle a certain measure of ells and yards, *etc.* (that should have its foundation in nature) all the world over: for by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating (by the motion of the sun, or any star) how long the vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the string, and weight of the *Pendulum*; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time compute the exact length of any string that must necessarily vibrate into so much space of time: so that if a man should ask in *Cbina* for a quarter of an hour of *Sattin*, or *Tafata*; they would know perfectly what is meant; and all mankind learn a new way to measure things no more by the yard, foot, or inch, but by the hour, quarter, and minute.

- Nor have I hazarded my *art*,
And neck, so long on the *state's* part,
To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer,
By such a *braggadocio* huffer.
- 1035 *Huffer*, quoth *Hudibras*, this *sword*
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this *Stygian* sophister:
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a *bay*,
- 1040 Lest he and *Whachum* run away.
But *Sidrophel*, who, from th' *aspect*
Of *Hudibras*, did now erect
A *figure* worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
- 1045 Believ'd it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come on'r,
While *Hudibras* was all alone;
And he and *Whachum*, two to one:
This b'ing resolv'd, he spy'd by chance,
- 1050 Behind the door an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass
To make his way through *Hudibras*.
- 1055 *Whachum* had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work.
But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard:
He put-by *Sidrophelo's* thrust,
- 1060 And in right manfully he rusht;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.

- Whachum* his sea-coal prong threw by,
 And basely turn'd his back to fly ;
 1065 But *Hudibras* gave him a twitch
 As quick as light'ning in the breech ;
 Just in the place where *honour's* lodg'd,
 As wise *philosophers* have judg'd,
 Because a kick, in that place, more
 1070 Hurts *honour*, than deep wounds before.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, the stars determine
 You are my prisoners, base vermine :
 Could they not tell you so, as well
 As what I came to know foretel ?
 1075 By this what cheats you are we find,
 That in your own concerns are blind ;
 Your lives are now at my dispose,
 To be redeem'd by fine or blows :
 But who his honour wou'd defile,
 1080 To take, or sell, two lives so vile !
 I'll give you *quarter* ; but your *pillage*,
 The conqu'ring warrior's *crop* and *tillage*,
 Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
 That's mine, the *law of arms* allows.
 1085 This said in haste, in haste he fell
 To rummaging of *Sidrophel* ;
 First, he expounded both his pockets,
 And found a *watch*, with *rings* and *loquets*,
 Which had been left with him t' erect
 1090 A *figure* for, and so detect ;
 A *copper-plate*, with *almanacs* .
 Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks,
 Of *Booker's*, *Lilly's*, *Sarah Fimmers*,
 And *blank schemes*, to discover *nimmers* ;

- 1095 A *moon dial*, with *Napier's bones*,
 And sev'ral *constellation stones*,
 Engrav'd in *planetary hours*;
 That over *mortals* had strange pow'rs,
 To make 'em thrive in *law or trade*,
 1100 And stab or poison to evade;
 In wit or *wisdom* to improve,
 And be victorious in *love*.
Whachum had neither *cross* nor *pile*,
 His *plunder* was not worth the while;
 1105 All which the *conqu'ror* did discompt,
 To pay for curing of his rump.
 But *Sidrophel*, as full of tricks
 As *rota-men* of politics,
 Streight cast about to over-reach
 1110 Th' unwary *conqu'ror* with a fetch,
 And make him glad (at least) to quit
 His *victory*, and fly the *pit*,
 Before the *secular prince of darkness*
 Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass:
 1115 And as a *fox*, with hot pursuit
 Chas'd thro' a *warren*, casts about
 To save his credit, and among
 Dead *vermin* on a *gallows* hung;
 And while the *dogs* run underneath,
 1120 Escap'd (by counterfeiting death)
 Not out of cunning; but a *train*
 Of *atoms* jostling in his brain,

1113 Before the *secular*, etc.] As the devil is the spiritual prince of darkness, so is the constable the secular, who governs in the night with as great authority as his colleague; but far more imperiously.

- As learn'd *philosophers* give out :
 So *Sidrophelo* cast about,
 1125 And sell t'his wonted *trade* again,
 To feign himself in earnest slain :
 First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
 And seeming in his breast to smother
 A broken sigh ; quoth he, where am I,
 1130 Alive, or dead ; or which way came I
 Thro' so immense a space so soon ?
 But now I thought myself i' th' *moon* ;
 And that a *monster*, with huge *whiskers*,
 More formidable than a *Switzer's*,
 1135 My body through and through had drill'd,
 And *Whachum* by my side had kill'd,
 Had cross examin'd both our hose,
 And plunder'd all we had to lose ;
 Look, there he is, I see him now,
 1140 And feel the place I am run through :
 And there lies *Whachum* by my side
 Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd :
 Oh ! oh ! with that he fetch'd a *groan*,
 And fell again into a swoon,
 1145 Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath,
 And to the *life* out-acted *death* ;
 That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
 Believ'd him to be dead as *herring*.
 He held it now no longer safe,
 1150 To tarry the return of *Ralph*,
 But rather leave him in the *lurch* :
 Thought he, he has abus'd our *church*,
 Refus'd to give himself one firk,
 To carry on the *public work* :

Despis'd

- 1155 Despis'd our *synod-men*, like dirt,
And made their discipline his sport;
Divulg'd the secrets of their *classes*,
And their *conventions* prov'd *high places*;
Disparag'd their *tythe-pigs*, as *Pagan*,
1160 And set at nought their *cheese* and *bacon*;
Rail'd at their *covenant*, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend parsons, to my beard:
- For all which *scandals*, to be quit
At once, this *juncture* falls out fit.
1165 I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury, if he dare:
He must at least hold up his hand,
By twelve *free-holders* to be seann'd;
Who by their skill in *palmistry*,
1170 Will quickly read his *destiny*!
And make him glad to read his *lesson*,
Or take a turn for't at the *session*:
Unless his *light* and *gifts* prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
1175 For if he 'scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do:
And that will disengage my *conscience*
O' th' *obligation*, in his own sense:
I'll make him now by force abide
1180 What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my *honour* satisfaction,
And right the *brethren* in the *action*.
This being resolv'd, with equal speed
And *conduct*, he approach'd his *steed*,

1185 And with *activity* unwont,
Affay'd the lofty *beast* to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his *palfrey*,
To get from th' *enemy*, and *Ralph*, free:
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
1190 And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

AN HEROICAL
EPISTLE
OF

HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus—

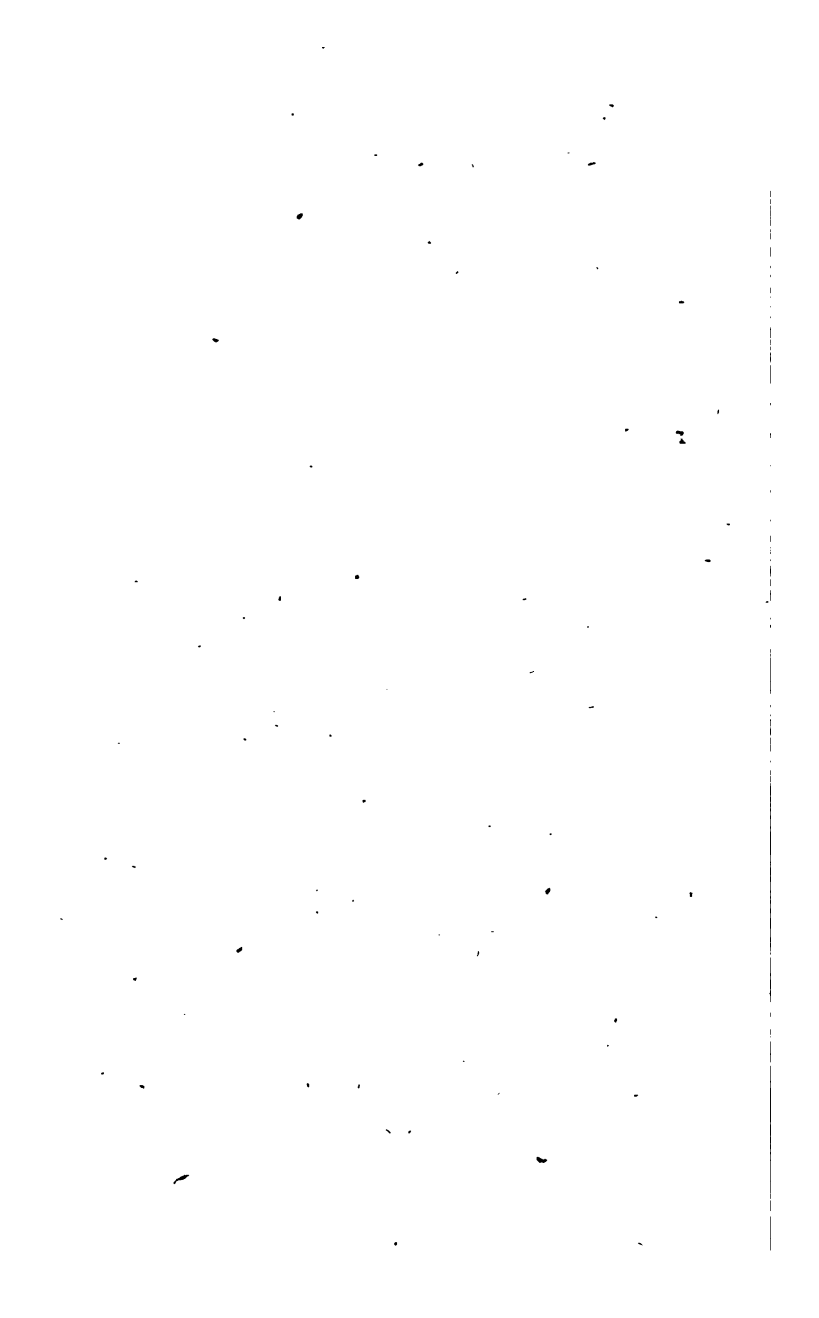
WELL, *Sidrophel*, tho' 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your skull
As often as the moon's at full;
5 'Tis not amiss, ere y'are giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'it is the wisest course.
Is't possible that you, whose ears
10 Are of the tribe of *Issachar's*,
And might (with equal reason) either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With *William Pryn's*, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,
15 Shou'd yet be deaf against a noise
So roring as the public voice?

- That speaks your virtues free and loud,
 And openly in ev'ry croud,
 As loud as one that sings his part
- 20 T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart,
 Or your new nicknam'd old invention
 To cry green-haltings with an engine;
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
 And torn your drum-heads with the sound)
- 25 And 'cause your folly's now no news,
 But overgrown, and out of use,
 Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature;
 When folly, as it grows in years,
- 30 The more extravagant appears;
 For who but you could be possest
 With so much ignorance, and beast,
 That neither all mens scorn, and hate,
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
- 35 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;
 But (like a reprobate) what course
 Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?
 Can no transfusion of the blood,
- 40 That makes fools cattle, do you good?
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn 'em into mungrel-curs,
 Put you into a way, at least,
 To make yourself a better beast?
- 45 Can all your critical intrigues,
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs;
 Your sev'ral new-found remedies
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
- 50 And purging their infected saps;

- Recov'ring shankers, crySTALLINGS,
And nods and botches in the rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate?
55 But still it must be-lewdly bent
To tempt your own due punishment;
And like your whimsy'd chariots draw
The boys to course you without law;
As if the art you have so long
60 Profest, of making old *dogs* young,
In you, had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too.
Can you that understand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
65 Resolve all problems with your face,
As others do with *B's* and *A's*;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With solid bending of your brows;
All arts and sciences advance,
70 With screwing of your countenances,
And with a penetrating eye;
Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
Know more of any trade by a hint,
Than those that have been bred up in't;
75 And yet have no art, true or false,
To help your own bad naturals?
But still the more you strive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder;
For fools are known by looking wise,
80 As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' *collegē*
A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,

- And brought in none, but spent repute,
Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
85 To judge, and censure, and controul,
As if you were the sole *Six Pall*;
And saucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to:
You'll find the thing will not be done
90 With ignorance and face alone:
No, tho' y' have purchas'd to your name
In history so great a fame;
That now your talent's so well known,
For having all belief out-grown,
95 That ev'ry strange prodigious tale
Is measur'd by your *Germes* scale——
By which the *virtuosi* try
The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
Cast up to what it does amout,nt,
100 And place the bigg'st to your account.
That all those stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charg'd upon your score,
And lesser authors nam'd no more.
105 Alas! that faculty betrays
Those soonest it designs to raise:
And all your vain renown will spoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;
Tho' he that has but impudence,
110 To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Tho' you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater ease than public scorn,

- 115 That all affronts do still give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs:
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,
120 You must not think 'twill always pass;
For all impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour, and undone.
And all the best that can befall
An artificial natural,
125 Is that which mad-men find, as soon
As once they're broke loose from the moon,
And proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
130 For sport of boys, and rabble-wit.



HUDIBRAS.

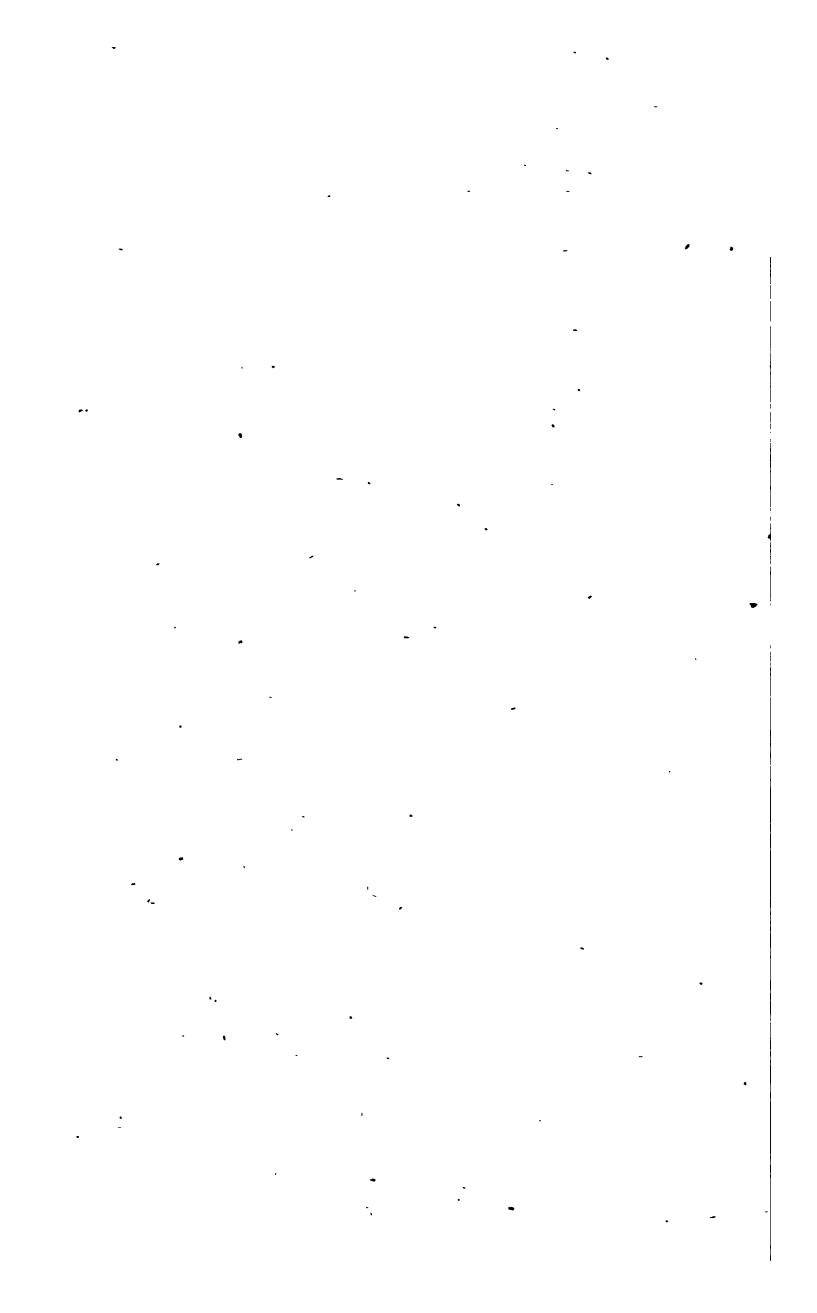
THE THIRD AND LAST PART.

By the AUTHOR of the FIRST and SECOND.

Corrected and Amended:

WITH

ANNOTATIONS.



HUDIBRAS.

THE THIRD AND LAST PART.

The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO.

*The knight and squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce,
They both approach the lady's bower,
The squire t' inform, the knight to woo her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By furies and hobgoblins made:
From which the squire conveys the knight,
And steals him, from himself, by night.*

C A N T O I.

'TIS true, no lover has that pow'r
T' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two *strings* to's bow,
And burns for *love* and *money* too ;
5 For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit,

- Has all his *flames* and *raptures* double,
 And *hangs*, or *drowns*, with half the trouble;
 While those that *lillily* pursue
 10 The simple, downright way and true,
 Make as unlucky applications,
 And steer against the streams their passions:
 Some forge their *mistresses* of *stars*;
 And when the ladies prove averse,
 15 And more untoward to be won,
 Than by *Caligula* the moon,
 Cry out upon the stars for doing
 Ill offices, to cross their *wooing*;
 When only by themselves they're hindred,
 20 For trusting *those they made her kindred*;
 And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
 The damsels prove, become the fonder,
 For what mad lover ever dy'd
 To gain a soft and gentle *bride*?
 25 Or for a lady tender-hearted,
 In *purling streams* or *hemp* departed?
 Leap'd headlong int' *Elysium*,
 Thro' th' windows of a *dazling room*?
 But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
 30 The am'rous fly burnt in his *flame*.
 This to the *knight* could be no news,
 With all mankind so much in use;
 Who therefore took the wiser course,
 To make the most of his *amours*,

15 And more, etc.] *Caligula* was one of the emperors of Rome, son of *Germanicus* and *Agrippina*. He would needs pass for a god, and had the heads of the ancient statues of the gods taken off, and his own placed on in their stead, and used to stand between the statues of *Castor* and *Pollux* to be worshipp'd; and often bragged of lying with the moon.

Resolv'd

- 35 Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As follows in due *time* and *place*.
No sooner was the bloody fight,
Between the *wizzard* and the *knight*,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
- 40 But he relaps'd again t' a *lover* :
As he was always wont to do
When h' had discomfited a foe ;
And us'd the only *antique philters*
Deriv'd from old *heroic tilters*.
- 45 But now triumphant and victorious,
He held th' atchievement was too glorious
For such a conqueror to meddle
With *petty constable*, or *beadle* ;
Or fly for refuge to the *hostess*,
- 50 Of th' inns of court and chancery, *justice* ;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
To th' *ordeal trial* of the laws ;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot irons have past *bare-handed* ;
- 55 And if they cannot read one *verse*
I th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
He therefore judging it below him,
To tempt a shame the *devil might owe him*,
Resolv'd to leave the 'squire for *bail*
- 60 And *mainprize* for him, to the *jail*,

43 *And us'd, etc.*] *Philters* were love potions, reported to be much in request in former ages; but our true *Knight-Er-rant* Hero made use of no other, but what his noble atchievements by his sword produced.

52 *To th' Ordeal, etc.*] *Ordeal* trials were, when supposed *criminals*, to discover their innocence, went over several red-hot coultter irons. These were generally such whose chastity was suspected, as the vestal virgins, *etc.*

- To answer, with his vessel, all
That might disastrously befall;
And thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the lady a rencounter,
- 65 T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the *fierce magician* :
Describe the manner of the fray,
And shew the spoils he brought away;
His bloody *scourging* aggravate,
- 70 The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief h' had done the deed.
Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear:
- 75 But rather than produce his back,
To set his conscience on the rack;
And in pursuance of her urging
Of articles perform'd and scourging,
And all things else upon his part,
- 80 Demand deliv'ry of her heart,
Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
And person, up to his embracet.
Thought he, the ancient *errant knights*
Won all their ladies hearts in *fight* :
- 85 And cut whole giants into fitters,
To put them into am'rous twitters;
Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their *gallants* were half kill'd:
But when their bones were drub'd so sore,
- 90 They durst not *woo one combat* more,
The ladies hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.

- So *Spanish* heroes with their lances,
 At once wound *bulls* and *ladies* fancies :
 95 And he acquires the noblest spouse
 That widows greatest herds of cows ;
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Who've quell'd so vast a *buffalo* ?
 Meanwhile the *squire* was on his way,
 100 The *knight's* late orders to obey :
 Who sent him for a *strong detachment*
 Of *beadles*, *constables*, and *watchmen*,
 T' attack the *cunning-man*, for plunder
 Committed falsely on his lumber ;
 105 When he, who had so lately sack'd
 The enemy, had done the fact,
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
 Of *gimcracks*, *whims*, and *jiggumbobs*,
 Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
 110 And for his own inventions father'd :
 And when they shou'd, at *goal delivery*,
 Unriddle one another's thievery,
 Both might have evidence enough,
 To render either halter-proof :
 115 He thought it desperate to tarry,
 And venture to be *accessary* ;
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,
 And leave them for the *knight*, his *betters*.
 He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
 120 He would have offer'd him that day :

93 So *Spanish* heroes, etc.] The young *Spaniards* signalized their valour before the *Spanish* ladies at *bull feasts*, which often proved very hazardous, and sometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a wild bull, kept up on purpose, and let loose at the combatant ; and he that kills most carries the laurel, and dwells highest in the ladies favour.

- To make him curry his own hide,
 Which no beast ever did beside,
 Without all possible evasion,
 But of the *riding dispensation*.
- 125 And therefore much about the hour,
 The *knight* (for reasons told before)
 Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
 Of *justice*, and an *unpack'd jury*;
 The *squire* concurr'd t' abandon him,
- 130 And serve him in the self-same trim;
 T' acquaint the *lady* what h' had done,
 And what he meant to carry on;
 What *project* 'twas he went about,
 When *Sitrophel* and he fell out:
- 135 His firm and stedfast resolution,
 To swear her to an *execution*;
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her.
 In which both dealt; as if they meant
- 140 Their *party saints* to represent,
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,
 In any prosperous *arms-bearing*,
 To lay themselves out, to supplant
 Each other *cousin-german-saint*.
- 145 But ere the *knight* could do his part,
 The *squire* had got so much the start,
 H' had to the lady done his errand,
 And told her all his tricks afore-hand.
 Just as he finish'd his report,
- 150 The *knight* alighted in the court;

137 To pawn, etc.] His *exterior ears* were gone before,
 and so out of danger; but by *inward ears* is here meant his
 conscience.

- And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,
 And taken time for both to stale,
 He put his band and beard in order,
 The sprucer, to accost and board her.
 155 And now began t' approach the door,
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
 Convey'd th' *informer* out of sight,
 And went to entertain the *knight*;
 With whom encount'ring, *after longees*
 160 Of *humble and submissive congees*
 And all *due ceremonies* paid,
 He stroak'd his beard, and thus he said:
 Madam, I do, as is my duty,
 Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye:
 165 And now am come, to bring your ear
 A present you'll be glad to hear;
 At least I hope so. The thing's done,
 Or may I never see the fun;
 For which I humbly now demand
 170 Performance at your gentle hand:
 And that you'd please to do your part,
 As I have done mine to my smart.
 With that he strugg'd his sturdy back,
 As if he felt his shoulders ake.
 175 But she who well enough knew what
 (Before he spoke) he would be at,
 Pretended not to apprehend
 The mystery of what he mean'd:
 And therefore with'd him to expound
 180 His dark expressions *less profound*.
 Madam; quoth he, I come to prove
 How much I've suffer'd for your love,
 Which (like your votary) to win,
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin:

- 185 And, for these meritorious lashes,
 To claim your favour and good graces.
 Quoth she, I do remember once
 I freed you from th' enchanted sconce;
 And that you promis'd, for that favour,
 190 To bind your back to its good behaviour,
 And for my sake and service vow'd
 To lay upon't a heavy load,
 And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,
 As other knights do oft make love.
 195 Which, whether you have done or no,
 Concerns yourself, not me to know.
 But if you have, I shall confess,
 You're honeste than I could guess.
 Quoth he, if you suspect my troth,
 200 I cannot prove it but by oath:
 And if you make a question on't,
 I'll pawn my soul that I have done 't;
 And he that makes his soul his surety,
 I think does give the best secur'ty.
 205 Quoth she, some say, the soul's secure
 Against distress and forfeiture;
 Is free from action, and exempt
 From execution and contempt;
 And to be summon'd to appear.
 210 In th' other world 's illegal here.
 And therefore few make any account
 Int' what incumbrances they run't.
 For most men carry things so even
 Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
 215 Without the least offence to either,
 They freely deal in all together,
 And equally abhor to quit
 This world for both, or both for it,

- And when they pawn and damn their souls,
 220 They are but pris'ners on paroles.
 For that (*quoth he*) 'tis rational,
 They may b' accountable in all.
 For when there is that intercourse
 Between divine and human pow'rs,
 225 That all that we determine here
 Commands obedience ev'ry where;
 When penalties may be commuted,
 For fines, or ears, and executed;
 It follows, nothing binds so fast
 230 As souls in pawn, and mortgage past:
 For oaths are th' only tests and seals
 Of right and wrong, and true and false.
 And there's no other way to try
 The doubts of law and justice by.
 235 (*Quoth she*) what is it you wou'd swear?
 There's no believing till I hear:
 For till they're understood, all tales
 (Like nonsense) are not true nor false.
 (*Quoth he*) when I resolv'd t' obey
 240 What you commanded t' other day,
 And to perform my exercise,
 (As schools are wont) for your fair eyes:
 T' avoid all scruples in the case,
 I went to do 't upon the place.
 245 But as the castle is enchanted
 By *Sidrophel* the witch, and haunted
 With evil spirits, as you know,
 Who took my squire and me for twain;
 Before I'd hardly time to lay
 250 My weapons by, and disarray.

- I heard a formidable noise
 Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
 That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,
 I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
 255 That shall divest thy ribs of skin,
 To expiate thy ling'ring sin.
 Th' hast broke perſidiously thy oath,
 And not perform'd thy plighted troth;
 But spar'd thy renegado back,
 260 When th' hadst so great a prize at stake:
 Which now the fates have order'd me
 For penance and revenge to flay,
 Unless thou presently make haste.
 Time is, time was: and there it ceas'd.
 265 With which, tho' startled, I confess,
 Yet th' horror of the thing was less
 Than th' other dismal apprehension
 Of interruption or prevention.
 And therefore snatching up the rod,
 270 I laid upon my back a load;
 Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
 To make my word and honour good,
 Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
 For new recruits of breath and strength,
 275 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast,
 As if th' had been by lovers plac'd,
 In raptures of *Platonic* lashing,
 And chaste contemplative bardashing:

252 Loud as, etc.] A speaking trumpet, by which the voice may be heard at a very great distance, very useful at sea.

276 As if th' bad, etc.] This alludes to some abject leechers, who used to be disciplined with *amorous lashes* by their mistresses.

- When facing hastily about,
280 To stand upon my guard and scout,
I found th' infernal cunning-man,
And th' under-witch, his *saliban*,
With scourges (like the furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters storm'd.
285 In haste I snatch'd my weapon up,
And gave the hellish rage a stop;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Couragiously on *Sidrophel*:
Who now transform'd himself t' a bear,
290 Began to roar aloud, and tear;
When I as furiously press'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,
And turn'd himself into a goose,
295 Div'd under water in a pond,
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him; but as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal haste and rage,
300 His under-forcerer t' engage.
But bravely scorning to defile
My sword with feeble blood and vile;
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
305 With which I furiously laid on;
Till in a harsh and doleful tone
It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir:
I am too great a sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
310 But conjur'd int' a worse caprich:
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houses in the night to haunt,

- For opportunities t' improve.
 Designs of thievery or love;
 315 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
 All feats of witches counterfeit,
 Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
 And make it for enchantment pass;
 With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
 320 And choak with fumes of Guiney-pepper;
 Make leachers and their punks with dewtry
 Commit fantastical advowtry;
 Bewitch Hermetic-men to run
 Stark staring mad with *manicon*;
 325 Believe mechanic *virtuosi*
 Can raise 'em mountains in *Potosi*;
 And sillier than the antique fools,
 Take treasure for a heap of coals;
 Seek out for plants with signatures,
 330 To quack of universal cures;
 With figures ground on panes of glass,
 Make people on their heads to pass:
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,
 Reflected from a single piece:

323 *Bewitch Hermetic men, etc.*] *Hermes Trismegistus*, an Egyptian philosopher, and said to have liv'd *anno mundi* 2076. in the reign of *Ninus*, after *Moses*. He was a wonderful philosopher, and proved that there was but one God, the creator of all things; and was the author of several most excellent and useful inventions; but those *Hermetic-men* here mentioned, though the pretended sectators of this great man, are nothing else but a wild and extravagant sort of *Enthusiasts*, who make a hodge-podge of religion and philosophy, and produce nothing but what is the object of every considering person's contempt.

326 *Potosi*.] *Potosi* is a city of *Peru*, the mountains whereof afford great quantities of the finest silver in all the *Indies*.

- 335 To draw in fools, whose natural itches
Incline perpetually to witches;
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears:
When less delinquents have been scourg'd
- 340 And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,
Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn.
I pity'd the sad punishment
The *wretched caitiff* underwent,
- 345 And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for *pultrones*;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who when they slash, and cut to pieces,
- 350 Do all with civilest addresses:
Their horses never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him
About the witch with many a question.
- 355 *Quoth he*, for many years he drove
A kind of broking-trade in love.
Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust,
Of feeble, speculative lust;
Procurer to th' extravagancy
- 360 And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By those the devil had forsook,
As things below him to provoke.
But b'ing a *virtuoso*, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
- 365 He held his talent most *adroit*
For any mystical exploit;
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one.

- For one predicting pimp has th' odds
 370 Of chauldrons of plain downright bawds.
 But as an elf (the devil's *valet*)
 Is not so slight a thing to get;
 For those that do his bus'ness best,
 In hell are us'd the ruggedest;
 375 Before so meriting a person
 Cou'd get a grant, but in reversion,
 He serv'd two prenticeships, and longer,
 I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.
 For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
 380 As soon as from the body loos'd,
 Becomes a puny-imp itself,
 And is another's witch's elf.
 He after searching far and near,
 At length found one in *Lancashire*,
 385 With whom he bargain'd before-hand,
 And, after hanging, entertain'd.
 Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,
 And practis'd all mechanic cheats:
 Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
 390 Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes;
 Which he has vary'd more than witches,
 Or *Pharaoh's* wizards cou'd their switches,
 And all with whom h' has had to do,
 Turn'd to as monstrous figures too.
 395 Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd,
 And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
 By feeding me on beans and pease,
 He crams in nasty crevices,
 And turns to comfits by his arts,
 400 To make me relish for diserts,
 And one by one with shame and fear
 Lick up the candy'd provender.

Besides

- Beside———But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats h' had done,
405 The lady stopt his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear.
If half those things (*said she*) be true,
They're all (*quoth he*) I swear by you;
Why then (*said she*) that *Sidrophel*
410 Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell;
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a *Lapland* hag,
In quest of you came hither post,
Within an hour (I'm sure) at most;
415 Who told me all you swear and say,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you shou'd carry me or no;
And would have hir'd him and his imps,
420 To be your match-makers and pimps,
T' engage the devil on your side,
And steal (like *Proserpine*) your bride.
But he disdain'd to embrace
So filthy a design and base,
425 You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffin,
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount the guard;
And left him dead upon the ground,
430 With many a bruise and desp'rate wound:
Swore you had broke, and robb'd his house,
And stole his *Talismanique* louse,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
435 Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought them for and paid;

- His flea, his *morpion*, and *punese*,
H' had gotten for his proper ease,
And all in perfect minutes made,
440 By th' ablest artist of the trade;
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost;
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account:
445 For which h' had got sufficient warrant
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches,
450 To serve for pendulums to watches,
Which modern virtuosos say,
Incline to hanging ev'ry way.
Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That ere he went in quest of you,
455 He set a figure to discover
If you were fled to *Rye* or *Dover*;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Yourselfes and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon pursuit,
460 To take you somewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that past before and since;
And found, that ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb,
465 About a case of tender conscience,
Where both abounded in your own sense;
Till *Ralpho*, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all *scruples* in the case;
And prov'd that you might swear and own
470 Whatever's by the wicked done.

For which, most basely to requite
 The service of his gifts and light,
 You strove t' oblige him by main force,
 To scourge his ribs instead of yours;
 475 But that he stood upon his guard,
 And all your vapouring out-dar'd;
 For which, between you both, the feat
 Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the lady talk'd, the knight
 480 Turn'd th' out side of his eyes to white,
*(As men of inward light are wont
 To turn their optics in upon't.)*

He wonder'd how she came to know
 What he had done, and meant to do:
 485 Held up his *affidavit-hand*,
 As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
 Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
 In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke.

Madam, if but one word be true
 490 Of all the wizard has told you,
 Or but one single circumstance
 In all th' apocryphal romance,
 May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
 This vessel, that is all your own;
 495 Or may the heavens fall, and cover
 These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well, *quoth she*,
 (I thank you) for yourself and me;
 And shewn your *Presbyterian* wits
 500 Jump punctual with the *Jesuits*.
 A most compendious way, and civil,
 At once to cheat the world, the devil,
 And heav'n and hell, yourselves, and those
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.

- 505 Why then (*quoth he*) may hell surprize:
That trick (*said she*) will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.
But there's a better way of clearing
- 510 What you wou'd prove, than downright swearing:
For if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action.
- 515 And if you can produce those knobs,
Altho' they're but the witches drubs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your nat'ral self had done't.
Provided that they pass'd th'opinion
- 520 Of able juries of old women;
Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs.
Madam (*quoth he*) your love's a million,
To do is less than to be willing,
- 525 As I am, were it in my power
T' obey, what you command and more.
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
- 530 To keep my wounds from taking air.
For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.
I find (*quoth she*) my goods and chattels,
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles:
- 535 For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?

- Your plighted faith (*quoth he*) and word
540 You past in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd.
And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.
- 545 *Quoth she*, There are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n,
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages:
Two things that naturally press
550 Too narrowly, to be at ease.
Their bus'ness there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too gen'rous to abide
To be against its nature ty'd:
- 555 For where 'tis of itself inclin'd,
It breaks loose when it is confin'd;
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
560 But struggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;
- 565 Like *Roman* gaolers, when they slept,
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept;
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
Gives best security, to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
570 That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd:

- A bargain at a venture made
 Between two partners in a trade;
 575 (For what's inferr'd by t'have, and t'hold,
 But something past away, and sold?)
 That as it makes but one of two,
 Reduces all things else as low:
 And at the best is but a mart
 580 Between the one and th' other part,
 That on the marriage-day is paid,
 Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
 And all the rest of better or worse,
 Both are but losers out of purse.
 585 For when upon their ungot heirs
 Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs;
 What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
 Or wager laid at six and seven;
 To pass themselves away, and turn
 590 Their children's tenants ere they're born?
 Beg one another idiot
 To guardians, ere they are begot;
 Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
 595 Tho' got b' implicate generation,
 And gen'ral club of all the nation:
 For which she's fortify'd no less
 Than all the island with four seas:
 Exacts the tribute of her dow'r,
 600 In ready insolence and pow'r:
 And makes him pass away, to have
 And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
 More wretched than an ancient villain,
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;

603 *More wretched, etc.*] Villainage was an ancient tenure, by which the tenants were obliged to perform the most abject and slavish services for their lords,

- 905 While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to justify.
Nor at her proper cost and charge
Maintain the feat he does at large.
Such hideous sots were those obedient
- 610 Old vassals to their ladies regent;
To give the cheats the eldest hand
In foul play, by the laws o' th' land;
For which so many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts and truckled.
- 615 A law that most unjustly yokes
All *Johns of Stiles* to *Joans of Noaks*,
Without distinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality :
Admits no pow'r of revocation,
- 620 Nor valuable consideration,
Nor write of error, nor reverse
Of judgment past for better or worse;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
- 625 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their spiritual judges of divorces;
While nothing else but *rem in re*
Can set the proudest wretches free;
A slavery beyond enduring,
- 630 But that 'tis of their own procuring :
As spiders never seek the fly.
But leave him, of himself, t' apply;
So men are by themselves employ'd
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
- 635 And run their necks into a noose,
They'd break 'em after, to break loose.

- As some whom death would not depart,
 Have done the feat themselves by art.
 Like *Indian* widows, gone to bed
 640 In flaming curtains to the dead;
 And men as often dangled for't
 And yet will never leave the sport.
 Nor do the ladies want excuse
 For all the stratagems they use;
 645 To gain th' advantage of the set,
 And lurch the am'rous rook and cheat.
 For as the *Pythagorean* soul
 Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
 And has a smack of ev'ry one;
 650 So love does, and has ever done.
 And therefore tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,
 Takes strangely to the vagabond.
 'Tis but an ague that's reverst,
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
 655 That after burns with cold as much
 As Ir'n in *Greenland* does the touch;
 Melts in the furnace of desire,
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire;
 And when his heat of fancy's over,
 660 Becomes as hard and frail a lover.

639 *Like Indian widows, etc.*] The *Indian* women richly attired, are carried in a splendid and pompous machine to the funeral pile, where the bodies of their deceased husbands are to be consumed, and there voluntarily throw themselves into it, and expire; and such as refuse, their virtue is ever after suspected, and they live in the utmost contempt.

647 *For as the Pythagorean, etc.*] It was the opinion of *Pythagoras* and his followers, that the soul transmigrated (as they termed it) into all the diverse species of animals, and so was differently disposed and affected, according to their different natures and constitutions.

- For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by mis, or madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery;
- 665 And off the loud oaths go, but while
They're in the very act, recoil.
Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance :
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
- 670 Trust none again, till th' have made over.
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geese they carry ;
And ere they venture on a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.
- 675 Whence witti'st ladies always chuse
To undertake the heaviest goose.
For now the world is grown so wary,
That few of either sex dare marry,
But rather trust on tick t' amours,
- 680 The cross and pile for bett'r or worse :
A mode that is held honourable
As well as *French*, and fashionable.
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
- 685 In soul and body to unite,
To make up one hermaphrodite :
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like *Philip* and *Mary* on a shilling,
Th' have more punctilios and caprices
- 690 Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make 'em in romances,
Tho' when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames :

- 695 For then their late attracts decline,
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine;
 And all their catterwauling tricks,
 In earnest to as jealous piques:
 Which th' ancients wisely signify'd,
 700 By th' yellow mantles of the bride;
 For jealousy is but a kind
 Of clap and crincum of the mind,
 The natural effects of love,
 As other flames and aches prove:
 705 But all the mischief is, the doubt
 On whose account they first broke out.
 For tho' *Chineses* go to bed,
 And lie in, in their ladies stead,
 And for the pains they took before,
 710 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more;
 Our *Green-men* do it worse, when th' hap
 To fall in labour of a clap;
 Both lay the child to one another:
 But who's the father, who the mother;
 715 'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
 Or who imported the *French* goods.
 But health and sickness being all one,
 Which both before engag'd to own,
 And are not with their bodies bound
 720 To worship only when they're found,
 Both give and take their equal shares
 Of all they suffer by false wares:

707 For tho' *Chineses*, etc.] The *Chinese* men of quality, when their wives are brought to bed, are nursed and tended with as much care as women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing diet, in order to qualify them for future services.

- A fate no lover can divert
 With all his caution, wit, and art.
 725 For 'tis in vain to think to guess
 At women by appearances;
 That paint and patch their imperfections
 Of intellectual complexions;
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes
 730 As artificial as their faces;
 Wear under vizard-masks their talents
 And mother-wits before their gallants;
 Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
 735 When all the flaws they strove to hide
 Are made unready, with the bride,
 That with her wedding-cloths undresses
 Her complaisance and gentilefies:
 Tries all her arts, to take upon her
 740 The government from th' easy owner:
 Until the wretch is glad to wave
 His lawful right, and turn her slave;
 Find all his having and his holding,
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding;
 745 The conjugal petard, that tears,
 Down all portcullices of ears,
 And makes the volly of one tongue
 For all their leathern shields too strong;
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,
 950 The female silk-worms ride the males,
 Transform 'em into *rams* and *goats*,
 Like *sirens* with their charming notes,

751 Transform 'em into *rams*, etc.] The *Sirens*, according to the poets, were three sea-monsters, half *women* and half *fish*; their names were *Parthenope*, *Ligea*, and *Leucosia*. Their uia-

- Sweet as a *screech-owl's* serenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 755 By th' husband *mandrake* and the wife,
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.
Quoth he, these reasons are but strains
 Of wanton, over-heated brains,
 Which ralliers in their wit or drink,
 760 Do rather wheedle with, than think.
 Man was not man in *Paradise*,
 Until he was created twice,
 And had his better half, his bride,
 Carv'd from th' original, his side,
 765 T' amend his natural defects,
 And perfect his recruited sex;
 Inlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
 The pains and labour of increasing,
 By changing them for other cares,
 770 As by his dry'd-up paps appears;
 His body, that stupendous frame,
 Of all the world the anagram,
 Is of two equal parts compact,
 In shape and symmetry exact,
 775 Of which the left and female side
 Is to the manly right a bride,
 Both join'd together with such art,
 That nothing else but death can part.

al residence was about the island of *Sicily*, where, by the charming melody of their voices, they used to detain those that heard them, and then transformed them into some sort of brute animals.

755 By th' husband *Mandrake*, etc.] Naturalists report, that if a *male* and *female Mandrake* lie near each other, there will often be heard a sort of murmuring noise.

Those

- Those heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,
780 And face, that all the world surprize,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny;
Those ravishing and charming graces,
All are made up of two half faces,
785 That in a mathematic line,
Like those in other heavens; join,
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon.
And so would that sweet bud your lip,
790 Without the other's fellowship.
Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd;
795 But those that serve the body alone,
Are single and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet,
And close at th' equinoctial fit;
And so are all the works of nature
800 Stamp'd with her signature on matter:
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How 'ntirely marriage is her care,
805 The only method that she uses,
In all the wonders she produces.
And those that take their rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.

797 *The world is but two parts, etc.] The equinoctial divides the globe into north and south.*

- For what secures the civil life
 810 But pawns of children, and a wife?
 That lie, like hostages, at stake,
 To pay for all men undertake;
 To whom it is as necessary,
 As to be born and breathe, to marry.
 815 So universal, all mankind
 In nothing else is of one mind.
 For in what stupid age, or nation,
 Was marriage ever out of fashion?
 Unless among the *Amazons*,
 820 Or cloister'd *friars*, and vestal *nuns*;
 Or *Stoics*, who, to bar the freaks
 And loose excesses of the sex,
 Prepost'rously wou'd have all women
 Turn'd up to all the world in common.
 825 Tho' men would find such mortal feuds
 In sharing of their public goods,
 'Twou'd put them to more charge of lives,
 Than they're supply'd with now by wives;
 Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
 830 As beasts do, of their native growths:
 For simple wearing of their horns,
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.

819 *Unless among the Amazons, etc.*] The *Amazons* were women of *Scythia*, of heroic and great achievements; they suffered no man to live among them; but once every year used to have conversation with men of the neighbouring countries, by which if they had a male child, they presently either killed or crippled it; but if a female, they brought it up to the use of arms, and burnt off one breast, leaving the other to suckle girls.

- For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it ;
835 Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents settlements.
Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or estates of peers
840 Cou'd be preserv'd, but by their heirs ;
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banes ?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,
845 And with their consorts consummate
Their weightiest interests of state ?
For all th' amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
850 The rage of empires to disarm ?
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace,
When all their fierce contests for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage ?
855 Nor does the genial bed provide
Less for the int'rests of the bride ;
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as due benevolence ;
Could no more title take upon her
860 To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant, unconfin'd,
And feme-coverts t' all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miss ;

- 865 The *nymphs* of chaste *Diana's* train,
 The same with those in *Lewkner's* lane,
 But for the difference marriage makes
 'Twixt wives, and ladies of the lakes:
 Besides, the joys of place and birth,
 870 The sex's paradise on earth;
 A privilege so sacred held,
 That none will to their mothers yield;
 But rather than not go before,
 Abandon heaven at the door.
 875 And if th' indulgent law allows
 A greater freedom to the spouse;
 The reason is, because the wife
 Runs greater hazards of her life;
 Is trusted with the form and matter
 880 Of all mankind, by careful nature.
 Where man brings nothing but the stuff
 She frames the wond'rous fabric of:
 Who therefore, in a streight, may freely
 Demand the clergy of her belly,
 885 And make it save her the same way,
 It seldom misses to betray:
 Unless both parties wisely enter
 Into the liturgy indenture.
 And tho' some sit of small contest
 890 Sometimes fall out among the best;

865 *The nymphs of chaste Diana's, etc.] Diana's nymphs,* all of them vowed perpetual virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact observation of their vow.

866 *Lewkner's lane,]* Some years ago, swarmed with notoriously lascivious and profligate strumpets.

877 *The reason is, etc.] Demanding the clergy of her belly,* which, for the reasons aforesaid, is pleaded in excuse by those who take the liberty to oblige themselves and friends.

- That is no more than ev'ry lover
Does from his hackney-lady suffer,
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.
- 895 For, as in running, ev'ry pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the post;
Yet when they're at their race's ends,
900 They're still as kind and constant friends,
And to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease:
So all those false alarms of strife,
Between the husband and the wife,
905 And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of love:
When those wh' are always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudest clamours more,
910 Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour:
Like music, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all amours a lover burns,
With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns:
915 And hearts have been as oft with fullen,
As charming looks, surpriz'd and stolen.
Then why should more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For discords make the sweetest airs,
920 And curses are a kind of pray'rs;
Too slight alloys for all those grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd.
For nothing else has pow'r to settle
The interests of love perpetual,

- 925 An act and deed, that makes one heart
 Become another's counter-part,
 And passes fines on faith and love,
 Inroll'd and register'd above,
 To seal the slippery knots of vows,
 930 Which nothing else but death can loose.
 And what security's too strong,
 To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
 That to its friend is glad to pass
 Itself away, and all it has;
 935 And, like an anchorite, gives over
 This world, for th' heaven of a lover?
 I grant (*quoth she*) there are some few
 Who take that course, and find it true:
 But millions whom the same does sentence
 940 To heaven, b' another way, repentance.
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
 Tho' all they hit they turn to lovers,
 And all the weighty consequents,
 Depend upon more blind events,
 945 Than gamesters, when they play a set
 With greatest cunning at picquet,
 Put out with caution, but take in
 They know not what, unlight, unseen.
 For what do lovers, when they're fast
 950 In one another's arms embrac'd,
 But strive to plunder and convey
 Each other, like a prize, away?
 To change the property of selves,
 As sucking children are by elves?
 955 And if they use their persons so,
 What will they to their fortunes do?
 Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
 Of all their extasies and flames.

- For when the money's on the book,
960 And, *all my worldly goods*—but spoke ;
(The formal livery and seisin
That puts a lover in possession)
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a flām that's superseded.
965 To that their faith is still made good,
And all the oaths to us they vow'd.
For when we once resign our pow'rs,
W' have nothing left we can call ours ;
Our money's now become the mis, 970
Of all your lives and services ;
And we forsaken, and postpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd ;
Which as it made y' at first gallant us,
So now hires others to supplant us,
975 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors,
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heirefs yet
By being born to lordships, get ?
When the more lady sh' is of manors,
980 She's but expos'd to more trepanners,
Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines ;
And does but tempt them with her riches ;
To use her as the devil does witches ;
985 Who takes it for a special grace,
To be their cully for a space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vassals ;
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
990 Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits ;
Is bought and sold, like stollen goods,
By pimps, and watch-makers, and bawds,

- Until they forcé her to convey
 And steal the thief himself away.
 995 These are the everlasting fruits
 Of all your passionate love-suits,
 Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies,
 To portions and inheritances;
 Your love-sick rapture, for fruition
 1000 Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
 To which you make address and courtship,
 And with your bodies strive to worship,
 That th' infant's fortunes may partake
 Of love too for the mother's sake.
 1005 For these you play at purposes,
 And love your loves with *A's* and *B's*:
 For these, at *Besse* and *L'Ombre* woo,
 And play for love and money too:
 Strive who shall be the ablest man
 1010 At right gallanting of a fan:
 And who the most genteelly breed
 At sucking of a vizard bead;
 How best t' accost us in all quarters,
 T' our question-and-command-new garters;
 1015 And solidly discourse upon
 All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*.
 For there's no mystery nor trade,
 But in the art of love is made.
 And when you have more debts to pay,
 1020 Than *Michaelmas* and *Lady-Day*,
 And no way possible to do't
 But love and oaths, and restless suit,
 To us y' apply, to pay the scores
 Of all your cully'd, past amours:
 1025 Act o'er your flames and darts again,
 And charge us with your wounds and pain;

- Which others influences long since
Have charm'd your noses with, and skins;
For which the surgeon is unpaid,
1030 And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages inchant!
What graces must that lady have,
That can from execution save!
1035 What charms, that can traverse extent,
And null decree and exigent:
What magical attracts and graces,
That can redeem from *feire fatias*!
From bonds and statutes can discharge,
1040 And from contempts of courts enlarge!
These are the highest excellencies
Of all your true or false pretences.
And you would damn yourselves, and swear,
As much t' an hostess *dowager*,
1045 Grown fat and purfy by retail
Of pots of beer, and bottled ale;
And ~~finer~~ fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your flames would soon take fire,
1050 Relent, and melt to your desire,
And like a candle in the socket,
Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.
By this time 'twas grown dark and late;
When they heard a knocking at the gate,
1055 Laid on in haste with such a powder,
The blows grew louder still and louder.
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
Expounding by his inward light,
1060 Or rather more prophetic fright,

- To be the wizard, come to search,
 And take him napping in the lurch,
 Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout;
 But why, or wherefore, is a doubt.
- 1066 *For men will tremble, and turn paler,
 With too much, or too little valour.*
 His heart laid on, as if it try'd
 To force a passage thro' his side,
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
- 1070 But in a fury to fly at 'em;
 And therefore beat, and laid about,
 To find a cranny to creep out.
 But she who saw in what a taking
 The knight was by his furious quaking,
- 1075 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir knight,
 Know, I'm resolv'd to break no rite
 Of hospitality t' a stranger,
 But to secure you out of danger,
 Will here myself stand centinel,
- 1080 To guard this pass 'gainst *Sidrophel*.
 Women, you know, do seldom fail,
 To make the stoutest men turn tail;
 And bravely scorn to turn their backs
 Upon the desp'ratest attacks.
- 1085 At this the knight grew resolute
 As *Ironside*, or *Hardiknute*;
 His fortitude began to rally,
 And out he cry'd aloud to fally.
 But she besought him to convey
- 1090 His courage rather out o' th' way.

1086 *As Ironside or Hardiknute, etc.*] Two famous and
 valiant princes of this country, the one a *Saxon*, the other
 a *Dane*.

- And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door:
That if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.
- 1095 Meanwhile they knock'd against the door,
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
- 1100 Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The lady for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute:
- 1105 Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away;
And all h' encounter'd fell upon.
Tho' in the dark, and all alone
Till fear, that braver feats performs,
- 1110 Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard, and face:
This he couragiously invaded,
And having enter'd, *barricado'd*;
- 1115 Inscenc'd himself as formidable
As could be underneath a table;
Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain perdue,
- 1120 To guard his desp'rate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful shout;
As loud as putting to the rout;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd.

- 1125 And *after* ent'ring, *Sidrophel*
 Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.
 He therefore sent out all his senses,
 To bring him in intelligences;
 Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
 1130 Mistake, for falling in a trance;
 But those that trade in *geomancy*,
 Affirm to be the strength of fancy:
 In which the *Lapland Magi* deal,
 And things incredible reveal.
- 1135 Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters,
 And storm'd the out-works of his fortress,
 And as another of the same
 Degree, and party, in arms and fame,
 That in the same cause had engag'd,
 1140 And war with equal conduct wag'd,
 By vent'ring only but to thrust
 His head a span beyond his post,
 B' a *gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*
 Was dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears;
 1145 So he was serv'd in his redoubt,
 And by the other end pull'd out.
 Soon as they had him at their mercy,
 They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
 As if they'd scorn'd to trade or barter,
 1150 By giving or by taking quarter:
 They stoutly on his quarters laid,
 Until his scouts came in t' his aid.

1131 *But those that trade in Geomancy, etc.] The Lapland Magi.* The Laplanders are an idolatrous people, far north; and it is very credibly reported by authors and persons that have travelled in their country, that they do perform things incredible by what is vulgarly called magic.

For





R. Martin Scul.

- For when a man is past his sense,
 There's no way to reduce him thence,
 1155 But twinging him by th' ears and nose,
 Or laying on of heavy blows:
 And if that will not do the deed,
 To burning with *hot ir'ns* proceed.
 No sooner was he come t' himself,
 1160 But on his neck a sturdy elf
 Clapp'd in a trice his cloven hoof,
 And thus attack'd him with reproof.
 Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
 B' our friend, thy *evil genius*,
 1165 Who for thy horrid perjuries,
 Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
 The brethren's privilege (against
 The wicked) on themselves, the saints,
 Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
 1170 For just revenge and punishment;
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
 But by an open free confession;
 For if we catch thee failing once,
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
 1175 What made thee venture to betray
 And filch the lady's heart away?
 To spirit her to matrimony?—
 That which contracts all matches, *money*.
 It was th' enchantment of her riches,
 1180 That made m' apply t' your croney witches;
 That in return wou'd pay th' expence,
 The wear-and-tear of conscience:

1158 *To burning with, etc.*] An allusion to cauterizing in apoplexies, *cyc.*

Which I cou'd have patch'd up and turn'd
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

1185 Didst thou not love her then? speak true.
No more (*quoth he*) than I love you.
How would'st th' have us'd her and her money?
First turn'd her up to alimony;
And laid her dowry out in law,

1190 To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed;
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

1195 What made thee pick and chuse her out .
T' emply their forceries about?
That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
1200 As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?

I see you take me for an ass:
'Tis true, I thought the trick wou'd pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof;

1205 Whose humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies,
1210 Of bears and witches in disguise?

That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers.

1215 And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say;

Which when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few.
Beside the danger of offence,

1220 The fatal enemy of sense.

Why didst thou chuse that cursed *sm*,
Hypocrisy, to set up in ?

Because it is the thriving 'st calling,
The only saints-bell that rings all in ;

1225 In which all churches are concern'd,

And is the easiest to be learn'd :

For no degrees, unless th' employ't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't.

A gift that is not only able

1230 To domineer among the rabble,

But by the laws empower'd to rout,

And awe the greatest that stand out,

Which few hold forth against, for fear

Their hands should slip, and come too near ;

1235 For no sin else among the saints

Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows ?

That which makes others break a house,

And hang, and scorn ye all, before

1240 Endure the plague of being poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks

Than all our doating politics,

That are grown old, and out of fashion,

Compar'd with your *new reformation* :

1245 That we must come to school to you,

To learn your more refin'd, and new.

Quoth he, if you will give me leave

To tell you what I now perceive,

You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,

1250 If y' were but at a meeting-house.

'Tis true, *quoth he*, we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly, *quoth he*, you can't imagine,
What wond'rous things they will engage in :
1255 That as your fellow-friends in hell
Were angels all before they fell :
So are you like to be again
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
1260 Thy scholar in this mystery;
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?—*A livelihood.*

1265 What renders beating out of brains,
And murder, godliness?—*Great gaint.*

What's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;
But breaking out, dispatches more
1270 Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore.

What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?—*To be paid.*

What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?—*A good living.*

1275 What makes rebelling against kings
A good old cause?—*Administrings.*

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
1280 Prove false again?—*Two hundred more.*

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—*Food and clothes.*

What laws and freedom, persecution?
B'ing out of pow'r, and contribution.

1285 What makes a church a den of thieves?
A dean and chapter, and white fleeces.
And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime,
1290 The most notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the saints
And wicked too cry out against?
'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin:

1295 And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:
For saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense;
As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted,
1300 In nature only, and not imputed;
But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, or care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,
I' th' natural and genuine sense?
1305 'Tis to restore, with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And christian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the *Jews*.
For a large conscience is all one,
1310 And signifies the same with *none*.

It is enough (*quoth he*) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones;
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Tho' he gives name to our *old nick*,)
1315 But was below the least of these,
That pass i' th' world for holiness.

This said, the furies and the light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight;

- And left him in the dark alone,
 1320 With stinks of brimstone and his own.
 The *queen of night*, whose large command
 Rules all the sea, and half the land,
 And over moist and crazy brains,
 In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
 1325 Was now declining to the west,
 To go to bed, and take her rest;
 When *Hudibras*, whose stubborn blows
 Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
 Lay still expecting worse and more,
 1330 Stretch'd out at length upon the floor:
 And tho' he shut his eyes as fast,
 As if h' had been to sleep his last,
 Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
 Do make the devil wear for vizards,
 1335 And pricking up his ears, to hark
 If he cou'd hear too in the dark;
 Was first invaded with a groan,
 And after, in a feeble tone,
 These trembling words, *Unhappy wretch*,
 1340 What hast-thou gotten by this fetch;
 Or all thy tricks in this new trade,
 Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade?
 By fauntring still on some adventure,
 And growing to thy horse a centaur,

1311 *The queen of night, etc.*] The *moon* influences the tides, and predominates over all humid bodies; and persons distemper'd in mind are called *lunatics*.

1344 *And growing to thy horse, etc.*] The *Centaur*s were a people of *Theffaly*, and supposed to be the first managers of horses, and the neighbouring inhabitants never having seen any such thing before, fabulously reported them monsters, half men and half horses.

- 1345 To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For still th' hast had the worst on't yet;
As well in conquest as defeat:
Night is the sabbath of mankind,
1350 To rest the body and the mind,
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corps with sleep.
The knight, who heard the words, explain'd,
As meant to him this reprimand,
1355 Because the character did hit
Point-blank upon his case so fit;
Believ'd it was some drolling spright.
That staid upon the guard that night,
And one of those h' had seen and felt
1360 The drubs he had so freely dealt.
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful spirit thus went on.
This 'tis t' engage with dogs and bears
Pell-mell together by the ears,
1365 And after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into purgatory:
(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,
1370 That on my late disasters rallies)
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic-minded;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse:
1375 Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars,
And hot disputes with conjurers;

And when th' hadst bravely won the day,
Was fain to steal thyself away.

- (I see, thought he, this shameless elf
1380 Would fain steal me too from myself,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done)
And now but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.
1385 Thought he, how does the devil know
What 'twas that I design'd to do?
His *office of intelligence*,
His *oracles*, are ceas'd long since;
And he knows nothing of the saints,
1390 But what such treach'rous spy acquaints.
This is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under-door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second hand;
1395 And now would pass for *spirit po*,
And all mens dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't;
These rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rouz'd his drooping heart,
1400 And hastily cry'd out, *What art?*
A wretch (*quoth he*) whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.
I do believe thee, *quoth the knight*,
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the right;
1405 And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
Thou art some pauntry, black-guard spright,
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;
Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
1410 Nor half-penny to drop in shoes:

- Without the raising of which sum,
 You dare not be so troublesome,
 To pinch the flatterns black and blue,
 For leaving you their work to do.
- 1415 This is your bus'ness, good *pug-Robin*,
 And your diversion, dull dry *bobbing*,
 T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
 And wash them clean in ditches for't.
 Of which conceit you are so proud,
- 1420 At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud,
 As now you wou'd have done by me,
 But that I barr'd your raillery.
- Sir, *quoth the voice*, y' are no such *Sophi*,
 As you wou'd have the world judge of ye.
- 1425 If you design to weigh our talents,
 I' th' standard of your own false balance,
 Or think it possible to know
 Us ghosts, as well as we do you :
 We who have been the everlasting
- 1430 Companions of your drubs and basting,
 And never left you in contest,
 With male or female, man or beast,
 But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
 In all adventures, as your squire.
- 1435 *Quoth he*, that may be said as true
 By th' idlest pug of all your crew.
 For none cou'd have betray'd us worse
 Than those allies of ours and yours.

1423 Sir (*quoth the voice*,) *etc.*] *Sophi* is at present the name of the kings of *Persia*, not superadded as *Pharaoh* was to the kings of *Egypt*; but the name of the family itself, and religion of *Hali*, whose descendants by *Fatima*, *Mahomet's* daughter, took the name of *Sophi*.

- But I have sent him for a token
 1440 To your low-country *hogen-mogen*,
 To whose infernal shores I hope
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope.
 And if y' have been more just to me
 (As I am apt to think) than he,
 1445 I am afraid it is as true,
 What th' ill-affected say of you.
 Y' have spous'd the covenant and cause,
 By holding up your cloven paws.
 Sir, *quoth the voice*, 'tis true, I grant,
 1450 We made and took the covenant,
 But that no more concerns the cause,
 Than other perjuries do the laws,
 Which when they're prov'd in open court,
 Wear wooden peccadillos for't.
 1455 And that's the reason cov'nanters
 Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.
 I see, *quoth Hudibras*, from whence
 These scandals of the saints commence,
 That are but natural effects
 1460 Of *Satan's* malice, and his sects,
 Those spider-saints, that hang by threads
 Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.
 Sir, *quoth the voice*, that may as true
 And properly be said of you;
 1465 Whose talents may compare with either,
 Or both the other put together.

2 1454 *Wear wooden peccadillos, etc.*] Peccadillos were stiff pieces that went about the neck, and round about the shoulders to pin the band, worn by persons nice in dressing; but his wooden one is a pillory.

- For all the *Independents* do,
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to,
 You, who are not content alone
- 1470 With tricks to put the devil down,
 But must have armies rais'd to back
 The gospel-work you undertake :
 As if artillery, and edge-tools,
 Were th' only engines to save souls.
- 1475 While he, poor devil, has no pow'r
 By force to run down and devour ;
 Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence.
 To stools, or poundage of repentance ;
 Is ty'd up only to design
- 1480 T' entice, and tempt, and undermine :
 In which you all his arts out-do,
 And prove yourselves his betters too.
 Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
 Than mere temptations of the devil,
- 1485 Which all the horrid'st actions done,
 Are charg'd in courts of law upon ;
 Because unless they help the elf,
 He can do little of himself ;
 And therefore where he's best possess'd,
- 1490 Acts most against his interest ;
 Surprizes none but those wh' have priests
 To turn him out, and exorcists,
 Supply'd with spiritual provision,
 And magazines of ammunition,
- 1495 With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
 Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes,

1483 Hence 'tis possessions, etc.] Criminals in their indictments, are charged with not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being led by the instigation of the devil.

- The tools of working our salvation
 By mere mechanic operation,
 With holy water, like a sluice,
 1500 To overflow all avenues.
 But those wh' are utterly unarm'd
 T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,
 He never offers to surprize,
 Altho' his falsest enemies ;
 1505 But is content to be their drudge,
 And on their errands gladly trudge ;
 For where are all your forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours ?
 Who are but jailors of your holes
 1510 And dungeons, where you clap up souls :
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys
 T' your mittimus anathemas,
 And never boggle to restore
 The members you deliver o'er
 1515 Upon demand, with fairer justice
 Than all your covenanting trustees ;
 Unless to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the secular pow'rs,
 And pass their souls, as some demise
 1520 The same estate in mortgage twice :
 When to a legal *utlegation*
 You turn your excommunication,
 And for a groat unpaid that's due,
 Distrain on *soul* and *body* too.

1521 *When to a legal Utlegation, etc.*] When they return the excommunication into the *chancery*, there is issued out a writ against the person.

1524 *Distrain on soul, etc.*] Excommunication which deprives men from being members of the visible church, and formally delivers them up to the devil.

Thought

- 1525 Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil
State prudence, to cajole the devil;
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven hoof.
'Tis true, *quoth he*, that intercourse
1530 Has pass'd between your friends and ours:
That as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your members, and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,
1535 Or frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
1540 Your great designs of rage and murder.
For if the saints are nam'd from blood,
We onl' have made that title good,
And if it were but in our pow'r,
We should not scruple to do more,
1545 And not be half a soul behind
Of all dissenters of mankind.
Right, *quoth the voice*, and as I scorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all those kind good offices,
1550 I'll free you out of this distress,
And set you down in safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone:
1555 And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the *spirit* grop'd about,
To find th' enchanted *hero* out,

- And try'd with haste to lift him up;
1560 But found his forlorn *hope*, his *crup*,
Unserviceable with kicks and blows
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like *Gresham* carts, with legs for wheels;
1565 But fear, that soonest cures those sores,
In danger of relapse, to worse,
Came in t' assist him with his aid,
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
No sooner was he fit to trudge,
1570 But both made ready to dislodge;
The spirit hors'd him like a sack,
Upon a *vehicle*, his back,
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With some few rubs against the wall.
1575 Where finding out the postern lock'd,
And th' *avenues* as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass;
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
1580 Fore-quarters by the head and shoulders;
And cautiously began to scout,
To find their fellow-cattle out.
Nor was in half a minute's quest,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
1585 Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack,
But ne'er a saddle on his back,
Nor pistols at the saddle bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
1590 And let the night to steal away;
But in a trice advanc'd the knight
Upon the *bare ridge* bolt upright.

And groping out for *Ralpho's* jade,
He found the saddle too was stray'd,
1595 And in the place a lump of soap,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
While *Hudibras*, with equal haste,
1600 On both sides laid about as fast,
And spurr'd as *Jockies* use, to break,
Or *Padders* to secure, a neck.
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their *churches* turn our rhyme;
1605 To hold forth their declining state,
Which now come near an even rate.

The ARGUMENT of
The SECOND CANTO.

*The saints engage in fierce contests,
About their carnal interests;
To share their sacrilegious preys,
According to their rates of grace;
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm:
Till in th' effigy of RUMPS, the rabble
Burns all their grandees of the cabal.*

CANTO II.

THE learned write, *an insect breeze*
Is but a mungrel prince of *bees*,
That falls before a storm, on cows,
And stings the founders of his house;

1 *The learned write, etc.*] An *insect breeze*; breezes often bring along with them great quantities of insects, which some are of opinion are generated from viscous exhalations in the air; but our author makes them proceed from a *cow's* dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original.

- 5 From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed.
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,
10 The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And after ev'ry swarm its own.
For as the *Persian Magi* once
Upon their *mothers* got their *sons*,
15 Who were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way =
So *presbyter* begot the other
Upon the *good old cause*, his mother.
Then bore them like the devil's dam,
20 Whose *son* and *husband* are the same.
And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
Nor int'rest for the common good,
Cou'd, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each others beard.
25 For when they thriv'd they never sadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd =
Like dogs that snarl about a bone;
And play together when they've none.

13 *For as the Persian, etc.*] The magi were priests and philosophers among the *Persians*, entrusted with the government both civil and ecclesiastical, much addicted to the observation of the stars. *Zoroaster* is reported to be their first author. They had it is custom amongst them to preserve and continue their families, by incestuous copulation with their own mothers. Some are of opinion, that the three wise men that came out of the *east* to worship our Saviour, were some of these.

- As by their trueſt characters,
 30 Their conſtant actions, plainly! appears.
 Rebellion now began, for lack
 Of zeal and plunder, to grow ſlack;
 The *cauſe* and covenant to leſſen,
 And providence be out of ſeaſon:
 35 For now there was no more to purchaſe
 O' th' king's revenue, and the church's;
 But all divided, ſhar'd, and gone,
 That us'd to urge the brethren on,
 Which forc'd the ſtubborn'ſt, for the *cauſe*
 40 To croſs the cudgels to the laws,
 That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
 By their ſupport might be maintain'd;
 Like thieves that in a *hemp-ſtat* lie,
 Secur'd againſt the *bue-and-cry*,
 45 For *preſbyter* and *Independant*
 Were now turn'd *plaintiff* and *defendant*,
 Laid out their apoſtolic functions,
 On carnal *orders* and *injunctiōs*;
 And all their precious gifts and graces
 50 On *outlawries* and *ſaire facies*;
 At *Michael's* term had many a trial,
 Worſe than the *dragon* and *St. Michael*,
 Where thouſands fell, in ſhape of fees,
 Into the *bottomleſs abyſs*.
 55 For when, like brethren, and like friends,
 They came to ſhare their dividends,
 And ev'ry partner to poſſeſs
 His church and ſtate joint-purchaſes,

51: At Michael's term, etc.] St. Michael, an archangel, mentioned in St. Jude's epiſtle, verſe 9.

- In which the ablest saint, and best
 60 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest,
 To pay their money; and, instead
 Of ev'ry brother, pass the deed;
 He strait converted all his gifts;
 To pious frauds, and holy shifts;
 65 And settled all the other shares
 Upon his *outward man* and's *beirs*:
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands,
 Deliver'd up into his hands,
 And pass'd upon his conscience,
 70 By *pre-intail of providence*;
 Impeach'd the rest for *reprobates*,
 That had no titles to estates,
 But by their spiritual attainments
 Degraded from the right of *saints*.
 75 This being reveal'd, they now began
 With law and conscience to fall on;
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick
 As th' *utter barister of Swanswick*;
 Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
 80 As men with sand-bags did of old;
 That brought the lawyers in, more fees
 Than all un sanctify'd trustees:
 Till he who had no more to show
 I' th' cause, receiv'd the overthrow;
 85 Or both sides having had the worst,
 They parted as they met at first.

78 *And laid about, etc.] William Pryune of Lincoln's inn, Esq; born at Swanwick, who stiled himself utter Barister, a very warm person and voluminous writer; and after the restoration keeper of the records in the tower.*

- Poor *presbyter* was now reduc'd,
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd t'
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate
 90 From all affairs of church and state,
 Reform'd t' a reformato faint,
 And glad to turn itinerant,
 To strole and teach from town to town,
 And those he had taught up, teach down,
 95 And make those uses serve again
 Against the new-enlighten'd men;
 As fit as when at first they were
 Reveal'd against the *Cavalier*;
 Damn *Anabaptist* and *Fanatic*;
 100 As pat as *Popish* and *Prelatic*;
 And with as little variation,
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
 The *good old cause*, which some believe
 To be the *dev* that tempted *Eve*
 105 With knowlege, and does still invite
 The world to mischief with *new light*,
 Had store of money in her purse,
 When he took her for *better* or *worse*;
 But now was grown deform'd and poor,
 110 And fit to be turn'd out of door.
 The *Independents* (whose first station
 Was in the *rear of reformation*,
 A mungrel kind of *church-dragoons*,
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
 115 And in the saddle of one steed
 The *Saracen* and *Christian* rid:
 Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,
 To *preach*, and *fight*, and *pray*, and *murder*:
 No sooner got the start to lurch
 120 Both disciplines, of *war* and *church*,

- And providence enough to run
 The chief commanders of 'em down,
 But carried on the war against
 The common enemy o' th' saints,
 125 And in a while prevail'd so far,
 To win of them the game of war,
 And be at liberty once more
 T' attack themselves as th' had before.
 For now there was no foe in arms,
 130 T' unite their factions with alarms,
 But all redue'd and overcome,
 Except their worst, *themselves at home*,
 Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
 135 Subdu'd the nation, church and state,
 And all things but their *laws and hate*.
 But when they came to treat and transact,
 And share the spoil of all th' had ransack'd,
 To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
 140 *Religion and the government*,
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd
 To pull down all the war had spar'd;
 Agreed in nothing, but t' *abolish*
Support, extirpate; and demolish.
 145 For knaves and fools being near of kin,
 As *Dutch boars* are t' a *Sooterkin*,
 Both parties join'd to do their best,
 To damn the public interest;

146 *As Dutch boars, etc.*] It is reported of the Dutch women, that making so great use of stoves, and often putting them under their petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly monster which is called a *sooterkin*.

And herded only in confults,
 150 To put by one another's belts,
 T' out-cant the *Babylonian* lab'ors,
 At all their dialects of jabberers,
 And tug at both ends of the saw,
 To tear down government and law.

155 For as two cheats, that play one game,
 Are both defeated of their aim;
 So those who play a *game of state*,
 And only *evil* in debate,
 Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,

160 The public business is undone,
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This, when the *royalists* perceiv'd,
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
 165 And own'd the right they had paid down
 So dearly for; *This church and crown*.)
 Th' united constanter, and sided
 The more, the more their foes divided:
 For tho' out-number'd; overthrown,
 170 And by the fate of war ran down;
 Their duty never was defeated,
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is still the same
Whether it win or lose the game

175 *True as the dial to the sun,*
Altho' it be not shin'd upon.
 But when these bretheren in evil,
 Their *adversaries* and the *devil*,

151 T'out-cant the Babylonian, etc.] At the building of the tower of Babel, when God made the confusion of languages.

- Began once more to shew them play,
180 And hopes, at least, to have a day;
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes,
Conven'd at midnight in out-houses,
T' appoint *new-rising rendezvous*,
185 And with a pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started,
And, as if nature too in haste
190 To furnish our supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd destruction
T' a new and numerous production;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
195 That, like the *christian* faith, increas'd
The more, the more they were suppress'd:
Whom neither *chains*, nor *transportation*,
Prescription, *sale*, or *confiscation*,
Nor all the desperate events
200 Of former try'd experiments,
Nor wounds, cou'd terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off *loyalty* and *dangling*,
Nor death (with all his bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the right,
205 From staking life and fortune down
'Gainst altogether, for the crown,
But kept the title of their cause
From *forfeiture*, like claims in laws:
And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation
210 Can ever settle on the nation,
Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loy'lty in possession;

- And by their constancy and faith,
 Destroy'd the mighty men of *Gath*.
 215 Toss'd in a furious hurricane,
 Did *Oliver* give up his reign;
 And was believ'd, as well by saints,
 As mortal men and miscreants;
 To founder in the *Stygian* ferry;
 220 Until he was retriev'd by *Sterry*,
 Who in a false erroneous dream
 Mistook the new *Jerusalem*,
 Prophanely for th' *Apocryphal*
 False heaven at the end o' th' hall;
 225 Whither it was decreed by fate
 His precious reliques to translate.
 So *Romulus* was seen before
 B' as orthodox a senator;

215 *Toss'd in a furious hurricane, etc.*] At *Oliver's* death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

This *Sterry* reported something ridiculously fabulous concerning *Oliver*, not unlike what *Proculus* did to *Romulus*.

224 *False heaven, etc.*] After the restoration, *Oliver's* body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of *Westminster Hall*, near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *heaven*.

227 *So Romulus, etc.*] A *Roman* senator, whose name was *Proculus*, and much beloved by *Romulus*, made oath before the *Senate*, that this prince appeared to him after his death, and predicted the future grandeur of that city, promising to be protector of it; and expressly charged him, that he should be adored there under the name of *Quirinus*; and he had his temple on mount *Quirinale*.

From

- From whole divine illumination
 230 He stole the pagan revelation.
 Next him his son and *heir apparent*
 Succeeded, tho' a *lame vicegerent*,
 Who first laid by the *parliament*,
 The only *crutch* on which he leant;
 235 And then sunk underneath the *state*,
 That rod him above *horseman's weight*.
 And now the saints began their *reign*,
 For which th' had yearn'd so long in *vain*,
 And felt such bowe-hankerings,
 240 To see an *empire all of kings*,
 Deliver'd from th' *Egyptian awe*
 Of *justice, government, and law*,
 And free t' erect what *spiritual cantons*
 Should be reveal'd, or *gospel Hans-towns*,
 245 To edify upon the ruins
 Of *John of Leyden's old out-goings*;

231 *Next him his son, etc.]* Oliver's eldest son Richard was, by him before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of the privy council, proclaimed *lord protector*, and received the compliments of *congratulation* and *condolence*, at the same time, from the *lord mayor* and *court of Aldermen*; and addressees were presented to him from all parts of the *nation*, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at *Westminster*, which recognized him *lord protector*; yet notwithstanding, *Fleetwood*, *Desborow*, and their Partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

245 *To edify upon the ruins, etc.]* John of Leyden, whose name was *Buckhold*, was a *butcher* of the same place; but a crafty, eloquent, and seditious fellow, and one of those called *Anabaptists*: he went and set up at *Munster*, where with *Knipperdoling*, and others of the same faction, they spread their abominable errors, and ran about the streets in enthusiastic raptures, crying, *repent, and be baptized*, pronouncing

- Who for a weather-cock hung up,
 Upon their *mother church's* top,
 Was made a type, by providence,
 250 Of all their revelation since;
 And now fulfill'd by his successors,
 Who equally mislook their measures:
 For when they came to shape the *model*,
 Not one could fit another's noddle;
 255 But found their light and gifts more wide
 From fudging, than th' unsanctify'd;
 While ev'ry individual brother
 Strove hand to fist against another,
 And still the maddest, and most crack'd,
 260 Were found the busiest to transact;
 For tho' most hands dispatch apace,
 And *make light work* (the proverb says;)
 Yet many different intellects
 Are found t' have contrary effects;
 265 And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,
 As slowest insects have most legs,
 Some were for setting up a king,
 But all the rest for no such thing,
 Unless king *Jesus*: others tamper'd
 270 For *Fleetwood*, *Desborough*, and *Lambert*;

dismal woes against all those that would not embrace their tenets. About the year 1533, they broke out into an open insurrection, and seized the palace and magazines, and grew so formidable, that it was very dangerous for those who were not of their persuasion to dwell in *Munster*; but at length he and his associates being subdued and taken, he was executed at *Munster*, had his flesh pulled off by two executioners with red-hot pineers for the space of an hour, and then run through with a sword.

- Some for the *rump*, and some more crafty,
For *agitators* and the *safety*;
Some for the gospel, and massacres
Of *spiritual affidavit-makers*,
275 That swore to any human regence,
Oaths of supremacy and *allegiance*;
Yea, tho' the ablest swearing saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant:
Others for pulling down th' high-places
280 Of *synods* and *provincial classes*,
That us'd to make such hostile inroads
Upon the *saints*, like bloody *Nimrods*:
Some for fulfilling prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' *excise*;
285 And some against th' *Egyptian bondage*
Of *holy-days*, and *paying poundage*:
Some for the cutting down of *groves*,
And rectifying baker's loaves;
And some for finding out expedients
290 Against the slavery of obedience.
Some were for *gospel ministers*,
And some for *red-coat seculars*,
As men most fit t' hold forth the word,
And wield *the one* and th' *other's sword*.
295 Some were for carrying on the work
Against the *pope*, and some the *turk*:
Some for engaging to suppress
The *camisado of surplices*,
That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,
300 And turn'd to th' *outward man* the *inward*;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of *popery*, than *gospel light*.
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a *ring*,

- 305 With which th' unsanctify'd *bridegroom*
 Is marry'd only to a *thumb*;
 (As wise as ringing of a pig,
 That us'd to break up ground, and dig;) *The bride*
 To nothing but her will,
 310 That nulls the after-marriage still.
 Some were for th' utter extirpation
 Of *linsey wolsey* in the nation;
 And some against all idolizing
 The *cross* in *shop-books*, or *baptizing*;
 315 Others, to make all things recant
 The *Christian* or *sirname* of saint;
 And force all *churches*, *streets*, and *towns*,
 The *holy title* to renounce.
 Some 'gainst a *third estate of souls*,
 320 And bringing down the price of coals;
 Some for abolishing black-pudding,
 And eating nothing with the blood in;
 To abrogate them roots and branches;
 While others were for eating *haunches*
 325 Of *warriors*, and *now* and *then*
 The *flesh of kings* and *mighty men*;
 And some for breaking of their bones
 With rods of iron by *secret ones*;
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells
 330 For hallowing carrier's packs and bells;
 Things that the *legend* never heard of,
 But made the wicked fore afraid of.
 The quacks of government, (who sat
 At th' unregarded *helm of state*,
 335 And understood this wild confusion
 Of fatal madness and delusion,
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,
 Portend destruction to be nigh,)

- Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
 340 And save their wind-pipes from the law;
 For one rencounter at the bar
 Was worse than all th' had scap'd in war;
 And therefore met in consultation
 To *cant* and *quack* upon the nation;
 345 Not for the sickly patient's sake,
 Nor what to give, but what to take;
 To feel the pulses of their fees,
 More wise than fumbling arteries;
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
 350 And from the grave recover——*gain*.
 'Mong these there was a *politician*,
 With more heads than a *beast in vision*,
 And more intrigues in ev'ry one
 Than all the *whores of Babylon*;
 355 So politic, as if one eye
 Upon the other were a spy,
 That to trepan the one to think
 The other blind; both strove to blink;
 And in his dark pragmatic way
 360 As busy as a child at play.
 H' had seen three governments run down,
 And had a hand in ev'ry one;
 Was for 'em and against 'em all,
 But barb'rous when they came to fall;
 365 For by *trapping* th' old to ruin,
 He made his int'rest with the new one;
 Play'd true and faithful, tho' against
 His conscience, and was still advanc'd.

351 'Mong these there was a Politician, etc.] This was
 the famous E. of S. who was endued with a particular fa-
 culty of undermining and subverting all sorts of government.

- For by the witchcraft of rebellion
370 Transform'd t' a feeble *state-camelion*,
By giving aim to either side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of ev'ry state,
And at a change ne'er came too late ;
375 Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lath ;
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new.
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
380 Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went :
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes ;
385 Wou'd strive to raise himself upon
The public ruin and his own.
So little did he understand
The desp'rate feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himself a name
390 For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game ;
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
To shew his play at *fast and loose* ;
And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
For art and subtilty, his luck.
395 So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together most profound
At deeds of darkness under ground :
As th' earth is easiest undermin'd,
400 By vermin impotent and blind.
By all these arts, and many more,
H' had practis'd long and much before,

- Our *state-artificer* foresaw
 Which way the world began to draw.
 405 For as old *sinners* have all points
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints;
 Can by their pangs and aches find
 All turns and changes of the wind,
 And better than by *Napier's bones*,
 410 Feel in their own the age of moons;
 So guilty sinners in a state,
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,
 And in their consciences feel pain
 Some days before a show'r of rain.
 415 He therefore wisely cast about
 All ways he cou'd, & *insure his throat*;
 And hither came & observe and smock
 What courses other riskers took;
 And to the utmost do his best
 420 To save himself and hang the rest,
 To match this saint, there was another,
 As busy and perverse a brother,
 An haberdasher of small wares
 In politics and state-affairs;
 425 More *Jew* than *Rabbi Achitophel*,
 And better gifted to rebel:

409 *And better than by Napier's bones, etc.*] The famous
 lord Napier of Scotland, the first inventor of *Logarithms*, con-
 trived also a set of square pieces, with numbers on them, made
 generally of ivory (which performs arithmetical and geome-
 trical calculations) and are commonly called *Napier's bones*.

421 *To match this saint, etc.*] The great colonel John Lil-
 burns, whose trial is so remarkable, and well known at this
 time.

- For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
 The cause, aloft, upon one house,
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,
 430 But try'd another, and went further;
 So sullenly addicted still
 To's only principle, his *will*,
 That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
 Nor force of argument could move,
 435 Nor *law*, nor *cavalcade* of *Ho'born*,
 Could render half a grain less stubborn.
 For he at any time would hang,
 For th' opportunity t' *harangue*;
 And rather on a gibbet dangle,
 440 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle:
 In which his parts were so accomplish'd,
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plust;
 But still his tongue ran on, the less
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease;
 445 And with its everlasting clack
 Set all mens ears upon the rack.
 No sooner cou'd a hint appear,
 But up he started to picqueer,
 And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
 450 When he engag'd in *controversy*.
 Not by the force of carnal reason,
 But indefatigable teasing;
 With vollies of eternal babble,
 And clamour more unanswerable.
 455 For tho' his *topics*, frail and weak,
 Cou'd ne'er amount above a freak,
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
 Against the desp'ratest assaults;
 And back'd their feeble want of sense,
 460 With greater heat and confidence.

- As bones of *Hectors*, when they differ,
 The more they're *cudgel'd*, grow the *stiffer*.
 Yet when his profit moderated,
 The fury of his heat abated :
- 465 For nothing but his interest
 Cou'd lay his devil of contest :
 It was his *choice*, or *chance*, or *curse*,
 T' espouse the cause for *bett'r* or *worse*,
 And with his worldly goods and wit,
- 470 And *soul*, and *body*, worship'd it :
 But when he found the sullen *traps*,
 Possess'd with th' *devil*, *worms*, and *claps* :
 The *Trojan mare* in foal with *Greeks*,
 Not half so full of *jadish tricks* ;
- 475 Tho' squeamish in her outward woman,
 As loose and rampant as *Dol Common* :
 He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater :
 And still the skittisher and looser
- 480 Her freaks appear'd, to fit the closer.
 For *fools are stubborn in their way*,
 As *coins are harden'd by th' allays*
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

473 *The Trojan mare, etc.*] After the *Grecians* had spent ten years in the siege of *Troy* without the least prospect of success, they bethought of a stratagem, and made a wooden horse capable of containing a considerable number of armed men ; this they filled with the choicest of their army, and then pretended to raise the siege ; upon which the credulous *Trojans* made a breach in the walls of the city to bring in this fatal plunder ; but when it was brought in, the inclosed heroes soon appeared, and surprizing the city, the rest entered in at the breach.

- 485 These two, with others, being met,
And close in consultation set;
After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The orator we nam'd of late,
490 Less troubled with the pangs of state,
Than with his own impatience,
To give himself first audience,
After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the *ice*.
495 *Quoth he*, there's nothing makes me doubt
Our last outgoing's brought about,
More than to see the characters
Of real jealousies and fears
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
500 Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead:
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
And revolutions in their corns;
505 And since our workings-out are cross'd,
Throw up the cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When taking of the covenant,
The lamest cripples of the brothers
510 Took oaths, to run before all others;
But in their own sense only swore
To strive to run away before;
And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both?
515 'Tis true, the cause is in the lurch,
Between a right and mungrel church,
The *Presbyter* and *Independent*,
That stickle which shall make an end on't,

- And 'twas made out to us the last
 520 Expedient,——(I mean *Marg'ret's fast*).
 When providence had been suborn'd,
 What answer was to be return'd.
 Else why should tumults fright us now,
 We have so many times gone through,
 525 And understand as well to tame,
 As when they serve our turns, t' inflame;
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all engagements of the rabble,
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
 530 With drums and rattles, like a child;
 But never prov'd so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us:
 For all our scouring of religion
 Began with tumults and sedition;
 535 When hurricanes of fierce commotion
 Became strong motives to devotion;
 (As carnal seamen, in a storm,
 Turn pious converts, and reform)
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
 540 Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
 And brown-bills, levy'd in the city,
 Made bills, to pass the *grand committee*;
 When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
 Gave chase to *rochets*, and *white sleeves*,
 545 And made the *church*, and *state*, and *laws*,
 Submit t' *old iron*, and the *cause*.
 And as we thriv'd by *tumults* then,
 So might we better now again,

520 (*I mean Marg'ret's fast,*) etc.] That parliament used to have public fasts kept in St. Margaret's church, *Westminster*, as is done to this present time.

If we knew how, as then we did,
 550 To use them rightly in our need.
Tumults, by which the mutinous
 Betray themselves instead of us;
 The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
 And close malignants are detected;
 555 Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
 For pledges to secure our own;
 And freely sacrifice their ears
 T' appease our jealousies and fears,
 And yet for all these providences
 560 W' are offer'd, if we had our senses;
 We idly sit like stupid blockheads,
 Our hands committed to our pockets,
 And nothing but our tongues at large,
 To get the wretches a discharge.
 565 Like men condemn'd to thunder-bolts,
 Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts:
 Or fools besotted with their crimes,
 That know not how to shift betimes,
 And neither have the hearts to stay,
 570 Nor wit enough to run away;
 Who, if we could resolve on either,
 Might stand or fall at least together;
 No mean or trivial solaces
 To partners in extream distress,
 575 Who use to lessen their despairs,
 By parting them int' equal shares;
 As if the more they were to bear,
 They felt the weight the easier;
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
 580 The more he took his turn among.
 But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
 If we had courage left, or wit;

Who

- Who, when our fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest course;
 585 Have time to rally, and prepare
 Our last and best defence, *despair*;
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
 Have been atchiev'd in greatest straits,
 And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,
 590 By being courageously out-brav'd;
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
 And poisons by themselves expell'd;
 And so they might be now again,
 If we were, what we shou'd be, *men*;
 595 And not so dully desperate,
 To side against ourselves with fate:
 As criminals condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
 This comes of breaking covenants,
 600 And setting up exauns of saints,
 That sine, like aldermen, for grace,
 To be excus'd the efficace.
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,
 That mount their banks, for Independent,
 605 To hang like *Mahomet* in th' air,
 Or St. *Ignatius* at his pray'r.

605 *To hang like Mahomet, etc.*] It is reported of *Mahomet*, the great impostor, that having built a mosque, the roof whereof was a loadstone, and ordering his corps, when he was dead, to be put into an iron coffin, and brought into that place, the loadstone soon attracted it near the top, where it still hangs in the air.

No less fabulous is what the legend says of *Ignatius Loyola*, that his zeal and devotion transported him so, that at his prayers he has been seen to be raised from the ground for some considerable time together.

- By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or state :
Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
610 And since obedience is better
(The *scripture* says) than sacrifice,
Presume the less on't will suffice;
And scorn to have the mod'rat'ft flints
Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
615 Or any opinion, true or false,
Declar'd as such, in doctrinals,
But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd t' account or question.
Interpret all the spleen reveals,
620 As *Whittington* explain'd the bells;
And bid themselves turn back again
Lord may'rs of *new Jerusalem*.
But look so big, and over-grown,
They scorn their edifiers t' own,
625 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions;
Bestow'd their gifts upon a saint,
Like charity on those that want;
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
630 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes :
For which they scorn and hate them, worse
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach, the *house of commons* way?
635 Where had they all their gifted phrases,
But from our *Calamies* and *Cases*?
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who e'er had heard of *Nye*, or *Owen*?
Their *dispensations* had been stifled,
640 But for our *Adoniram Byfield*.

- And had they not begun the war,
 Th' had ne'er been *fainted* as they are.
 For *saints* in peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate ;
 645 Their *zeal* corrupts, like standing water,
 In th' intervals of *war* and *slaughter* ;
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,
 Without the pow'r of sacrilege.
 And tho' they've tricks to cast their sins,
 650 As easy as serpents do their skins
 That in a while grow out again,
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,
 And from the most refin'd of saints,
 As nat'rally grow miscreants,
 655 As barnacles turn *Solan* geese
 I' th' islands of the *Orcades*.
 Their *dispensation's* but a ticket,
 For their conforming to the wicked ;
 With whom the greatest difference
 660 Lies more in words and shews, than sense.
 For as the *pope*, that keeps the gate
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state ;
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,
 Proud *Cerberus*, wears three heads as well :
 665 And, if the world has any troth,
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.

650 *As easy as serpents, etc.*] Naturalists report, that *snakes*, *serpents*, etc. cast their skins every year.

655 *As barnacles turn Solan geese, etc.*] It is said, that in the islands of the *Orcades* in Scotland, there are trees which bear those *Barnacles*, which dropping off into the water, receive life, and become those birds called *Solan geese*.

663 *So he that keeps the gates of hell, etc.*] The poets feign the dog *Cerberus*, that is, the porter of hell, to have three heads.

- But that which does them greatest harm,
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,
 Which puts the over-heated fots
 670 In fevers still, like other goats ;
 For tho' the whore bends heretics
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks ;
 Our schismatics so vastly differ,
 Th' hotter they are, they grow the stiffer ;
 675 Still setting off their spiritual goods,
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds.
 For zeal's a dreadful termagant,
 That teaches saints to tear and rant,
 And *Independent* to profess
 680 The doctrine of dependences ;
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
 To raw-heads fierce, and bloody-bones :
 And not content with endless quarrels
 Against the wicked, and their morals,
 685 The *Gibellines*, for want of *Guelfs*,
 Divert their rage upon themselves.
 For now the war is not between
 The brethren, and the men of sin ;
 But saint and saint, to spill the blood
 690 Of one another's brotherhood ;
 Where neither side can lay pretence
 To liberty of conscience,
 Or zealous suff'ring for the cause,
 To gain one groat's-worth of applause :
 695 For tho' endur'd with resolution,
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.

689. *The Gibellines, etc.*] Two great factions in Italy distinguished by those names, which miserably distracted and wasted it about the year 1130.

- Shall precious faints, and secret ones,
 Break one another's outward bones,
 And eat the flesh of bretheren,
 700 Instead of kings and mighty men ?
 When fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greater elves ?
 When *Bel's* at union with the *dragon*,
 And *Baal*-peer friends with *Dagon* ;
 705 When savage bears agree with bears,
 Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,
 And not atone their fatal wrath,
 When common danger threatens both ?
 Shall mastiffs by the collars pull'd,
 710 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold ?
 And saints whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
 No notice of the danger take ?
 But tho' no pow'r of heav'n or hell
 Can pacify fanatic zeal ;
 715 Who wou'd not guess there might be hopes,
 The fear of gallowses and ropes,
 Before their eyes, might reconcile
 Their animosities a while ?
 At least until th' had a clear stage,
 720 And equal freedom to engage,
 Without the danger of surprize
 By both our common enemies.
 This none but we alone cou'd doubt,
 Who understand their workings out ;
 725 And know 'em both in soul and conscience,
 Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense
 As spiritual out-laws, whom the pow'r
 Of miracle can ne'er restore.
 We, whom at first they set up under,
 730 In revelation only of plunder,

- Who since have had so many trials
Of their encroaching self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To out-reform and undermine ;
735 Took all our interests and commands
Perfidiously out of our hands ;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood.
Without the motive gains allow'd,
And made us serve as ministerial,
740 Like younger sons of father *Belial*.
And yet for all th' inhuman wrong
Th' had done us, and the *cause* so long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The work still, as we had begun :
745 But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us like the *cavaliers* ;
Nor put them to the charge of *goals* ;
750 To find us *pillaries* and *cart-tails*,
Or *hangman's wages*, which the state
Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;
That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,
Our ears for keeping true accompts,
755 And burnt our vessels, like a new
Seal'd peck or bushel, for being true ;
But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
Held for the *cause* against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
760 One syllable of what we held.
And tho' we differ now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men ;
Our inward man, and constant frame
Of spirit, still were near the same,

- 765 And till they first began to cant,
And sprinkle down the *covenant*,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down *free grace*;
But join'd our gifts perpetually
770 Against the common enemy.
Altho' 'twas our and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a *Rimmon*,
And yet for all this gospel-union,
And outward shew of church-communion,
775 They'll ne'er admit us to our shares,
Of ruling church or state affairs;
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own conditions of repentance;
But shar'd our dividend o' th' crown,
780 We had so painfully preach'd down;
And forc'd us, tho' against the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again:
For 'twas but justice to restore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
785 And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who for the right w' have done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
And put our vessels in a way
790 Once more to come again in play.
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about;
And that our only suffering
Is able to bring in the king:
795 What would our actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a share,
At least in carrying on th' affair:

- But whether that be so, or not,
 800 W' have done enough to have it thought;
 And that's as good as if w' had done't,
 And easier pass'd upon account:
 For if it be but half deny'd.
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.
- 805 The world is naturally averſe
 To all the truth it ſees or hears,
 But ſwallows nonſenſe, and a lie,
 With greedineſs and gluttony;
 And tho' it have the pique, and long,
- 810 'Tis ſtill for ſomething in the wrong:
 As women long, when they're with child,
 For things extravagant and wild;
 For meats ridiculous, and fulſome,
 But ſeldom any thing that's whoſome,
- 815 And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles;
 And what they're confidently told,
 By no ſenſe elſe can be controu'd.
- And this, perhaps, may prove the means
 820 Once more to hedge in providence:
 For as relapses make diſeaſes
 More deſperate than their firſt acceſſes;
 If we but get again in pow'r,
 Our work is eaſier than before;
- 825 And we more ready and expert
 I' th' myſtery to do our part.
 We, who did rather undertake
 The firſt war to create, than make;
 And when of nothing 'twas begun,
- 830 Rais'd funds as ſtrange, to carry't on:
 Trepann'd the ſtate, and ſac'd it down,
 With plots and projects of our own:

- And if we did such feats at first,
What can we now we're better vers'd;
835 Who have a freer latitude
Than sinners give themselves, allow'd?
And therefore likeliest to bring in,
On fairest terms, our discipline;
To which it was reveal'd long since,
840 We were ordain'd by providence:
When three saints ears, our predecessors,
The *cause's* primitive confessors,
B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood
In just so many years of blood,
845 That multiply'd by *six*, express'd
The perfect number of the beast,
And prov'd that we must be the men,
To bring this work about again;
And those who laid the first foundation,
850 Compleat the thosow reformation;
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone?
What churches have such able pastors
And precious, pow'rful, preaching masters?
855 Possess'd with absolute dominions
O'er brethren's purses and opinions?
And trusted with the double keys
Of heaven, and their ware-houses;
Who when the *cause* is in distress,
860 Can furnish out what sums they please,
That brooding lie in banker's hands,
To be dispos'd at their commands;

841 *When three saints ears, etc.*] Burton, Prynne, and Basswick, three notorious ringleaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the late horrid rebellion.

- And daily increase and multiply,
 With doctrine, use, and usury :
 865 Can fetch in parties (as in war,
 All other heads of cattle are ;))
 From th' enemy of all religions,
 As well as high and low conditions,
 And share them, from blue ribbands, down
 870 To all blue aprons in the town :
 From ladies hurried in calleches,
 With cor'nets at their footmen's breeches,
 To bawds, as fat as mother *Nab* ;
 All guts and belly, like a crab.
 875 Our party's great, and better ty'd
 With oaths, and trade, than any side :
 Has one considerable improvement,
 To double fortify the cov'nant :
 I mean our covenants; to purchase
 880 Delinquents titles and the churches :
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
 Among ourselves, for current land ;
 And rise or fall, like *Indian* actions,
 According to the rate of factions.
 885 Our best reserve for *reformation*,
 When new out-goings give occasion :
 That keeps the loins of brethren girt,
 The *covenant* (their *creed*) t' assert :
 And when th' have pack'd a parliament,
 890 Will' once more try th' expedient :
 Who can already muster friends,
 To serve for members, to our ends,
 That represent no part o' th' nation,
 But *Fisher's Folly* congregation ;

894 But *Fisher's Folly*, etc.] *Fisher's Folly* was where *Devonshire-square* now stands, and was a great place of consultation in those days.

- 895 Are only tools to our intrigues,
And fit like geese to hatch our eggs,
Who, by their precedents of wit,
T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-fit,
Can order matters under-hand,
900 To put all bus'ness to a stand:
Lay public bills aside for private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary;
905 And make the nation represent
And serve for us in parliament;
Cut out more work than can be done
In *Plato's* year, but finish none;
Unless it be the bulls of *Lenthal*,
910 That always pass'd for fundamental;
Cou'd set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away, and bandy;
Make lords and commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges;
915 And rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins; th' only scope
And consolation of our hope:
Who, tho' we do not play the game,
920 Assist as much by giving aim.
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions t' act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A seconding, a third, or fourth;

907 *Cut out more work, etc.*] *Plato's* year, or the grand revolution of the entire machine of the world, was accounted 4000 years.

- 925 How much a casting voice comes to,
 That turns up trump of *ay*, or *no*;
 And by adjusting all at th' end,
 Share ev'ry one his dividend.
 An art that so much study cost,
 930 And now's in danger to be lost,
 Unless our ancient *virtuosos*,
 That found it out, get into th' houses.
 These are the courses that we took
 To carry things by hook or crook;
 935 And practis'd down from forty-four,
 Until they turn'd us out of door:
 Besides the heads of *Boutefeu*,
 We set on work without the house;
 When ev'ry knight and citizen
 740 Kept legislative journey-men,
 To bring them in intelligence
 From all points of the rabble sense:
 And fill the lobbies of both houses
 With politic important buzzes:
 945 Set up committees of cabals,
 To pack designs without the walls;
 Examine, and draw up all news,
 And fit it to our present use.
 Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,
 950 And ev'ry one his part rehearse.
 Make q's of answers, to way-lay
 What th' other party's like to say:
 What repartees, and smart reflections,
 Shall be return'd to all objections,
 955 And who shall break the master-jest,
 And what, and how, upon the rest:
 Help pamphlets out; with false editions,
 Of proper slanders and seditions:

And

- And treason for a token send,
960 By letter to a country friend;
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit;
Wit falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does, betrays;
965 Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He's in his calling to be seen.
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of *discord* forth;
Be sure to bring up *congregations*,
970 In spite of laws and proclamations:
For *Charlaitans* can do no good,
Until they're mounted in a croud;
And when they're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for't;
975 As long as confessors are sure
Of double pay for all th' endure;
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in *contribution*.
Whence some *tub-holders* forth have made
980 In *powdering-tubs* their richest trade;
And, while they kept their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen.
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the *Christian* blood w' have let;
985 'Twill save our credit, and maintain
Our title to do so again:
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious *impudence*.
Our constancy t' our principles,
990 In time will wear out all things else:
Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces,
With gallantry of pilgrims kisses;

- While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths.
- 995 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they swung:
As they had turn'd from side to side,
And as they changlings liv'd, they dy'd.
This said, th' impatient states-monger
- 1000 Could now contain himself no longer ;
Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
Against th' haranguer's politics,
With smart remarks, of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
- 1005 After h' had administer'd a dose
Of *snuff-mundungus* to his nose,
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of th' outward jobbernot,
He shook it, with a scornful look
- 1010 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke :
In dressing a calf's-head, altho'
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near ;
- 1015 For who did ever play his gambols,
With such insufferable rambles ;
To make the bringing in the KING,
And keeping of him out, one thing ?
Which none could do, but those that swore
- 1020 T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore :
That to defend, was to invade,
And to assassinate, to aid :
Unless, because you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt)
- 1025 No power is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your score.



- A spiritual doctrine that conduces
Most properly to all your uses.
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
1030 To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons, drefs'd with salves, restore
And heal the hurts they gave before :
But whether *Presbyterians* have
So much good-nature as the salve,
1035 Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Those who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
Th' arrears of all your services,
And for th' eternal obligation
1040 Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd so unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward,
For letting rapine loose, and murther.
To rage just so far, but not further ;
1045 And setting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher :
For vent'ring to assassinate,
And cut the throats of church and state :
And not be allow'd the fittest men
1050 To take the charge of both again,
Especially that have the grace
Of self-denying, gifted face ;
Who when your projects have miscarry'd
Can lay them, with undaunted fore-head,
1055 On those you painfully trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at second hand ;
As we have been, to share the guilt
Of *Christian* blood, devoutly spilt ;
For so our ignorance was flamm'd
1060 To damn ourselves, t' avoid b'ing damn'd :

- Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
 Was like to lurch you at *back-gammon*,
 And win your necks upon the set,
 As well as ours, who did but bet ;
 1065 (For he had drawn your ears before,
 And nick'd them on the self-same score)
 We threw the box and dice away,
 Before y' had lost us at foul play ;
 And brought you down to rook and lie,
 1070 And fancy only, on the by ;
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
 From perching upon lofty poles ;
 And rescu'd all your outward traitors
 From hanging up, like *aligators* :
 1075 For which ingenuously y' have shew'd
 Your *presbyterian* gratitude ;
 Wou'd freely have paid us home in kind,
 And not have been one rope behind.
 Those were your motives to divide,
 1080 And scruple on the other side,
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
 To fits of conscience and remorse :
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,
 And face about for new again :
 1085 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
 Than maggots when they turn to flies :
 And therefore all your lights and calls
 Are but apocryphal, and false,
 To charge us with the consequences
 1090 Of all your native insolences ;
 That to your own imperious wills
 Laid law and gospel neck and heels ;
 Corrupted the Old Testament,
 To serve the New for precedent :

- 1095 T' amend its errors and defects,
 With murth' and rebellion-texts;
 Of which there is not any one
 In all the book to sow upon;
 And therefore (from your tribe) the *Jews*
- 1100 Held *Christian* doctrine forth in use;
 As *Mahomet* (your chief) began
 To mix them in the *Alcoran*;
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
 And bended elbows on the cushion;
- 1105 Stole from the beggars all your tones,
 And gifted mortifying groans;
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,
 As pigs are said to see the wind:
 Fill'd *Bedlam* with *predestination*
- 1110 And *Knight's-bridge* with *illumination*:-
 Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
 As bad as *Bloody-bones* or *Lunsford*.
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
 For being to malignants marry'd.
- 1115 Transform'd all wives to *Dalilahs*,
 Whose husbands were not for the cause;
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
 Because they came not out to battle:
 Made taylor's prentices turn heroes,
- 1120 For fear of being transform'd to *Meroz*:-
 And rather forfeit their indentures,
 Than not espouse the saints adventures.
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like *Orpheus*:-
- 1125 Inchant the king's and church's lands,
 T' obey and follow your commands;
 And settle on a new freehold,
 As *Marley-hill* had done of old.

- Con'd turn the *cov'nant*, and translate
 1130 The *gospel* into spoons and plate ;
 Expound upon all merchant cashes,
 And open th' intricateſt places :
 Could catechize a money-box,
 And prove all powches orthodox ;
 1135 Until the *cauſe* became a *Demon*,
 And *Pythias* the wicked *Mammon* :
 And yet, in ſpight of all your charms,
 To conjure *Legion* up in arms ;
 And raiſe more devils in the *route*,
 1140 Than e'er y' were able to caſt out ;
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe fools
 Bred up (ye ſay) in your own ſchools ;
 Who tho' but gifted at your feet,
 Have made it plain they have more wit.
 1145 By whom y' have been ſo oft trepann'd
 And held forth out of all command :
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
 And out-reveal'd at *carryings-on*.
 Of all your *diſpenſations* worm'd,
 1150 Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd ;
 Eject'd out of church and ſtate,
 And all things, but the people's hate ;
 And ſpirited out of the enjoyments
 Of precious, edifying employments,
 1155 By thoſe who lodg'd their *gifts* and *graces*,
 Like better bowlers, in your places ;
 All which you bore, with reſolution,
 Charg'd on th' account of perſecution ;
 And tho' moſt righteouſly oppreſs'd,
 1160 Againſt your wills, ſtill acquieſc'd ;
 And never humm'd and hau'd *ſedition*,
 Nor ſnuſſed *treason*, nor *miſprifon*.

- That is, because you never durst ;
For had you preach'd, and pray'd your worst,
1165 Alas ! you were no longer able
To raise your *posse* of the *rabble* :
One single red-coat centinel
Out-charm'd the magic of the spell ;
And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
1170 Whole troops, with chapter rais'd, and verse :
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your pow'rs ;
Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
To your disposing of out-goings :
1175 Or to your ord'ring providence
One farthing's-worth of consequence.
For had you pow'r to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design,
Or correspondence to trepan,
1180 Inveigle, or betray one man ;
There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to use the means ;
And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,
To bring in *kings* or keep them out :
1185 Brave undertakers to restore,
That cou'd not keep yourselves in pow'r ;
T' advance the int'rests of the *crown*,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
1190 To wrong ye) done your parts in both,
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As grace is introduc'd by sin ;
For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
And sanctify'd impertinence ;
1195 Your carrying bus'ness in a huddle,
That forc'd our rulers to new-model ;

- Oblig'd the state to tack about,
 And turn you, root and branch, all out;
 To *reformado*, one and all,
 1200 T' your great *Croyfado* general.
 Your greedy flav'ring to devour,
 Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'rs,
 That sprung the game you were to set,
 Before y' had time to draw the net:
 1205 Your spight to see the church's lands
 Divided into other hands,
 And all your sacrilegious ventures
 Laid out in tickets and debentures;
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,
 1210 By under churches in the town;
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
 Nor th' *Independent's* spreading growths.
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true
 None bring him in so much as you:
 1215 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
 The midnight *junto's*, and seal'd *knots*;
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,
 Than all their own rash politics.
 And this way you may claim a share
 1220 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair.
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the *Jews*
 From *Pharaoh*, and his brick-kilns, loose;
 And flies and mange, that set them free
 From task-masters, and slavery,
 1225 Were likelier to do the feat,
 In an indiff'rent man's conceit:

1200 T' your great *Croyfado* general, etc.] General Fairfax, who was soon laid aside, after he had done some of their drudgery for them.

- For who e'er heard of *restoration*,
 Until your thorough *reformation*?
 That is, the *king's* and *church's* lands.
 1230 Were sequester'd int' other hands;
 For only then, and not before,
 Your eyes were open'd to restore.
 And when the work was carrying on,
 Who cross'd it, but yourselves alone?
 1235 As by a world of hints appears,
 All plain, and extant, as your ears.
 But first, o' th' first: The isle of *Wight*
 Will rise up, if you should deny't;
 Where *Henderfon*, and th' other masses,
 1240 Were sent to cap texts, and put cases:
 To pass for deep and learned scholars,
 Altho' but paltry *Ob* and *Sollers*:
 As if th' unseasonable fools
 Had been a courting in the schools;
 1245 Until th' had prov'd the devil author
 O' th' *covenant*, and the *cause* his daughter.
 For when they charg'd him with the guilt
 Of all the blood that had been spilt;
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion
 1250 In person like *Sir Pride*, or *Hughson*:
 But only those who first begun
 The quarrel, were by him set on.

1241 *To pass for deep and learned scholars, etc.*] Two ridiculous scriblers, that were often pestering the world with nonsense.

1250 *Like Sir Pride, etc.*] The one a brewer, the other a *poemaker*, and both colonels in the rebels army.

And who could those be but the *saints*,
Those *reformation* termagants?

- 1255 But ere this pass'd, the wise debate
Spent so much time, it grew too late;
For *Oliver* had gotten ground,
T' inclose him with his warriors round:
Had brought his providence about,
1260 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out,
Nor had the *Uxbridge* bus'ness less
Of nonsense in't, or sottishness;
When from a scoundrel *holder-forth*,
The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,
1265 Your mighty senators took law,
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
And sacrifice the *peace* o' th' nation
To *doctrine*, *use*, and *application*.
So when the *Scots*, you constant cronies,
1270 Th' espousers of your cause and monies,
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid:
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends;
1275 You basely left them, and the church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And suffer'd your own tribe of *Christians*
To fall before, as true *Philistines*.
This shews what utensils y' have been,
1280 To bring the *king's* concerns in:
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you,
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just:
1285 Such as will punctually repay
With double int'rest, and betray.

- Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
1290 Than those who dully act one part;
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some,
1295 Who change them for the same intrigues
That statesmen use in breaking leagues:
While others in old faiths and troths,
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd cloths:
And nastier in an old opinion,
1300 Than those who never shift their linnen.
For *true* and *faithful's* sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes:
And whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.
1305 While *pow'r usurp'd*, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.
And so may we, if w' have but sense
1310 To use the necessary means,
And not your usual stratagems
On one another, lights and dreams.
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give:
1315 Set up the *covenant* on crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before we are sure to prop our own:
Your constant method of proceeding,
1320 Without the carnal means of heeding:

Who, 'twixt your inward sense, and outward,
Are worse, that if y' had none, accouter'd.

I grant, all courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;

1325 The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, *How?*

'Tis true, w' have *money*, th' only pow'r
That all mankind falls down before;
Money, that, like the swords of kings,

1330 Is the last reason of all things:
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way:
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well;

1335 Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice,
T' expose to sale, beside the wages
Of storing plagues to after-ages.

Nor is our money less our own,
1340 Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn t' account;
If we are brought in play upon't:
Or but by casting knaves, get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win?

1345 We know the arts we us'd before,
In peace and war, and something more.
And by th' unfortunate events,
Can mend our next experiments:
For when w' are taken into trust,

1350 How easy are the wisest choust?
Who see but th' outsides of our seats,
And not their secret springs and weights:
And while they're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please:

How

- 1355 How easy is 't to serve for Agents,
 To prosecute our old engagements?
 To keep the *good old cause* on foot,
 And present pow'r from taking root;
 Inflame them both with false alarms
 1360 Of plots, and parties taking arms;
 To keep the nation's wounds too wide,
 From healing up, of side to side,
 Profess the passionat'st concerns,
 For both their interests, by turns.
 1365 The only way t' improve our own,
 By dealing faithfully with none;
 (As bowls run true, by being made
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd)
 For if we should be true to either,
 1370 'T would turn us out of both together;
 And therefore have no other means
 To stand upon our own defence,
 But keeping up our ancient party
 In vigour, confident and hearty:
 1375 To reconcile our late *dissentry*,
 Our brethren, tho' by other venters;
 Unite them, and their diff'rent maggots,
 As long and short sticks are in faggots:
 And make them join against us close,
 1380 As when they first began t' espouse;
 Erect them into separate
 New *Jewish* tribes, in church and state;
 To join in marriage and commerce,
 And only 'mong themselves converse,
 1385 And all that are not of their mind,
 Make enemies to all mankind;
 Take all religions in, and stickle
 From *conclave* down to *conspiciles*

- Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
 1390 According to the light in being.
 Sometimes, for *liberty of conscience*,
 And spiritual mis-rule in one sense:
 But in another quite contrary,
 As dispensations chance to vary;
 1395 All stand for, as the times will bear it,
 As contradictions of the spirit:
 Protect their emissaries, empow'r'd
 To preach sedition and the word:
 And when they're hamper'd by the laws,
 1400 Release the lab'ers for the cause;
 And turn the persecution back
 On those that made the first attack,
 To keep them equally in awe,
 For breaking or maintaining law;
 1405 And when they have their fits too soon,
 Before the full-tides of the moon;
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
 For sowing *faction* in, and *treason*;
 And keep them hooded and their churches;
 1410 Like hawks from bating on their perches:
 That when the blessed time shall come
 Of quitting *Babylon* and *Rome*,
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own *fifth monarchy* once more;
 1415 Mean while be better arm'd to fence
 Against revolts of providences
 By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind sides of it, as they happen:
 For, if success could make us saints,
 1420 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants:
 A scandal that would fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

- These are the courses we must run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone:
1425 And not to stand on terms and freaks,
Before we have secur'd our necks.
But do our work, as out of sight,
As stars by day, and suns by night:
All lience of the *people* own,
1430 In opposition to the *crown*,
And for the *crown* as fiercely side,
The head and body to divide.
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind:
1435 Be sure to spare no public rapine,
On all emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority, as men in want:
As some of us, in trusts, have made
1440 The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as sly, retail'd.
1445 For *gain* has wonderful effects
T' improve the factory of sects:
The rule of faith in all professions,
And great *Diana* of th' *Ephesians*:
Whence turning of religion's made
1450 The means to turn and wind a trade.
And tho' some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course;
And draw in store of customers,
To thrive the better in commerce:
1455 For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;

To nab the itches of their sects,
 As jades do one another's necks.
 Hence 'tis, *hypocriſis* as well

1460 Will ſerve t' improve a *church* as *ZEAL*:
 As *perſecution*, or *promotion*,
 Do equally advance *devotion*.

Let bus'neſs, like ill watches, go
 Sometimes too faſt, ſometimes too ſlow:

1465 For things in order are put out
 So eaſy, *eaſe* itſelf will do't;
 But when the ſeat's deſign'd and meant,
 What miracle can bar th' event?
 For 'tis more eaſy to betray,

1470 Than ruin any other way.

All poſſible occaſions ſtart,
 The weightieſt matters to divert;
 Obſtruct, perplex, diſtract, intangle,
 And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.

1475 But in affairs of leſs import,
 That neither do us good nor hurt,
 And they receive as little by,
 Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;
 And ſeem as ſcrupuloſly juſt,

1480 To bait our hooks for greater truſt;
 But ſtill be careful to cry down
 All public actions, tho' our own:
 The leaſt miſcarriage aggravate,
 And charge it all upon the *ſtate*;

1485 Expres the horrid'ſt deteſtation,
 And pity the diſtracted nation.
 Tell ſtories ſcandalous and falſe,
 I' th' proper language of *cabals*,
 Where all a ſubtle ſtateſman ſays,

1490 Is half in words, and half in faſe;

- (As *Spaniards* talk in dialogues,
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs)
Intrust it under solemn vows
Of mum, and silence, and the rose,
1495 To be retail'd again in whispers,
For th' easy credulous to disperse.
Thus far the statesman—When a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out;
And straight another, all agast,
1500 Rush'd in with equal fear and haste;
Who star'd about as pale as death,
And for a while, *as out of breath*:
Till having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits:
1505 That beastly *rabble*,—that came down
From all the garrets—in the town,
And stalls, and shop-boards,—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills,—and rusty arms,
To cry the *cause*—up, heretofore,
1510 And bawl the BISHOPS—out of doors;
Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the *grandees*—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
1515 Knights, citizens, and burgessees—
Held forth by *rumps*—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages,
Each bonfire is a fun'ral pile,
1520 In which they roast—and scorch, and broil,
And ev'ry representative
Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive:

1505 *That beastly rabble—that came down, etc.*] This is an accurate description of the mob's burning Rumps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the rump parliament.

- And 'tis a miracle we are not
 Already sacrific'd incarnate.
- 1525 For while we wrangle here and jar,
 W' are grilly'd all at *Temple-Bar*;
 Some on the sign-post of an ale-house,
 Hang in *effigy*, on the gallows.
 Made up of *rags* to personate
- 1530 *Respective officers of state*;
 That henceforth they may stand reputed,
 Proscrib'd in law, and executed,
 And while the work is carrying on,
 Be ready list'd under *Dun*;
- 1535 That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
 And tinder-box of all his fellows;
 The activ'st member of the five,
 As well as the most primitive;
 Who, for his faithful service then,
- 1540 Is chosen for a fifth again;
 (For since the *state* has made a quint
 Of *generals*, he's list'd in't)
 This worthy, as the world will say,
 Is paid in specie, his own way;
- 1545 For, moulded to the life in clouts,
 Th' have pick'd from dung-hills thereabouts,
 He's mounted on a hazel bavin,
 A crop'd malignant *baker* gave him;
 And to the largest bone-fire riding,
- 1550 They've roasted *Cook* already, and *Pride* in,
 On whom, in equipage and state,
 His scare-crow fellow-members wait,

1534 *Be ready list'd under Dun.*] The hangman's name at that time was *Dun*.

1550 *They've roasted Cook already, and Pride in.*] *Cook* acted as solicitor general against *Charles I.* at his trial; and afterwards received his just reward for the same. *Pride*, a colonel in the parliament's army.

- And march in order, two and two,
 As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do;
 1555 Each in a tatter'd *Talisman*,
 Like vermin in effigie slain.
 But, what's more dreadful than the rest,
 Those *rumps* are but the tail o' th' beast,
 Set up by *popish* engineers,
 1560 As by the crackers plainly appears;
 For none but *Jesuits* have a mission:
 To preach the *faith* with *ammunition*,
 And propagate the *church* with *powder*.
 Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
 1565 These spiritual pioneers o' th' wheels,
 That have the charge of all her stores;
 Since first they fail'd in their design,
 To take in heav'n by springing mines;
 And with unanswerable barrels
 1570 Of gunpowder, dispute their quarrels;
 Now take a course more practicable,
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,
 And blow us up in th' open streets,
 Disguis'd in *rumps*, like *Sanherib*;
 1575 More like to ruin and confound,
 Than all their doctrines under ground.
 Nor have they chosen *rumps* amiss,
 For symbols of *state-mysteries*;
 Tho' some suppose 'twas but to shew
 1580 How much they scorn'd the *saints*, the few;

1564 *Their founder was a blown-up soldier.*] Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Society of the Jesuits, was a gentleman of Biscay in Spain, and bred a soldier, was at Pamplune when it was besieged by the French in the year 1521, and was so very lame in both feet, by the damage he sustained there, that he was forced to keep his bed.

- Who 'cause they're waded to the stumps,
 Are represented best by *rumps*.
 But *Jesuits* have deeper reaches
 In all their politic far-fetches:
- 1585 And from the *Coptic* priest, *Kircherus*,
 Found out this mystic way to jeer us.
 For, as th' *Egyptians* us'd by bees
 T' express their antique *Ptolomies*;
 And by their stings, the swords they wore,
- 1590 Held forth authority and pow'r:
 Because these subtle animals
 Bow all their int'rest in their tails:
 And when they're once impair'd in that,
 Are bankrupt their well-order'd state:
- 1595 They thought all governments were best
 By hieroglyphic *rumps* express:
 For, as in bodies natural,
 The *rump's* the fundament of all;
 So, in a *common-wealth*, or realm,
- 1600 The government is call'd the *helm*;
 With which, like vessels under sail,
 They're turn'd and winded by the *tail*,
 The *tail*, which birds and fishes steer
 Their courses with, thro' sea and air;
- 1605 To whom the rudder of the *rump* is
 The same thing with the stern and compass.

1585 And from their *Coptic* priest, *Kircherus*.] *Athanasius Kircher*, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the *Egyptian* mystical learning.

1587 For, as th' *Egyptians* us'd by Bees, etc.] The *Egyptians* represented their kings (many of whose names were *Ptolomy*) under the hieroglyphic of a bee, dispensing honey to the good and virtuous, and having a sting for the wicked and dissolute.

- This shews how perfectly the *rump*
 And *common-wealth* in nature jump.
 For as a fly that goes to bed,
 1610 Rests with his tail above his head;
 So, in this mangrel state of ours,
 The *rabbits* are the supreme pow'rs;
 That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
 A jadisish trick at last, and throw us.
 1615 The learned rabbins of the *Jews*
 Write there's a bone, which they call *liez*,
 I' th' *rump* of man, of such a virtue,
 No force in nature can do hurt to;
 And therefore at the last great day
 1620 All th' other members shall, they say,
 Spring out of this, as from a seed
 All sorts of vegetables proceed;
 From whence the learned sons of art,
Os Sacrum, justly stile that part.
 1625 Then what can better represent,
 Than this *rump* bone, the *parliament*;
 That, after sev'ral rude ejections,
 And as prodigious resurrections,
 With new reversion of nine lives,
 1630 Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?
 But now, alas! they're all expir'd,
 And th' *house*, as well as *members*, fir'd;
 Consum'd in kennels by the *roue*,
 With which they other fires put out:
 1635 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress,
 And pauptry, private wretchedness;
 Worse than the devil to privation,
 Beyond all hopes of restitution:
 And parted like the body and soul,
 1640 From all dominion and controul.

- We, who cou'd lately with a look
 Enact, establish, or revoke;
 Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
 And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
 1645 Before the bluster of whose buff,
 All hats, as in a storm, flew off;
 Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
 Down to the foot-man and valet:
 Had more bent knees than chappel-mats,
 1650 And prayers, than the snows of hats;
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
 For ruin's just as low as high;
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all
 The horror that attends our fall:
 1655 For some of us have scores more large
 Than heads and quarters can discharge;
 And others, whop, by restless scraping,
 With public frauds, and private rapine,
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
 1660 Wou'd gladly lay down all at last:
 And to be but undone, entail
 Their vessels on perpetual jail;
 And bless the dev'l to let them farms
 Of forfeit souls, on no worse terms.
 1665 This said, a near and louder shout
 Put all th' assembly to the rout,
 Who now begun t' out-run their fear,
 As horses do, from those they bear:
 But cronded on with so much haste,
 1670 Until th' had block'd the passage fast,
 And barricado'd it with haunches
 Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
 And rather save a crippled piece

- 1675 Of all their crush'd and broken members,
Than have them grill'd on the embers;
Still pressing on with heavy packs,
Of one another, on their backs:
The van-guard could no longer bear
1680 The charges of the forlorn rear;
But, born down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled sorely under foot;
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As th' horrid *cookery* of the *rabble*;
1685 And fear that keeps all feeling out,
As lesser pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply
Of rally'd force, enough to fly,
And beat a *Tuscan* running-horse
1690 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.

The ARGUMENT of
The THIRD CANTO.

*The knight and squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night :
He plods to turn his amorous suit
T' a plea in law, and prosecute ;
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprize ;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.*

CANTO III.

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed?
5 And have no possible foundation,
But meerly in th' imagination?

And

- And yet can do more dreadful feats
 Than *hags*, with all their *imps* and *teats*;
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
 10 Than all their *nurseries of elves*.
 For fear does things so like a witch,
 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
 Sets up communities of senses,
 To chop and change intelligences;
 15 As *Rosicrucian Virtuofos*
 Can see with *ears*, and hear with *noses*;
 And when they neither see nor hear,
 Have more than both supply'd by fear;
 That makes them in the dark see *visions*,
 20 And hag themselves with *apparitions*;
 And when their eyes discover least,
 Discern the subtlest objects best:
 Do things, not contrary, alone,
 To th' course of nature, but its own;
 25 The courage of the bravest daunt,
 And turn pultroons as valiant:
 For men as *resolute* appear,
 With too much as too little fear;
 And when they're out of hopes of flying,
 30 Will run away from death by dying;

8 *Than hags with all their imps and teats.*] Alluding to the vulgar opinion that *witches* have their *imps*, or *familiar spirits*, that are employed in their diabolical practices, and suck private *teats* they have about them.

15 *As Rosicrucian Virtuofos, etc.*] The *Rosicrucians* were a sect that appeared in *Germany*, in the beginning of the XVIIth age. They are also called the *inlightened, immortal and invisible*; they are a very *enthusiastical* sort of men, and hold many *wild* and *extravagant* opinions.

H h

Or turn again to stand it out;
And those they fled, like lions, rout.

- This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
Who, by the furies, left perdue,
35 And haunted with detachments, sent
From *Marshal Legion's regiment*,
Was by a *fiend*, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat;
When nothing but himself and fear,
40 Was both the *imps* and *conjuror*;
As, by the rules o' th' *Virtuosi*,
It follows in due form of *poesy*.

- Disguis'd in all the masks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
45 At *blind-man's-buff* to grope his way,
In equal fear of *night* and *day*;
Who took his dark and desp'rate course,
He knew no better than his horse;
And by an unknown devil led,
50 (He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away, *his best*;
55 To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear.
And tho' with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer side:

36 From *Marshal Legion's regiment*.] He used to preach,
as if they might expect legions to drop down from heaven, for
the propagation of the good old cause.

- (As *seamen* ride with all their force,
60 And *tug* as if they row'd the horse :
And when the hackney fails most swift,
Believe they *lag*, or run *a-drift* ;)
So tho' he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste :
65 For fear, tho' *fleeter* than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the morn began t' appear,
And shift t' *another scene* his fear ;
He found his new officious *shade*,
70 That came so timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to *Ralpho's* shape,
So like in *person*, *garb*, and *pitch*,
'Twas hard to interpret *which was which*.
75 For *Ralpho* had no sooner told
The lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain th' approaching knight :
And while he gave himself diversion,
80 T' accommodate his *beast* and *person*,
And put his *beard* into a posture
At best advantage to accost her ;
She order'd th' *antimasquerade*
(For his reception) *aforesaid* ;
85 But when the ceremony was done,
The *lights* put out, and *furies* gone ;
And *Hudibras*, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* guess'd ;
The wretched caitiff all alone,
90 (As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his story to himself ;
The knight mistook him for an elf :

- And did so still, till he began
 To scruple at *Ralph's* outward man ;
 95 And thought, because they oft agreed,
 T' appear in one another's stead,
 And act the *saint's* and *devil's* part,
 With undistinguishable art ;
 They might have done so now, perhaps,
 100 And put on one another's shapes ;
 And therefore to resolve the doubt,
 He star'd upon him and cry'd out,
 What art ? My squire, or that bold spright
 That took his place and shape to night ?
 105 Some busy independent pug,
 Retainer to his synagogue ?
 Alas ! *quoth he*, I'm none of those
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose ;
 But *Ralph* himself, your trusty squire,
 110 Wh' has dragg'd your *Donskip* out o' th' mire,
 And from th' enchantments of a widow,
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you ;
 And, tho' a prisoner of war,
 Have brought you safe, where now you are ;
 115 Which you would gratefully repay,
 Your constant *presbyterian* way.
 That's stranger (*quoth the knight*) and stranger :
 Who gave thee notice of my danger ?
Quoth he, th' infernal conjurer
 120 Pursu'd and took me prisoner ;
 And knowing you were herabout,
 Brought me along, to find you out.
 Where I in hugger-mugger hid,
 Have noted all they said or did.
 125 And tho' they lay to him the pageant,
 I did not see him, nor his agents.

- Who play'd the sorceries out of sight,
 T' avoid a fiercer, second fight.
 But didst thou see no devils then?
- 130 Not one, *quoth he*, but carnal men,
 A little worse than fiends in hell,
 And that the devil *Jezabel*;
 That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,
 To see them take your deposition.
- 135 What, then (*quoth Hudibras*) was he,
 That play'd the devil t' examine me?
 A rallying weaver in the town,
 That did it in a parson's gown:
 Whom all the parish takes for gifted;
- 140 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
 In which you told them all your feats,
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats;
 Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
 The naked truth of all the rest,
- 145 More plainly than the rev'rend writer,
 That to our churches veil'd his mine.
 All which they took in black and white,
 And cudgel'd me to under-write.
- What made thee, when they all were gone,
 150 And none but thou and I alone,
 To act the devil, and forbear
 To rid me of my hellish fear?
- Quoth he*, I know your constant rage,
 And frame of sp'rit, too obstinate,

145 *More plainly than the rev'rend writer, etc.*] A most reverend prelate, A. B. of T. who sided with the disaffected party.

- 155 To be by me prevail'd upon,
 With any motives of my own:
 And therefore strove to counterfeit
 The dev'l a-while; to nick your wit;
 The dev'l, that is your constant crony,
 160 That only can prevail upon ye:
 Else we might still have been disputing,
 And they with weighty drubs confuting.
 The knight, who now began to find
 Th' had left the enemy behind,
 165 And saw no farther harm remain,
 But feeble weariness and pain;
 Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
 Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day;
 And by declining of the road,
 170 They had, by chance, their rear made good;
 He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
 That parting's wont to rent and tear,
 And gave the desperat'st attack
 To danger still behind its back.
 175 For having paus'd to recollect,
 And on his past success reflect,
 T' examine and consider why,
 And whence, and how he came to fly,
 And when no devil had appear'd,
 180 What else, it cou'd be said, he fear'd;
 It put him in so fierce a rage,
 He once resolv'd to re-engage;
 Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,
 With *shame*, and *vengeance*, and *disdain*.
 185 Quoth he, it was thy cowardice
 That made me from this leaguer rise;
 And when I'd half redic'd the place,
 To quit it infamously base.

- Was better cover'd by the new
190 Arriv'd detachment, than I knew :
To flight my new acquetts, and run
Victoriously from battles won:
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost ;
195 To make me put myself to flight,
And, conqu'ring run away by night ;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do :
To mount me in the dark by force,
200 Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
Expos'd in querto to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage ;
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew ;
205 And to preserve thy outward man,
Assum'd my place, and led the van.
All this, *quoth Ralph*, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you.
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
210 Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,
To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse :
Dragg'd out thro' straiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd or coup'd for perjurers.
215 Who, tho' th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had *had* no reason to complain ;
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones.
220 From unavoidable battoons.
The enemy was reforc'd,
And we disabled, and unhors'd,

- Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left, but hasty flight,
225 Which, tho' 'twas desp'rate in th' attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemna 't.
But were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
230 To think of falling on again:
No martial project to surprize,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing-cards.
235 Besides, our bangs of man and beast
Are fit for nothing now but rest,
And for a while will not be able
To rally and prove servicable;
And therefore I, with reason, chose
240 This stratagem, t' amuse our foes,
To make an honourable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat:
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
245 Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art;
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens, by breaking, thrive;
And cannons conquer armies, while
250 They seem to draw off and recoil.
'Tis held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest,
That spares th' expence of time and pains,
And dang'rous beating out of brains;
255 And in the end prevails as certain
As those that never trust to fortune;

- To make their fear do execution
 Beyond the stoutest resolution;
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,
- 260 And, only trembling, overthrow.
 If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,
 That only fav'd a citizen,
 What victory could e'er be won,
 If ev'ry one would save but one?
- 265 Or fight endanger'd to be lost,
 Where all resolve to save the most?
 By this means, when a battle's won,
 The war's as far from being done:
 For those that save themselves, and fly,
- 270 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory;
 And sometime, when the loss is small,
 And danger great, they challenge all:
 Print new additions to their feats,
 And emendations in gazettes:
- 275 And when for furious haste to run,
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,
 Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
 Made squibs and crackers overcome.
 To set the rabble on a flame,
- 280 And keep their governors from blame,
 Disperse the news, the pulpit tells,
 Confirm'd with fire-works, and with bells;
 And tho' reduc'd to that extreme,
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*:

261, *If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men, etc.*] The Romans highly honoured and nobly rewarded those persons that were instrumental in the preservation of the lives of their citizens, either in battle or otherwise.

- 285 Yet, with religious blasphemy,
 By flatt'ring heaven with a lie;
 And for their beating giving thanks,
 They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
 For those who run from th' enemy,
- 290 Engage them equally to fly;
 And when the fight becomes a chace,
 Those win the day, that win the race;
 And that which wou'd not pass in fights,
 Has done the feat with easy flights,
- 295 Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign
 With *Bourdeaux*, *Burgundy*, and *Champaign*;
 Restor'd the fainting *high* and *mighty*
 With brandy, wine, and *aqua-vitæ*;
 And made 'em stoutly overcome
- 300 With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum;
 Whom th' uncontroul'd decrees of fate
 To victory necessitate;
 With which, altho' they run or burn,
 They unavoidably return:
- 305 Or else their Sultan populaces
 Still strangle all their routed *bassa's*.
 Quoth *Hudibras*, I understand
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
 And who those were that run away,
- 310 And yet gave out th' had won the day;
 Altho' the rabble fous'd them for 't,
 O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.

305 Or else their Sultan Populaces, etc.] The author compares the arbitrary actions of the ungovernable mob, to the Sultan or grand seignior, who very seldom fails to sacrifice any of his chief commanders, called *Bassas*, if they prove unsuccessful in battle.

- 'Tis true, our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
315 But not so resolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unless it be to herds of cattle:
Or fighting convoys of provision,
320 The whole design o' th' expedition;
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out:
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
And eating are perform'd one way;
325 To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn guts to death.
And those atchieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other's stomach down.
There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming,
330 All dangers are reduc'd to famine:
And feats of arms, to plot, design,
Surprize, and stratagem, and mine;
But have no need, nor use of courage,
Unless it be for glory, or forage:
335 For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear;
And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
340 To keep hereafter at a distance,
To pick out ground t' encamp upon,
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers.
To part th' engagements of their warriors;
345 Where both from side to side may skip,
And only encounter at bo-peep:

- For men are found the stouter-hearted,
 The certainer they're to be parted;
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,
 350 As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs;
 And made their mortal enemy,
 The *water-rat*, their strict ally.
 For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold?
 But, who bears hunger best, and cold?
- 355 And he's approv'd the most deserving,
 Who longest can hold out at starving:
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,
 The formidablest man at prowess.
 So th' emperor *Caligula*,
 360 That triumph'd o'er the *British* sea;
 Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
 And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;
 Engag'd his legions in fierce bufiles,
 With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles;
- 365 And led his troops with furious gallops,
 To charge whole regiments of scallops;
 Not like their ancient way of war,
 To wait on his triumphal carr:
 But when he went to dine or sup,
 370 More bravely eat his captives up;
 And left all war, by his example,
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.
- Quoth *Ralph*, By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I cou'd add,
 375 'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;

350 *As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs.*] *Homer* wrote a poem of the war between the mice and the frogs.

The

- To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
 Or waging battle to subdue her,
 Tho' some have done it in romances,
 380 And bang'd them into am'rous fancies;
 As those who won the *Amazons*,
 By wanton drubbing of their bones;
 And stout *Rinaldo* gain'd his bride
 By courting of her back and side.
 385 But since these times and feats are over,
 They are not for a modern lover;
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd
 By such addresses to be gain'd;
 And if they were, wou'd have it out,
 390 With many other kind of bout.
 Therefore I hold no course f' infeasible,
 As this of force to win the *Jezebel*;
 To storm her heart, by th' antique charms
 Of ladies errant, force of arms;
 595 But rather strive by law to win her,
 And try the title you have in her.
 Your case is clear, you have her word,
 And me to witness the accord;
 Besides two more of her retinue
 400 To testify what pass'd between you;
 More probable; and like to hold,
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold;
 For which so many, that renounc'd
 Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,

383 *And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride, etc.*] A story in *Tasso* an Italian poet, of a hero that gained his mistress by conquering her party.

- 405 And bills upon record been found,
That forc'd the ladies to compound;
And that, unless I miss the matter,
Is all the bus'ness you look after:
Besides, encounters at the bar
- 410 Are braver now than those in war,
In which the law does execution
With less disorder and confusion:
Has more of honour in't, some hold,
Not like the new way but the old;
- 415 When those the pen had drawn together
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
Nay, more than bullets now of lead:
So all the combats now, as then,
- 420 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms;
- 425 And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right:
For whether you prevail or lose,
All must be try'd there in the close;
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
- 430 What you must trust to, ere y' have done.
The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the most perfidious lover,
A lady, that's as false, recover:
- 435 And if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your bride,

- And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.
For law's the wisdom of all ages,
440 And manag'd by the ablest sages;
Who tho' their bus'ness at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons,
Than e'er the *Grecians* did, and *Trojans*;
445 They never manage the contest
T' impair their public interell;
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession:
Not like us brethren, who divide
450 Our *common-wealth*, the *cause*, and *side*;
And tho' w' are all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward;
W' agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle-fangle;
455 While lawyers have more sober sense,
Than t' argue at their own expence,
But make their best advantages
Of others quarrels, like the *Swiss*:
And out of foreign controversies,
460 By aiding both sides, fill their purses;
But have no int'rest in the cause
For which th' engage, and wage the laws;
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
465 And tho' th' abounded in all ages,
With sundry learned clerks and sages;
Tho' all their bus'ness be dispute,
Which way they canvas ev'ry suit;

- Th' have no disputes about their art,
470 Nor in polemics controvert:
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound;
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
Philosophers, mathematicians;
475 *The Galenists and Paracelsian,*
Condemn the way each other deals in:
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle;
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
580 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes;
And heralds stickle who got who
So many hundred years ago.
But lawyers are too wise a nation,
T' expose their trade to disputation;
485 Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges;
In which whoever wins the day,
The whole profession's sure to pay.
Besides, no mountebank, nor cheats,
490 Dare undertake to do their feats;
When in all other sciences
They swarm, like insects, and increase.
For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward light, a deed in law?
495 Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An answer to a declaration?
For those that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools.
And if you follow their advice,
500 In bills, and answers, and replies;
- *

They'll write a love-letter in chancery,
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
 Or make her weary of her life.

- 505 The *knight*, who us'd with *tricks* and *shifts*
 To edify, by *Ralpho's gifts*,
 But in appearance cry'd him down,
 To make them better seem his own,
 (All *Plagiary's* constant course
 510 Of *sinking*, when they *take a purse*)
 Resolv'd to follow his advice,
 But kept it from him by disguise;
 And after stubborn contradiction,
 To counterfeit his own conviction,
 515 And by transition fall upon
 The resolution as his own.
Quoth he, this gambol, thou advisest,
 Is, of all others, the unwiseest;
 For if I think by law to gain her,
 520 There's nothing sillier nor vainer.
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
 Where nothing's certain but th' expence;
 To act against myself, and traverse
 My suit and tittle to her favours.
 525 And if she shou'd, which heav'n forbid,
 O'erthrow me, as the fidler did;
 What after-course have I to take,
 'Gainst losing all I have at stake?
 He that with injury is griev'd,
 530 And goes to law to be reliev'd,
 Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
 Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
 Applies himself to cunning-men,
 To help him to his goods again;

- 535 When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain.
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her by main force,
540 Is now in vain; by fair means, worse:
But worst of all, to give her over,
Till she's as desp'rate to recover.
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they're never to be won.
- 545 And since I have no other course
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse;
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
- 550 For reasons to himself best known:
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For *Sidrophel* resolves to sue;
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably first with him.
- 555 For I've receiv'd advertisement,
By times, enough of his intent;
And knowing, he that first complains,
Th' advantage of the bus'ness gains:
For courts of justice understand
- 560 The plaintiff to be eldest hand;
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other, nothing till he swear;
Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
- 565 And for his bringing custom in,
Has all advantages to win.
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,

- Will go to council to advise
 570 Which way t' encounter, or surprize,
 And after long consideration,
 Have found out one to fit th' occasion ;
 Most apt for what I have to do,
 As counsellor and justice too.
- 575 And, truly, so, no doubt, he was,
 A lawyer fit for such a case.
 An *old dull sot*, who told the clock
 For many years at *Bridewell-dock*,
 At *Westminster* and *Hicks's-hall*,
- 580 And *Hiccius Doctius* play'd in all ;
 Where, in all *governments and times*,
 H' had been both *friend* and *foe* to crimes,
 And us'd to equal ways of gaining,
 By *hind'ring justice*, or maintaining:
- 585 To many a whore gave *privilege*,
 And whipp'd, for want of *quarteridge* ;
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
 For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent ;
 And many a trusty *pimp* and *croney*
- 590 To *puddle-dock*, for want of money.
 Engag'd the *constable* to seize
 All those that would not break the peace ;
 Nor give him back his own foul words,
 Tho' sometimes *commoners*, or *lords*,

577 *An old dull sot who told the clock, etc.] Prideaux, a justice of peace, a very pragmatical busy person, in those times, and a mercenary and cruel magistrate, infamous for the following methods of getting money, among many others.*

589 *And many a trusty pimp and croney, etc.] There was a goal for puny offenders.*

- 595 And kept 'em prisoners of course,
 For being *sober at ill hours*,
 That in the morning he might free
 Or bind 'em over for his fee.
 Made *monsters fine*, and *puppet-plays*,
 600 For leave to practise, in their ways;
 Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
 With th' *headborough*, and *scavenger*;
 And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
 For taking up the public ground;...
 605 The *kennel*, and the *king's highway*,
 For being unmolested, pay;
 Let out the *stocks*, and *whipping-post*,
 And *cage*, to those that gave him most;
 Impos'd a tax on *baker's ears*,
 610 And, for *false weights*, on *chandelers*;
 Made *viçtuallers* and *vintners fine*
 For arbitrary *ale* and *wine*;
 But was a kind and constant friend
 To all that *regularly* offend:
 615 As *residential bawds*,
 And *brokers that receiv'd stol'n goods*;
 That cheat in *lawful mysteries*,
 And pay *church duties*, and his *fees*:
 But was implacable, and awkward,
 620 To all that *interlop'd and hawk'd*
 To this brave man the knight repairs
 For counsel in his *law-affairs*;
 And found him mounted, in *his pew*,
 With *books* and *money* plac'd, for shew,

599 *Made monsters fine, and puppet plays, etc.]* He extorted money from those that kept shows.





R. Martin Scul.

- 625 Like *nest-eggs* to make *clients* lay,
And for his false opinion pay :
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case :
Which he as proudly entertain'd
630 As th' other courteously strain'd ;
And, to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.
Quoth he, there is one *Sidrophel*,
Whom I have cudgell'd.—*Very well*.
635 And now he brags t' have beaten me ;
Better and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to the wall,
Where-e'er he meets me.—*Best of all*.
'Tis true, the knave has taken's oath
640 That I robb'd him.—*Well done, in troth*.
When h' has confess'd, he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;
Which was the cause that made me hang him,
And take my goods again.—*Marry hang him*.
645 Now whether I should before-hand
Swear he robb'd me ;—*I understand*.
Or bring my *action of conversion*
And *Trover* for my goods ;—*Ah Wherefore*.
Or if 'tis better to indite,
650 And bring him to his trial ;—*Right*.
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him :—*True*.
Or whether he that is defendant.
In this case, has the better end on't ;
655 Who putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse th' action :—*Better still*.
Then there's a lady too,—*I marry*,
That's easily prov'd accessory ;

- A widow, who, by solemn vows
660 Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all.—*Good Lord!*
Suborn'd th' aforesaid *Sidrophel*,
To tamper with the *dev'l of hell*;
665 Who put me int' a horrid fear,
Fear of my life,—*Make that appear.*
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body.—*Good again.*
And kept me in a deadly fright,
670 And false imprisonment, all night:
Mean while they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle.—*Worse and worse.*
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.
675 Sir, *quoth the lawyer*, not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim.
For if they've us'd you, as you say;
680 Marry, *quoth I*, God give you joy;
I wou'd it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe:
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse;
685 For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and chuse,
As crofs I win, and pile you loose:
And if I durst, I would advance
690 As much in ready maintenance;
As upon any case I've known,
But we that practise dare not own.

The law severely contrabands
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands ;

- 695 'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is no leather,
To stick a pin in, left of either ;
For which, some do the summer-fault,
700 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault.
But you may swear at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state :
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear,
705 But make oath, that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.

- I thank you, *quoth the knight*, for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat——
For justice, tho' she's painted blind,
710 Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like charity ; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind fortune, with a flight,
Convey men's interest, and right,
715 From *Stiles's* pocket, into *Nokes's*
As easily as *Hocus Pocus* :
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *Hiccius Doctius*.
Then whether you wou'd take her life,
720 Or but recover her for your wife ;

715 *From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, etc.] John a Nokes,*
and *John a Stiles*, are two fictitious names made use of in
stating cases of law only.

- Or be content with what she has,
 And let all other matters pass,
 The bus'ness to the law's all one,
 The proof is all it looks upon ;
- 725 And you can want no witnesses
 To swear to any thing you please,
 That hardly get their meer expences
 By th' labour of their consciences ;
 Or letting out to hire their ears
- 730 To affidavit-customers,
 At inconsiderable values,
 To serve for jury-men, or tallies,
 Altho' retain'd in th' hardest matters,
 Of trustees and administrators.
- 735 For that, *quoth he*, let me alone ;
 W' have store of such, and all our own ;
 Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,
 The ablest of conscience-stretchers.
- That's well, *quoth he*, but I should guess,
- 740 By weighing all advantages,
 Your surest way is first to pitch
 On *Bongey*, for a water-witch ;
 And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,
 Y' have time enough to deal with her.

742 On *Bongey for a water-witch.*] *Bongey* was a *Franciscan*, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in *Oxford*, and a particular acquaintance of *frier Bacon's*: in that ignorant age, every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and so both *Bacon* and *Bongey* went under the imputation of studying the *black-art*. *Bongey* also publishing a treatise of *natural Magic*, confirmed some well meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was altogether groundless, for *Bongey* was chosen provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent *parts* and *piety*.
 I' th'

- 745 I' th' int'rim, spare for no trepans
 To draw her neck into the bans;
 Ply her with love-letters, and billets,
 And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilllets,
 With trains t' inveigle, and surprize
 750 Her heedless answers and replies:
 And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
 They'll serve for other by-designs;
 And make an artist understand
 To copy out her seal or hand;
 755 Or find void places in the paper
 To steal in something to entrap her;
 Till with her worldly goods, and body,
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,
 760 That ply i' th' *temples*, under trees;
 Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,
 About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
 Or wait for customers between
 The pillar-rows in *Lincoln's-inn*:
 765 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
 And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
 T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
 According to their ears and cloaths,
 Their only necessary tools,
 770 Besides the gospel, and their souls.
 And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,
 I shall be ready at your service.
 I would not give, quoth *Hudibras*,
 A straw to understand a case,
 775 Without the admirable skill
 To wind and manage it at will;

To vere, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws;
And ring the changes upon cases,
780 As plain as noses upon faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee;
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice,
785 To bait a letter as you bid;
As not long after thus he did:
For having pump'd up all his wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

An Heroical

E P I S T L E

O F

HUDIBRAS to his LADY.

- I** WHO was once as great as *Cæsar*,
 Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezzar*;
 And from as fam'd a conqueror
 As ever took degree in war,
 5 Or did his *exercise in battle*,
 By you turn'd out to graze with cattle;
 For since I am deny'd access
 To all my earthly happiness,
 Am fallen from the *paradise*
 10 Of your good *graces*, and fair *eyes*;
 Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
 To everlasting banishment;
 Where all the *hopes* I had t' *have won*
 Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.
 15 Yet if you were not so severe
 To pass your doom, before you hear,
 You'll find, upon my just defence,
 How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.

- That once I made a *vow* to you,
 20 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
 But not because it is unpaid,
 'Tis *violated*, tho' delay'd:
 Or, if it were, it is no fault,
 So heinous as you'd have it thought;
 25 To undergo the loss of ears,
 Like vulgar *hackney perjurers*:
 For there's a diff'rence in the case,
 Between the noble and the base;
 Who always are observ'd t' have done't
 30 Upon as different account:
 The one for *great* and *weighty cause*,
 To save, in *honour*, ugly flaws;
 For none are like to do it sooner
 Than those wh' are nicest of their honour;
 35 The other, for *base gain* and *pay*,
 Forswear and *perjure by the day*;
 And make th' exposing and retailing
 Their souls and consciences, a *calling*.
 It is no *scandal*, nor *aspersion*,
 40 Upon a *great and noble person*,
 To say he nat'rally abhorr'd
 Th' old-fashion'd trick, *To keep his word*,
 Tho' 'tis perfidiousness and shame
 In meaner men, to do the same:
 45 For to be able to *forget*,
 Is found more useful, to the *great*,
 Than *gout*, or *deafness*, or *bad eyes*,
 To make 'em pass for wond'rous wise,
 But tho' the *law*, on perjurers,
 50 Inflicts the *forfeiture of ears*;
 It is not *just*, that does exempt
 The *guilty*, and punish th' *innocent*:

- To make the ears repair the wrong
 Committed by th' *ungovern'd tongue*;
 55 And when one member is forsworn,
 Another to be cropt or torn,
 And if you should, as you design,
 By course of law, recover mine,
 You're like, if you consider right,
 60 To gain but little honour by't.
 For he that for his lady's sake
 Lays down his life or limbs at stake,
 Does not so much deserve her favour,
 As he that *pawns* his soul to have her.
 65 This y' have acknowleg'd I have done,
 Altho' you now disclaim to own;
 But sentence what you rather ought
 T' esteem *good service*, than a *fault*.
 " Besides, *oaths* are not bound to bear,
 70 " That *lit'ral sense* the words infer;
 " But, by the practice of the age
 " Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.
 " And where the sense by custom's check'd,
 " Are found *void*, and of *none effect*.
 75 " For no man takes or keeps a *vow*,
 " But just as he sees others do;
 " Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
 " As not to yield and bow a little:
 " For as best-temper'd blades are found,
 80 " Before they break, to bend quite round;
 " So truest *oaths* are still most tough,
 " And tho' they bow, are *breaking proof*."
 Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
 In love a greater latitude?
 85 For as the law of arms approves
 All ways to conquest, so should *love's*

- And not be ty'd to true or false,
 But make that justest that prevails:
 For how can that which is above
 90 All *empire, high and mighty love,*
 Submit its great prerogative
 To any other pow'r alive?
 Shall love, that to no crown gives place,
 Become the subject of a case?
 95 The *fundamental law of nature*
 Be over-rul'd by those made after?
 Commit the censure of its *cause*
 To any but its own great laws?
 Love, that's the world's preservative,
 100 That keeps all souls of things alive;
 Controuls the mighty *pow'r of fate,*
 And gives mankind a longer date;
 The life of nature, that restores,
 As fast as *time and death* devours;
 105 To whose free-gift the world does owe,
 Not only earth, but heaven too:
 For love's the only trade that's driv'n,
 The *interest of state in heav'n,*
 Which nothing but the soul of man
 110 Is capable to entertain.
 For what can earth produce, but *love,*
 To represent the *joys above?*
 Or who, but lovers, can converse,
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse?

113 *Of who, but lovers, can converse, etc.*] Metaphysicians are of opinion, that angels, and souls departed, being divested of all gross matter, understand each other's sentiments by intuition, and consequently maintain a sort of conversation without the organs of speech.

- 115 Address and compliment by vision,
Make love, and court by intuition?
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce
As those celestial ministers?
Then how can any thing offend,
120 In order to so *great an end*?
Or heav'n itself a sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for th' offence's sake.
125 Or if it did not, but the *cause*
Were left to th' injury of *laws*,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be *equity* in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
130 And feel no sense of love, or hate,
That have no passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon;
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on criminals, as strict.
135 But to have *power to forgive*,
Is empire, and prerogative:
And 'tis in *crowns, a nobler gem*,
To grant a pardon, than condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought,
140 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault;
For why should he who made address,
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return,
But insolence, affronts, and scorn,

121 Or *heav'n itself a sin resent*, etc.] In regard children are capable of being inhabitants of *heaven*, therefore it should not resent it as a crime, to supply store of inhabitants for it,

- 145 Not strive by wit to countermine,
 And bravely carry his design ?
 He who was us'd so unlike a-foldier,
 Blown up with *philtres of love-powder* ;
 And after *letting blood and purging* ,
 150 Condemn'd to *voluntary scourging* ;
 Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
 And claw'd by *goblins* in the night ;
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
 With rude in-*vasion* of his beard ;
 155 And when your sex was foully scandal'd,
 As foully by the rabble handled ;
 Attack'd by despicable foes,
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows ;
 And, after all, to be debarr'd
 160 So much as standing on his guard :
 When horses, being *spurr'd* and *prick'd* ,
 Have leave to *kick* for being *kick'd* ?
 Or why should you, whose *mother-wits*
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;
 165 That with your *breeding teeth* begin,
 And *nursing babies*, that lie in ;
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
 Our *culley sex*, and we use none ?
 We, who have nothing but frail vows
 170 Against your stratagems t' oppose,
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,
 By which we are no less put down ?
 You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
 And kill with a *retreating eye* :

173 You wound like Parthians while you fly, etc.] *Parthians* are the inhabitants of a province in *Persia* : they were excellent *horsemen*, and very exquisite at their bows ; and it is reported of them, that they generally flew more upon their retreat, than they did in the engagement.

- 175 Retire the more, the more we press,
 To draw us into ambushes:
 As *Pirates* all false colours wear,
 T' intrap th' unwary mariner;
 So women, to surprize us, spread
 180 The borrow'd flags of white and red;
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
 Than their old grandmothers, the *Picts*;
 And raise more devils with their looks,
 Than conjurers less subtle books:
 185 Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
 In tow'rs, and curls, and perriwigs,
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,
 Than *Philip Nye's* thanksgiving beard:
 Prepost'rously t' entice, and gain
 190 Those to adore 'em they disdain;
 And only draw 'em in, to clog,
 With idle names, a catalogue.
 A lover is, the more he's brave,
 T' his mistress, but the more a slave;
 195 And whatsoever she commands,
 Becomes a favour from her hands;
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
 Whither it be unjust, or just.
 Then when he is compell'd by her
 200 T' adventures, he would else forbear,
 Who, with his honour can withstand,
 Since force is greater than command?
 And when necessity's obey'd,
 Nothing can be unjust or bad:

188 *Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard.*] One of the assembly of *divines*, very remarkable for the singularity of his beard.

- 205 And therefore when the mighty pow'rs
Of love, *our great ally*, and *yours*,
Join'd forces not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood;
All I have done, unjust or ill,
210 Was in obedience to your will;
And all for blame that can be due,
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are those scandals I confess'd,
Against my will and interest,
215 More than is daily done of course,
By all men, when they're under force.
Whence some, upon the rack, confess
What th' *hangman*, and *their prompters please*;
But are no sooner out of pain,
220 Than they deny it all again.
But when the devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure
To hear, or pardon, like the *founder*
Of lyars, whom they all claim under.
225 And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on th' adventure went:
All mankind ever did of course,
230 And daily does the same, or worse.
For what *romance* can shew a lover,
That had a *lady to recover*,
And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours?
235 And what at first was held a crime,
Has turn'd to honourable in time.

- To what a height did *infant Rome*,
 By ravishing of women, come?
 When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
 240 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd :
 They ne'er *forsook* themselves, nor *ly'd*,
 Nor in the mind they were in, *dy'd* :
 Nor took the pains t' *address* and *sue*,
 Nor *play'd the masquerade* to woo :
 245 Disdain'd to stay for friends consents,
 Nor juggled about settlements ;
 Did need no *license*, nor no *priest*,
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist ;
 Nor lawyers, to *join land and money*,
 250 In th' *holy state of matrimony*,
 Before they settled hands and hearts,
 Till *alimony* or *death* them *parts* :
 Nor wou'd endure to stay until
 Th' had got the very *bride's* good-will,
 255 But took a wife and shorter course
 To win the ladies, *down-right force* ;
 As justly made 'em pris'ners then,
 As they have often since, us men ;

237 To what a height did *infant Rome*, etc.] When *Romulus* had built *Rome*, he made it an *asylum*, or place of refuge for all malefactors, and others obnoxious to the laws, to retire to ; by which means it soon came to be very populous ; but when he began to consider, that without propagation it would soon be destitute of inhabitants, he invented several fine shows, and invited the young *Sabine* women, then neighbours to them ; and when they had them secure, they ravished them ; from whence proceeded so numerous an offspring.

252 Till *alimony* or *death* them *parts*.] *Alimony* is an allowance that the law gives the woman for her separate maintenance upon living from her husband. That and death are reckoned the only separations in a married state.

- With *acting plays*, and *dancing jigs*,
 260 The luckiest of all love's intrigues.
 And when they had them at their pleasure,
 Then talk'd of *love* and *flames*, at leisure ;
 For after *matrimony's* over,
 He that holds out but *half a lover*,
 265 Deserves, for ev'ry *minute, more*,
 Than *half a year* of love before ;
 For which the dames, in contemplation
 Of that best way of application,
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
 270 By *suit*, or *treaty*, to be won ;
 And such as all posterity
 Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.
 For women first were made for men,
 Not men for them.—It follows, then,
 275 That men have right to ev'ry one,
 And they no freedom of their own :
 And therefore men have pow'r to chuse,
 But they no charter to refuse.
 Hence 'tis apparent, that what course
 280 Soe'er we take to *your amours*,
 Tho' by the indirectest way,
 'Tis no *injustice*, nor *soul play* ;
 And that you ought to take that course,
 As we take you, *for better or worse* ;
 285 And gratefully submit to those
 Who you, before another, chose.
 For why should ev'ry savage beast
 Exceed his great Lord's interest ?
 Have freer pow'r than he, in *grace*
 290 And *nature*, o'er the creature has ?
 Because the laws he since has made,
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had ;

Retrench'd

- Retrench'd the absolute dominion
That nature gave him over women;
295 When all his pow'r will not extend
One *law of nature* to suspend:
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest cause, is to rebel.
This, if men rightly understood
300 Their privilege, they would make good;
And not, like sots, permit their wives
T' encroach on their prerogatives;
For which sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in slavery:
305 And this some precious *gifted teachers*,
Unrev'rently reputed *leachers*,
And disobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye suffer, as ye ought,
310 For that uncharitable fault.
But I forget myself, and rove
Beyond th' instructions of my love.
 Forgive me, (*Fair*) and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my *flame*,
315 Since 'tis too much, at once to shew
Excess of love and temper too.
All I have said that's *bad, and true*,
Was never meant to aim *at you*;
Who have so sov'reign a controul
320 O'er that poor slave of yours, *my soul*:
That rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loss of heaven* too;
Both with an equal pow'r possess'd,
To render all that serve you blest:
325 But none like him, who's destin'd either
To *have*, or *lose* you, both together.

- And if you'll but this fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please)
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
- 330 Which you *commanded*, and I *swore*,
And expiate upon my skin
Th' arrears in full of all my sin.
For 'tis but just that I should pay
Th' accruing penance for delay,
- 335 Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your love.
The *knight*, perusing this *epistle*,
Believ'd he'd brought her to his *whistle*;
And read it like a jocund lover,
- 340 With great applause to himself, twice over:
Subscrib'd his *name*, but at a fit
And humble distance to his *wit*;
And dated it with wond'rous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;
- 345 Then seal'd it with his *coat of love*,
A smoking faggot,—and above,
Upon a scroll—*I burn and weep*,
And near it—*For her ladyship*;
Of all her sex most excellent,
- 350 *These to her gentle hands present*.
Then gave it to his faithful squire,
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.
She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter.
- 255 But guessing that it might import,
Tho' nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout:
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
- 360 And thus perform'd what she design'd.

T H E
L A D Y ' s A N S W E R
T O T H E
K N I G H T.

THAT you're a *beast*, and turn'd to *grass*,
 Is no strange news, nor ever was,
 At least to me, who once, you know,
 Did from the pound *replevin* you,
 5 When both your *sword* and *spurs* were won
 In combat, by an *Amazon*;
 That sword that did (like fate) determine
 Th' inevitable death of vermin;
 And never dealt its furious blows,
 10 But cut the throats of *pigs* and *cows*;
 By *Trulla* was, in *single fight*,
 Disarm'd, and wrested from its *knight*,
 Your heels *degraded* of your *spurs*,
 And in the stocks close prisoners:
 15 Where still they'd lain, in base restraint,
 If I, in pity of your complaint,

- Had not, on honorable conditions,
Relcas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;
And what return that favour met,
20 You cannot (tho' you wou'd) forget;
When being free, you strove t' evade
The oaths you had in prison made;
Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd and justify'd it:
25 And when y' had falsly broke one *vow*,
Absolv'd yourself by *breaking two*.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
30 To hope for quarter for your *ears*;
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only course;
35 We have no title nor pretence
To *body, soul, or conscience*:
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware.
These are the motives, which, t' induce
40 Or fright us into love, you use.
A pretty new way of *gallanting*,
Between *solliciting* and *ranting*;
Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
For *charity* at once, and *threat*.
45 But since you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but *lawful prize*
In *war*, between two enemies;
Or *forfeitures*, which ev'ry lover,
50 That wou'd but sue for might recover;

It is not hard to understand
The *myst'ry* of this bold demand;
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.

- 55 'Tis not *those paultry counterfeit*
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our *right diamonds*, that inspire
And set your am'rous hearts on fire:
Nor can those false *St. Martin's beads*
60 Which on our lips you lay for *reds*,
And make us wear like *Indian dames*,
And fuel to your scorching flames:
But those *true rubies* of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
65 'Tis not *those orient pearls*, our teeth,
That you are so transported with;
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.
Nor is't *those threads of gold*, our hair,
70 The *perriwigs* you make us wear;
But these bright *guineas* in our chests,
That light the wild-fire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their *fly intrigues* I know,
75 And can unriddle by their *tones*,
Their *mystic cabals*, and *jargons*:
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous,
80 O' th' *charms* and *graces* of my house;
What *extacy*, and *scorching flame*,
Burns for my *money*, in my name;
What from th' unnatural desire,
To *beasts* and cattle takes its fire;

85 What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
 Longs for a thousand pounds a year;
 And languishing transports are fond
 Of statute, mortgage, bill and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall

90 Inamour'd, at first sight, withal;
 To these th' address with serenades,
 And court with balls and masquerades,
 And yet, for all the yearning pain
 Y' have suffer'd for their loves, in vain;

95 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
 That all your oaths and labour lost,
 They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.
 This is not meant to disapprove

100 Your judgment in your choice of love;
 Which is so wise, the greatest part
 Of mankind study't as an art;
 For love shou'd, like a Deodand,
 Still fall to th' owner of the land;

105 And where there's substance for its ground,
 Cannot but be more firm and found
 Than that which has the slighter basis
 Of airy virtue, wit, and graces:
 Which is of such thin subtlety,
 110 It steals and creeps in at the eye,
 And, as it can't endure to stay,
 Steals out again, as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns
 From solid gold, and precious stones;

115 Must, like its shining parents, prove
 As solid, and as glorious love.

Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express
 Our charms, and graces, but by these:

- For what are *lips*, and *eyes*, and *teeth*,
 120 Which *beauty* invades and *conquers* with,
 But *rubies*, *pearls*, and *diamonds*,
 With which, as *philtres*, *love* commands?
 This is the way all parents prove,
 In managing their childrens love;
 125 That force 'em t' *inter-marry* and *wed*,
 As if th' were *bur'ing* of the dead.
 Cast *earth* to *earth*, as in the *grave*,
 To join in wedlock all they have;
 And when the settlement's in force,
 130 Take all the rest, for *better*, or *worse* :
 For money has a pow'r above
 The *stars* and *fate*, to manage *love* ;
 Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
 That never miss, are *tipp'd* with *gold*.
 135 And tho' some say, the parents claims
 To make love in their children's names;
 Who many times, at once provide
 The *nurse*, the *husband*, and the *bride* ;
 Feel *darts* and *charms*, *attracts*, and *flames*,
 140 And *woo*, and *contract*, in their names :
 And as they *christen*, use to marry 'em,
 And, like their *gossips*, answer for 'em :
 Is not to give in matrimony,
 But *sell* and *prostitute* for money.

133 *Whose arrows, learned poets hold, etc.*] The poets feign *Cupid* to have two sorts of arrows, the one tipped with *gold*, and the other with *lead*; the *golden* always inspire and inflame *love* in the persons he wounds with them; but on the contrary, the *leaden* create the utmost aversion and hatred. With the first of these he shot *Apollo*, and with the other *Daphne*, according to *Ovid*.

- 145 'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do't for worse than nothing.
And when th' are at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage chuse.
All this is right ; but for the course
150 You take to do't, by fraud, or force,
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than *setters can betray*,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
- 155 *Marriage*, at best, is but a vow,
Which all men either *break*, or *bow* :
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who *perjure*, when they do but *woo*?
Such as before-hand *swear and lie*,
- 160 For *earnest* to their treachery:
And rather than a crime confess,
With *greater* strive to make it *less*;
Like *thieves*, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to th' last ;
- 165 And when their crimes were made appear
As plain as witnesses can swear ;
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lie.
Nor are the virtues, you confess'd,
- 170 T' your *ghostly father*, as you guess'd,
So slight, as to be justify'd,
By b'ing, as shamefully, deny'd.
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank, on both sides of a case ;
- 175 Or credit were not to be lost,
B' a *brave knight-errant of the post*,

- That *eats*, perfidiously, his word,
And *swears his ears through a two inch board*:
Can own the same thing, and disown,
180 And *perjure* booty *pro* and *con*:
Can make the *gospel* serve his turn,
And help him out to be forsworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and *kiss'd*,
To be *betray'd*, and sold like *Christ*.
185 These are the virtues, in whose name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In *grace* and *nature*, o'er all women;
Of whom no less will satisfy,
190 Than all the sex, your tyranny.
Altho' you'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern such a num'rous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
195 For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *wise* and *great* as he was once,
You'll find they're able to subdue
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
200 'Tis by your own temptation done:
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the slight.
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false attracts of your own making,
205 Swear that's a *rose*, and that a *stone*,
Like *sots*, to us that laid it on;
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme;

- You force us, in our own defences,
210 To *copy beams and influences* ;
To lay *perfections* on the *graces*,
And draw *attractions* upon our faces:
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit :
215 For by the practice of those arts,
We gain a greater share of hearts,
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost :
For great perfections are, like heav'n,
220 Too rich a present to be giv'n.
Nor are those *master strokes of beauty*
To be perform'd without *hard duty*;
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.
225 How fair and sweet's the *planted rose*,
Beyond the *wild* in hedges grows?
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground,
230 And polish'd, looks a diamond ?
Tho' paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without *art and dress*,
Would be but one great *wilderness* :
335 And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that nature has conferr'd.
This does but *rough-hew*, and *design*,
Leaves *art* to *polish* and *refine*.
Tho' women first were made for men,
240 Yet men were made for them again :

- For when (*out-witted by his wife*)
Men first turn'd *tenant*, but *for life*;
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end!
- 245 And that it is in *being* yet,
To us alone you are in *debt*.
And where's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural *No* voice ?
Since all the *privilege* you boast,
- 250 And falsely *usurp'd*, or *vainly lost*,
Is now our right; to whose *creation*
You owe your *happy restoration*.
And if we had not weighty *cause*
To not appear in making laws,
- 255 We could, in spite of all your *tricks*,
And *shallow, formal politics*,
Force you our *managements* t' obey,
As we to yours (in shew) give way.
Hence 'tis that while you vainly strive
- 260 T' advance your *high prerogative*,
You basely, after all your *braves*,
Submit, and own yourselves our *slaves*,
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publickly our int'rests own ;
- 265 Like *sots*, suppose we have no shares
In *ord'ring* you, and your *affairs* :
When all your empire and command,
You have from us at *second hand*;
As if a *pilot*, that appears
- 270 To sit still only, while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like ev'ry common *mariner*,

- Knew nothing of the *card* nor *star*,
 And did not guide the *man of war*.
 275 Nor we, because we don't appear
 In *councils*, do not govern there.
 While, like the mighty *Prestre John*,
 Whose person none dares look upon,
 But is preserv'd in *close disguise*
 280 From b'ing made *cheap* to *vulgar eyes*,
 W' enjoy as large a pow'r unseen,
 To govern him, as he does men :
 And in the right of our *pope Joan*,
 Make *emp'rors* at our feet fall down ;
 285 Or *Joan de Pucel's* braver name,
 Our right to *arms* and *conduct* claim ;

277 *While, like the mighty Prestre John, etc.*] *Prestre John*, an absolute prince, emperor of *Abyssinia* or *Ethiopia*. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

285 *Or Joan de Pucel's braver name.*] *Joan of Arc*, call'd also the *Pucelle*, or maid of *Orleans*. She was born at the town of *Damremi* on the *Meuse*, daughter of *James d' Arc*, and *Isabella Romee*, was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen, or twenty, she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of *Orleans*, then besieged by the *English*, and defended by *John Comte de Denguin*, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation of *Charles* the VII. when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity, and members of parliament, openly declared that there was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent for a sword which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of *St. Catharine de Forlois*, upon the blade of which the *cross* and *flower-de-luces* were engraven, which put the king in a very great surprize, in regard none besides him-

Who, tho' a *spinster*, yet was able
To serve *France* for a *grand constable*.

- We make, and execute *all laws*,
290 Can judge the *judges* and the *cause*;
Prescribe all rules of *right* and *wrong*,
To th' *long robe*, and the *longer tongue*;
'Gainst which the world has no *defence*,
But our more *pow'rful eloquence*.
295 We manage things of greatest weight
In all the world's *affairs of state*,
And ministers of war and peace,
That sway all *nations* how we please.
We rule all *churches*, and their *flocks*,
300 *Heretical* and *orthodox*,
And are the *heavenly vehicles*
O' th' *spirits*, in all *conventicles* :
By us is all *commerce* and *trade*
Improv'd, and *manag'd*, and *decay'd*;
305 For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as *what we sell*.
We rule in ev'ry *public meeting*,
And make men do what we judge *fitting*;
Are magistrates in all great *towns*,
310 Where men do nothing, but *wear gowns*.
We make the *man of war strike sail*,
And to our braver conduct *veil*,

himself knew of it : upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved *Orleans*, and drove the *English* from it, defeated *Talbot* at the battle of *Pattai*, and recovered *Champaigne*. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a sally at *Champaigne*, in 1430, and tried for a witch, or sorceress, condemned, and burnt in *Rouen* market-place, in May 1430.

And, when h' has chac'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.

- 315 Is there an *officer of state*,
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That's haughty and imperious?
He's but a *journeyman* to us :
That as he gives us cause to do't,

- 320 Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are your *guardians*, that *increase*,
Or *waste* your fortunes how we please;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, *ill or well*.

- 325 'Tis we that can dispose alone,
Whether your *heirs* shall be your *own*,
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust;
And, 'less you *fly beyond the seas*,
330 Can sit you with what heirs we please;
And force you t' own 'em, tho' begotten
By *French valets*, or *Irish footmen*.

Nor can the *rigorous*est course
Prevail, unless to make us worse;

- 335 Who still the harsher we are us'd,
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd;
And scorn t' abate, for any ills,
The least *punctilios* of our wills.

Force does but whet our wits t' apply

- 340 Arts, born with us, for remedy;
Which all your *politics*, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For when y' have try'd *all sorts of ways*,
What fools d' we make of you in plays?

- 345 While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads ;
Encounter, in despite of nature,
350 And fight at once with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our *pride* and *vanity* t' appease ;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts ;
355 To do your exercise for honour,
And have your brains beat out the sooner ;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known :
And still appear the more industrious,
360 The more your projects are preposterous ;
To square the circle of the arts,
And run stark mad to shew your parts ;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we see cause ;
395 Be our solicitors and agents,
And stand for us in all engagements.
And these are all the *mighty pow'rs*
You vainly boast, to cry down ours ;
And what in real value's wanting,
370 Supply with vapouring and ranting :
Because yourselves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's pride ;
Believe we have as little wit
To be *out-hector'd* and *submit* :
375 By your *example*, lose that right
In *treaties*, which we gain'd in *fight* :

And terrify'd into an awe,
 Pass on ourselves a *Salique law* :
 Or, as some nations use, give place,
 380 And truckle to *your mighty race*,
 Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
 As if they were the *better women*.

378 *Pass on ourselves a Salique law.*] The *Salique law* is
 a law in *France*, whereby it is enacted, that no *female* shall
 inherit that crown.

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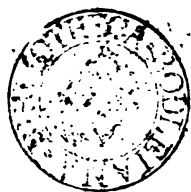
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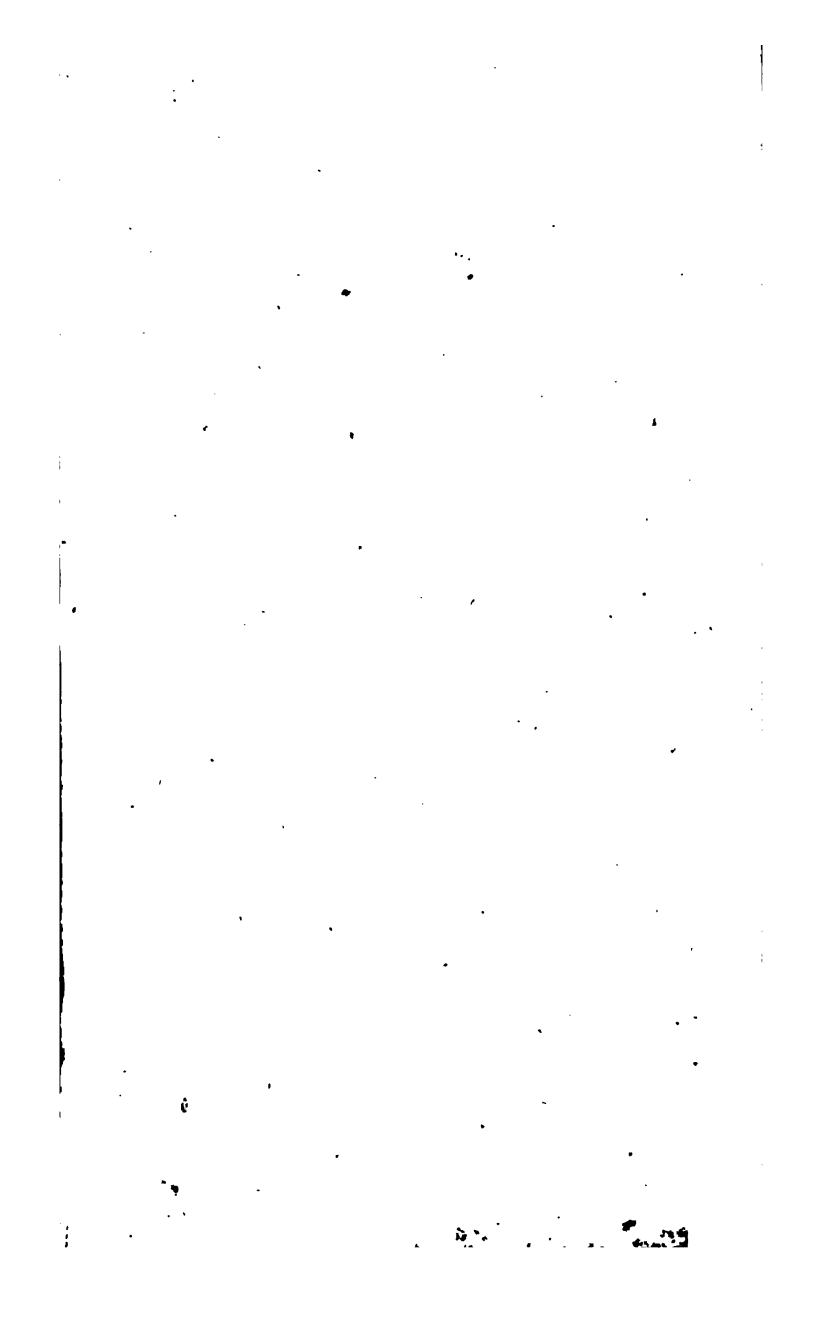
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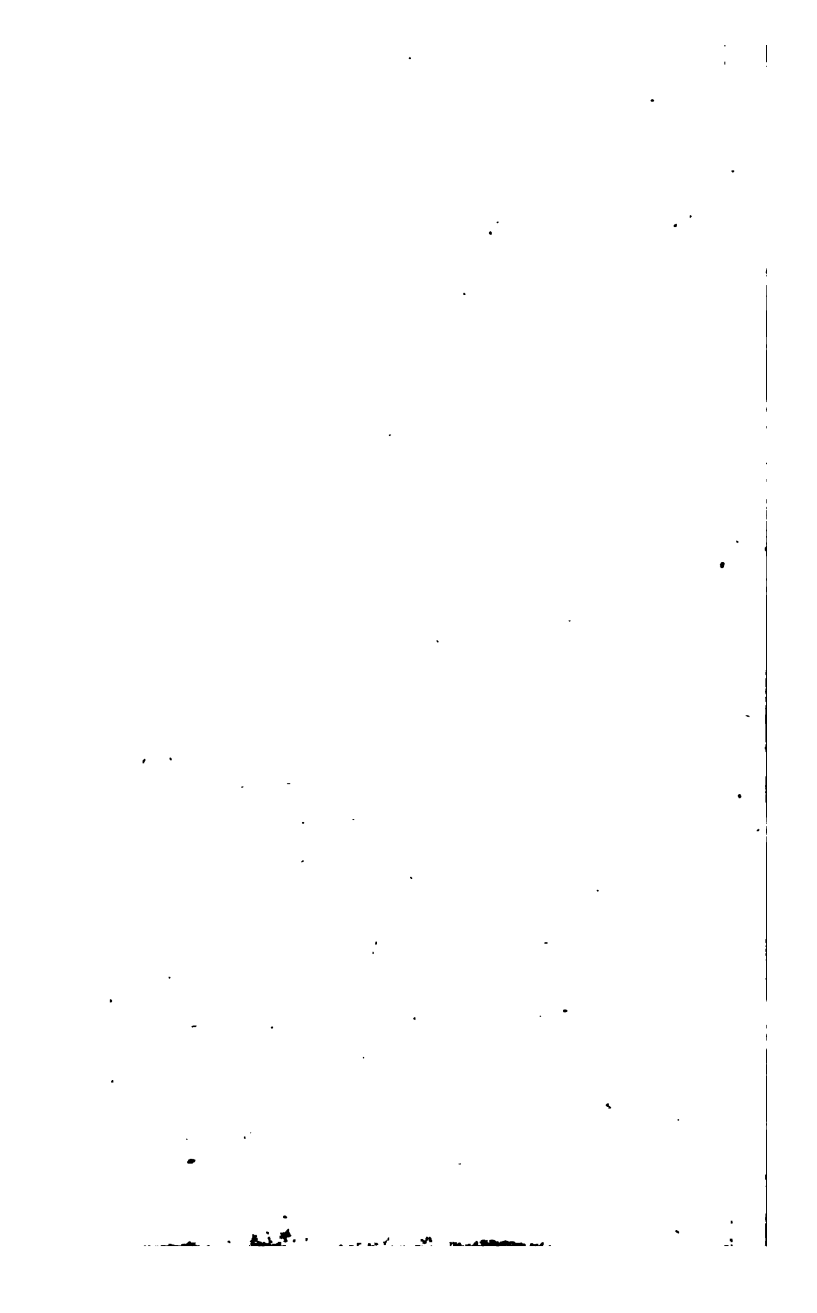
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